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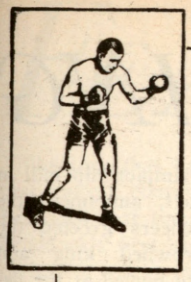

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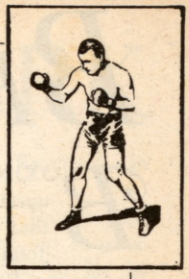

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In Our Next Issue

The heavyweight championship fight is over and so is the Louis-Carnera battle. You who like to save pictures of famous fights, will have another treat in store for you in the next issue, in which "The Ring" will carry several pages of action photographs of the Carnera-Louis tilt. In addition, there will be several interesting stories on the fight with an analytical review by The Editor, Nat Fleischer.

In conjunction with the above, there will appear also a splendid story on flat-footed fighters, the type exemplified by Louis. In this story you will find heaps of interesting material on famous ring gladiators of the past who shuffled along or delivered their heavy artillery while firmly set.

San Francisco, the Cradle of Fistic Stars, is an article that arouses memories of bygone days. T. W. McNiel recalls the deeds of some of the greatest ringmen of all time who got their start or made their mark in the Golden State.

These are only a few of the many features which you'll want to read in the September Ring. A. D. Phillips, George T. Pardy, Daniel M. Daniel, Ed Smith and other stars whose names are internationally known in boxing and wrestling will contribute to this number.

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BRADDOCK'S AMAZING

His Triumph Over Baer to Win the World's Heavyweight Championship is Most Sensational Upset in History of Modern Pugilism

By NAT FLEISCHER

BOXING'S greatest upset since the day that the mighty John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy from Roxbury, Mass., was shorn of his heavyweight title by James J. Corbett, the youthful bank clerk from San Francisco, Cal., on September 7, 1892, took place in the Garden Bowl at Long Island City on June 14, with James J. Braddock playing the rôle of Corbett and Max Baer, that of Sullivan. In pugilism's most amazing upset in almost forty years, the New Jersey stevedore who had quit the ring, presumably all washed up after giving ten years of honest effort to a boxing career, won the world's heavyweight championship and thus completed an Horatio Alger cycle such as often is found in reading, but seldom, in true life.

One year ago to the day, Jimmy, broken in health through worries brought on by depression and a starving family that was on relief and couldn't obtain the necessary nourishment for three handsome children, came to the Garden to seek his former mentor, Joe Gould. He located him in Jimmy Johnston's office and pleaded for a loan of $35 to pay the milkman.

His manager didn't have any more money than did the ex-fighter who had retired some months previously, but he borrowed it and then went out to seek additional aid. That aid came in the form of a preliminary fight with Corn Griffin on the same card in which the man from whom Jimmy won the title, stopped Primo Carnera to gain the championship robe. Today that same broken-down veteran of ten years ring warfare, that same young man who pitifully trudged through the streets wondering from where his family's next meal would come, stands on the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, fame and fortune assured to him.

* * *

THE lesson of Jimmy Braddock's wonderful comeback—the greatest in the history of sports—is a sermon well worth being preached to the youth of America. It is a lesson in determination, perseverance, and courage.

Faith in his ability as a fighter, courage fired in his system by those he loves so dearly and determination, brought to its highest degree by a taste of starvation—those, more than Braddock's ability as a boxer, won the title for Jersey's Cinderella Man.

The decision of Referee Johnny McAvoy and the Judges, Charley Lynch and George Kelly, like that of every writer and every fan among the 30,000 present, favored Braddock and rightfully so, for he not only carried the battle to Baer, but did most of the damage and rolled up a big lead with his left, a lead that could not possibly be overcome by the dethroned title holder except through the knockout route. In winning the crown, Braddock became the Miracle Man of the Prize Ring. Beaten twenty-nine times, a forgotten man twelve months ago, Jimmy was brought back as a sacrificial lamb for a Southern preliminary boy, and now the lamb will be eating on the fat of the land.

The arrogant Baer, the cynical, clowning, care-free, love-crazy playboy of Alameda, California, found a stubborn bull blockading his path, and all the sneers and snickers and laughs of the defender, were insufficient to curb the steady, sturdy persevering challenger. The clowning tactics of Baer brought only abuse on his shoulders from the fans and a continuous attack from his determined adversary.

* * *

THE 8 to 1 shot, the biggest odds ever offered on a challenger in a heavyweight battle, plodded along, weary at times, but never faltering, and when little Al Frazen, who did an excellent job as substitute announcer for Joe Humphreys, the veteran whose illness caused him to miss his first heavyweight championship mill in forty years, announced the winner, cheers greeted the newly crowned king and jeers were hurled at the dethroned monarch.

Such is the life of a champion, but none can deny that the Playboy who has made a joke out of boxing, deserved all he got. Sympathy was wholly with the underdog and even those who, like myself, found it necessary to select Baer as the probable winner because of the conditions surrounding the battle, were in our glory to see Braddock come through with the laurels.

For a time it seemed that Baer was playing the part of the clown for the movies and that he would begin real action after he was assured that sufficient shots had been taken. But as round after round rolled along and Braddock kept forging further ahead, it became more and more evident that the Playboy would not be serious even while a fortune was slipping through his fingers.

The buffoon sneered superciliously at the blows that struck his arms, chest and head and at times he stepped back to sneer at Jimmy or to wave to the crowd. If Baer thought that he was playing the part of a hero, he was sadly mistaken for the gathering at the Garden's Bowl was in anything but a humor to accept his smirks and smiles and to applaud him for bowing in apology every time he was warned by the referee.

* * *

IT was an ignominious defeat for one who only a few hours previously was held up as a second Jack Dempsey in hitting power and was in the finest condition he had ever appeared during his ring career. Compare him with Gene Tunney or Jack Dempsey! Well, I take that all back. After seeing Max perform against Braddock, I must say that it would be sacrilegious for one who writes boxing, to place the name of Baer among any of the stars of the heavyweight division.

I was talking to Eddie Neil, the capable Associated Press representative a few hours before the fight, and Eddie remarked: "Sorry, Nat, that you went on the air and picked Baer to win by a knockout. You're going to be the most surprised man in the world. Do you think Baer is a great fighter? Do you think he compares to even the worst of the heavyweight champions since Sullivan's time? I don't. I've watched him in camp and he'll be a pushover for Braddock. Mark my words."

Well, I'm happy to give credit to a pal who apparently saw in Baer what we so-called other experts failed to notice. I now agree with Neil. The 8 to 1 shot came through as his mite of a manager, Joe Gould, had preached he would. As Jimmy Braddock came off the relief rolls, the bookmakers went on.

* * *

NOT even the most enthusiastic supporter of Baer, voiced as much as a whimper when the decision was announced. I gave Braddock eight rounds to Baer's five and two even, and the majority of ringside critics had Braddock winning by nine to six rounds.

Neither Baer nor Braddock performed like real champions. My analysis of the fight may be summed up in the statement that not since Corbett whipped Sullivan, has a heavyweight championship bout been fought that was so devoid of enthusiasm as the Braddock-Baer mill. In fact, it was just as disappointing a contest as it was an upset in ring history. It was utterly lacking in competitive appeal, was absolutely colorless and proved beyond the shadow of doubt that the heavyweight division has deteriorated to a lamentable degree so far as high-class talent is concerned.

FEAT SETS FISTIC MARK

The jinx that has hovered over the Garden's Bowl since its first contest, continues to hold sway. Tradition was upheld when Braddock beat Baer, and it probably will continue its sting should Braddock's first opponent in the defense of Jimmy's title be an energetic young man possessing cleverness and hitting power.

I like Braddock, rooted hard for him to come through even though I picked Baer, but as a cold matter of fact, he proved that as a champion he lacks the essentials of the type we might place near the top. True he is courageous, game and fearless, but he is an extremely slow thinker and awkward.

Had a quick-thinking fighter faced Baer in the twelfth round when Max dropped his hands, looked over to Jimmy's corner and pleaded for Braddock's noisy seconds to cease their remarks, Baer would never have lost the title on a decision. He would have been knocked out. But Braddock, the slow thinker, stepped back momentarily while Baer's appeal was made and then realized his opening and came in to shoot a stiff left to Max's face that jarred the recipient.

* * *

THE most damaging punch of the fight was landed by Baer. It came in the seventh and was an exact duplicate of the blow that started Cornera on the road to ruin last year. It crashed against Jimmy's jaw and his knees sagged, his vision clouded and he seemed on the verge of going down. But Baer, the man with the killer instinct, stepped back and leisurely gave Jimmy an opportunity to recover while the crowd jeered and hooted.

Incidentally, the fact that the blow failed to put Braddock down, indicates that Baer looked so great against Primo because the Italian has a lantern jaw and that should help Louis in his fight with Primo.

Max's contention that he broke both his hands in the fifth round, is no excuse for his defeat. Everybody in his training camp knew that he had been favoring his right hand. He injured that in his bout with Simms in Cleveland nine weeks ago, and only a day before the fight, I personally appealed to Ancil Hoffman, Baer's mentor, for definite information on Max's right, before announcing Baer as my choice, and he assured me it was in perfect condition.

If, as Hoffman and Baer insist, the hands went out of commission in the fifth session, then why did Baer clown through the first four rounds in which Braddock rolled up a big lead? If the hands were good before the fifth, then Baer, who had the support of thousands of enthusiasts, betrayed his heavy backers, his friends and the profession which has enabled him to gain fame and fortune by not giving his very best, as did Braddock, in those early rounds.

The broken hands and the broken bankrolls of Baer's supporters are the aftermath of a huge pugilistic upset, but to trace the loss of the title to those broken hands is taboo, so far as I'm concerned. I trace it directly to a better, more determined fighter who took his work seriously as against the clown who thought he could laugh himself into the retention of his laurels.

Braddock's was not a sensational victory as most heavyweight championships of the past have been, but it was a well deserving one. He displayed the true fighting heart of the fighting Irish in reaching the goal of his ambition and I congratulate him and Joe Gould, the little man who steered him into the match.

* * *

BAER, bad hands or good hands, certainly didn't show a thing worthy of a champion. There can be no question about the fairness of the victory. The man who came up from rags to riches, during a twelve months' period, deserved to gain the laurels. Braddock carried the fight to Baer and made Livermore Max like it. He took all that the champion could give, and never faltered. As he had planned in his pre-battle reviews, he kept to Baer's right at all times to prevent Max's dangerous right from landing with knockout force and kept punching away at all times.

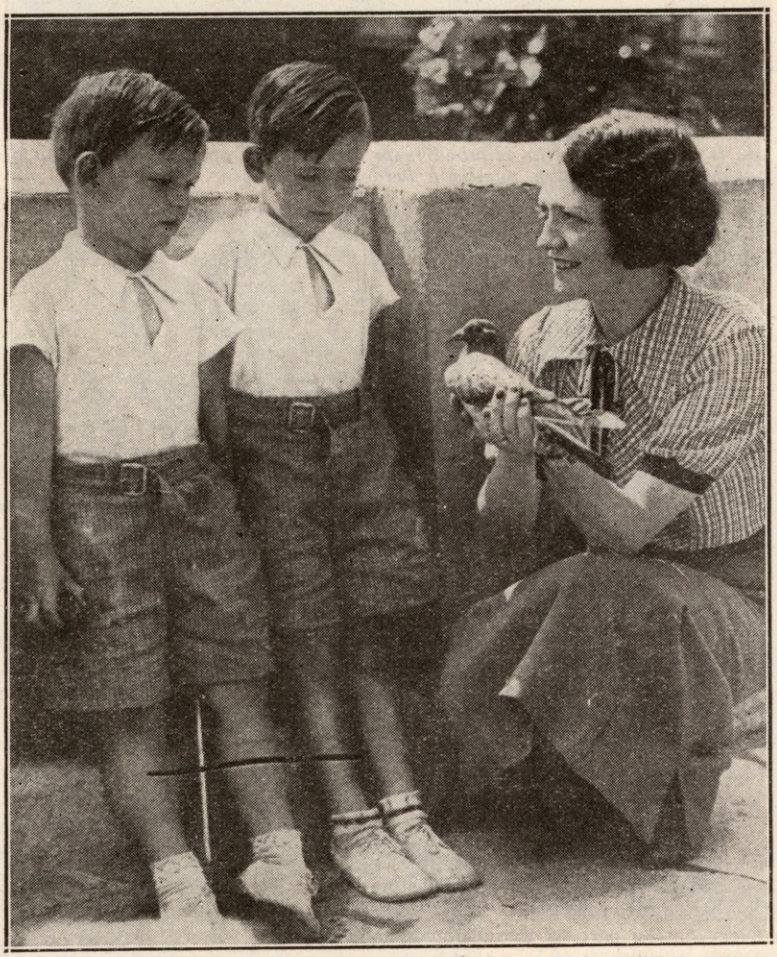
For fifteen rounds, with very little intermission, Braddock kept shooting that left of his to all parts of Baer's body. He crashed it often against the lips of the smiling defender until he brought the claret from Baer's mouth and Jimmy stuck it often into Max's mid-section.

He ripped his right with frequency to the Californian's ribs and even stood toe-to-toe, to the amazement of even his own handlers, and slugged away, blow for blow at close range fighting.

He was as reckless in his drive as he was fearless. In fact, it was Braddock's aggressiveness that caused Baer to lose control of the few punches he did get across, and he was penalized three rounds, two for the use of the backhand punch and one for hitting low.

* * *

AT least to Baer's credit, it must be said that he was in perfect physical condition, for had he not been, had he entered the ring as he did against Carnera, he never would have remained on his feet for fifteen rounds. It was Baer's inability to down his rival from the fifth through the seventh rounds, when he made his best showing, that discouraged him. He plainly displayed his uneasiness as he lost heart and



A dove of peace. Mrs. Braddock exhibits it to two of her three children in their Jersey home. The carrier pigeon carried the plate of this photo in a special receptacle to New York.

went about his work in a lackadaisical manner. He just trusted to luck after that failure.

In those three sessions Baer kept on top of his man, sending over left and right hooks that hit the mark, but with few exceptions they did little damage. At close range he delivered inside uppercuts that jarred Jimmy's head and a crashing right that caused the blood to flow freely from the nose and Braddock was forced to back away under a steady fire. But the game, grim Jersey scrapper took everything in those rounds and still stood up, even though he had to get his seconds to work feverishly over him.

Jimmy didn't falter under the attack. Determined, with only one objective ahead of him, he marched into his adversary to take all he could give and to prove to him that he was not the man-killer that Baer, himself, professed to be. When Max saw that Braddock was not the type to be scared as was Carnera, he was a licked man.

* * *

The new champion wearing a hastily improvised crown on his royal pate. He is joyful because he climbed from the abyss of oblivion to the top of the pugilistic ladder in one year.

MAX BAER may have broken his hand, but it was Jimmy Braddock who broke his heart. While Braddock kept up his sustained attack, that of the man he deposed was in flashes, only. At no time did Max look like the fighter who stood out so prominently in the battles with Schmeling and Carnera. It was because of his listlessness that the gamblers who took it so heavily on the chin raised the cry of "fixed," but that, as is usual in such cases, was merely the voice of the disgruntled who like to shout from the house tops that they were gypped when their heavily backed choice loses. No, it wasn't any crookedness that beat Baer—it was Max Baer himself.

When the battle got under way, the crowd good-naturedly sat back waiting for the Baer wallop to end the mill in a jiffy. But they waited and waited in vain.

It became more and more obvious as the rounds rolled along, that there would be no k.o., and that if such a wallop were landed, it would be by the challenger and not the title holder. It was Jimmy who connected with the first telling blow, a hard right to the body and it was he who continued to score with such punches and stiff lefts from then to the finish.

* * *

TIME and again Baer was on the verge of tossing that powerful right of his, only to draw it back while the crowd sighed. The Baer who dropped Schmeling and Carnera with ox-felling blows, aroused the spectators to a pitch of expectancy as he came rushing out of his corner for the fourth round, and they were rewarded with a flurry on the part of the champion that caused the hopes of those who had wagered on a knockout within seven rounds—a common bet in that fight, to rise sky high. But those hopes faded shortly after, as Baer resumed his snickering, sneering, laughing tactics and dropped his fighting.

If the crowd failed to obtain a thrill from sensational fighting, such was expected, it at least got its thrill in seeing the underdog, the man who didn't have a chance, the Cinderella Man of Boxing, turn his face to the fire of his adversary, and like a true soldier of the ring, fight it out like a man to win pugilism's greatest honors.

As the tall, handsome, curly-haired California Adonis, the matinee idol who frittered away a fortune to play the rôle of Barrymore in pugilism, stood in the center of the ring with his arms embracing his conqueror at the end of the fifteenth round, I wondered whether he fully realized the seriousness of his situation! Could it be that he had held his opponent too cheaply or was the Baer who fought Braddock paying the full penalty for his "wine, women and song" life?

There he stood, an excellent object lesson to the rising generation as to the course an athlete should NOT follow who expects to retain his laurels. After all, adherence to the gospel of clean living and self-denial and the avoidance of the primrose path are the virtues that still remain the dominant factor in the achievement of any kind of success in the athletic field.

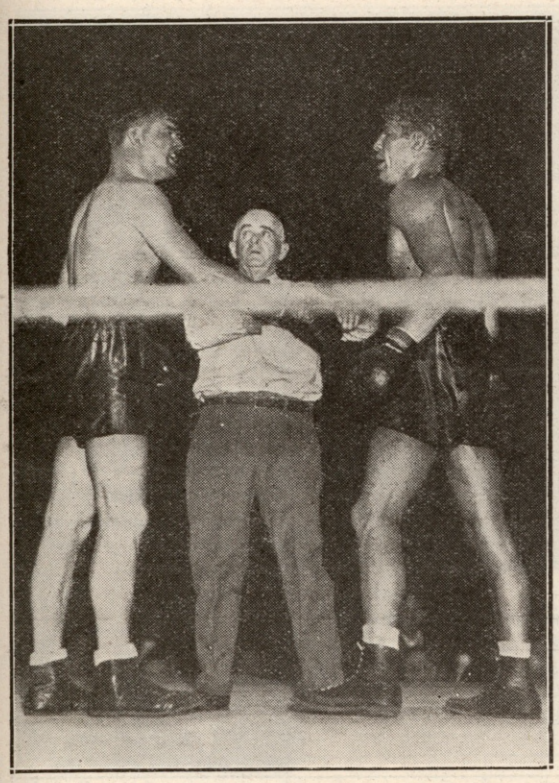
* * *

AS for Baer's future, though hastily he announced that he would retire, a later statement from his manager declared that Max would take an extended rest and would then attempt to get back into the good graces of the fight public by sticking his nose to the grind stone, give up the kind of life he has been leading and fight his way back to the title, if possible. His first step towards that goal will be in a bout with the winner of the Carnera-Louis fight under the auspices of Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund and the 20th Century A. C. next September. If he is victorious at that time, he will attempt to obtain a return engagement with Braddock.

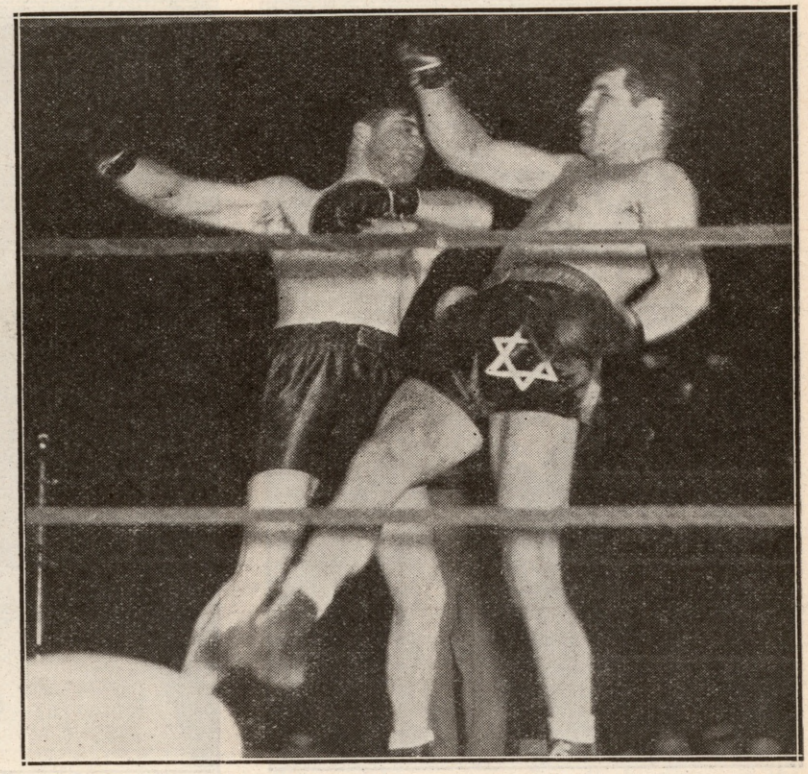
However, unless the unforeseen happens, it seems that Baer is doomed to disappointment, for the Garden, which through the Braddock victory, continues its hold on the heavyweight championship fight, which, had Baer retained his title, would have been lost to the 20th Century Club, is eager to match Braddock with Schmeling. Chances are that Baer and Schmeling may come together prior to Braddock's first defense of his newly won honors, but I doubt that the German will consent to make a trip to this country again unless it is to take part in a championship mill.

Baer will have to go a long way to redeem himself. Perhaps Max will now realize that he cannot be both a night club champion and a ring title holder at the same time.

A Picture Story of Big Fight

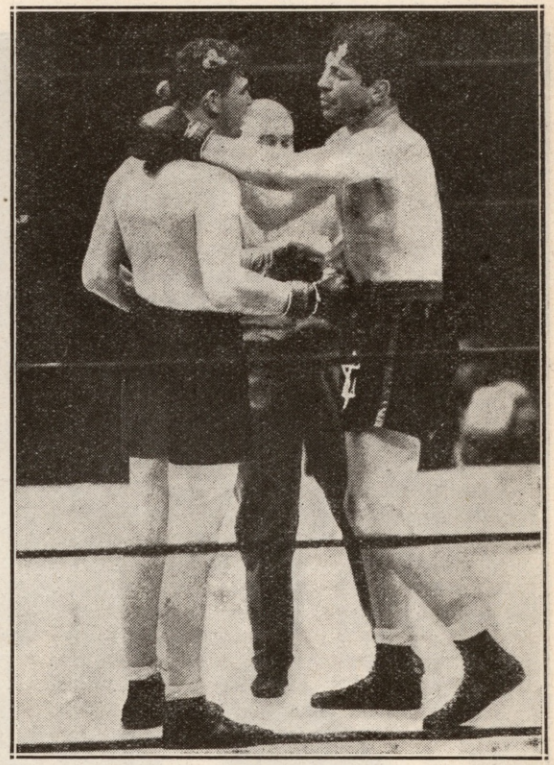


Jimmy and Max shake hands as the bell starts them on the final round. Baer apparently now realizes he is behind, for he has altered his expression and seems ready for action.



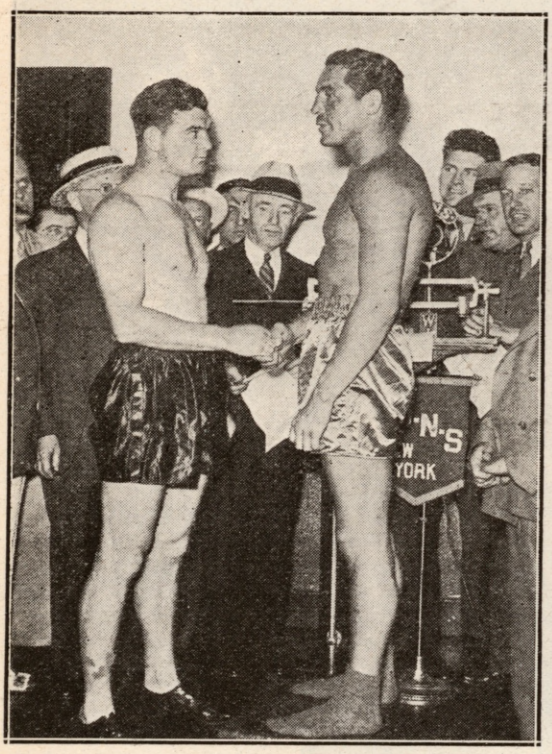
Baer in an awkward position. No, he is not clowning in this pose. He was tossed off balance as he missed his right and Braddock is ready to smash his right home.

The climax to a remarkable Horatio Alger career! Here Jimmy's hand is being raised, the winner of the world's heavyweight crown.

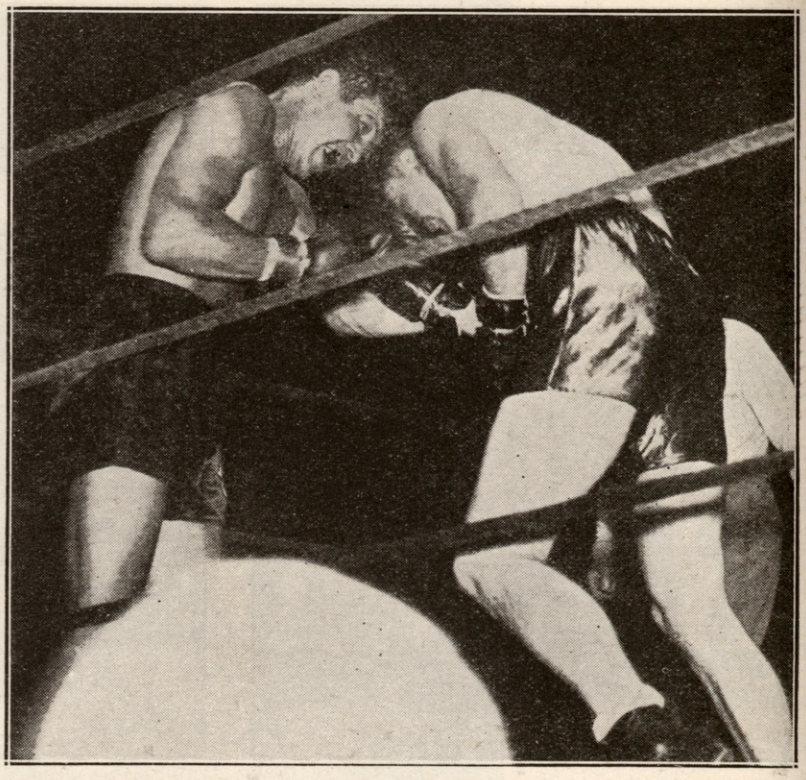


The vanquished embraces the victor. It's the finish and the dethroned champion, heart heavy and head bent, prepares for the lonesome march back to his dressing room.

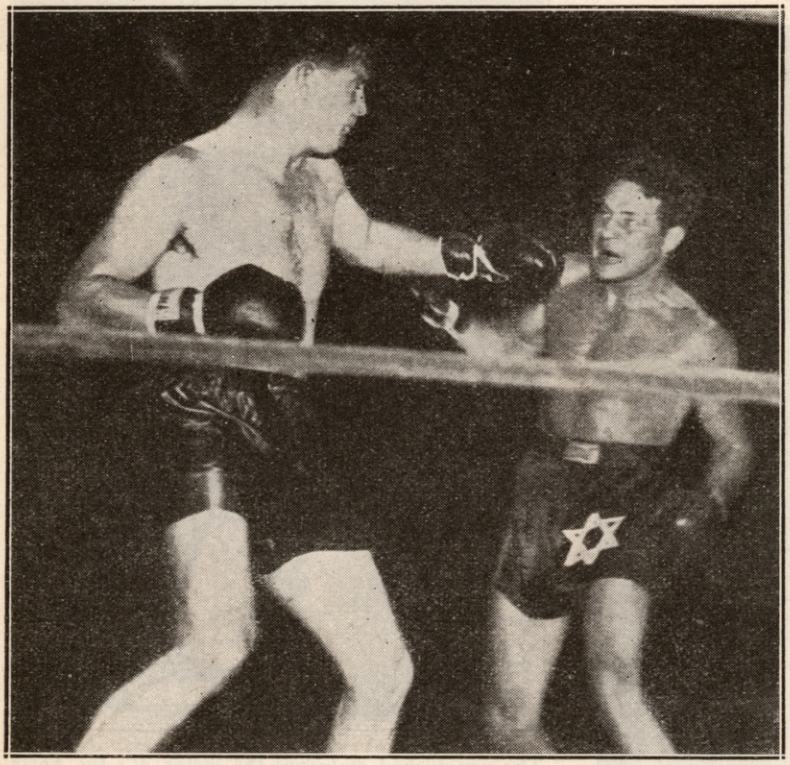
Snapped By Our Cameraman



When Jimmy Braddock and Max Baer faced each other at the weighing-in ceremonies.



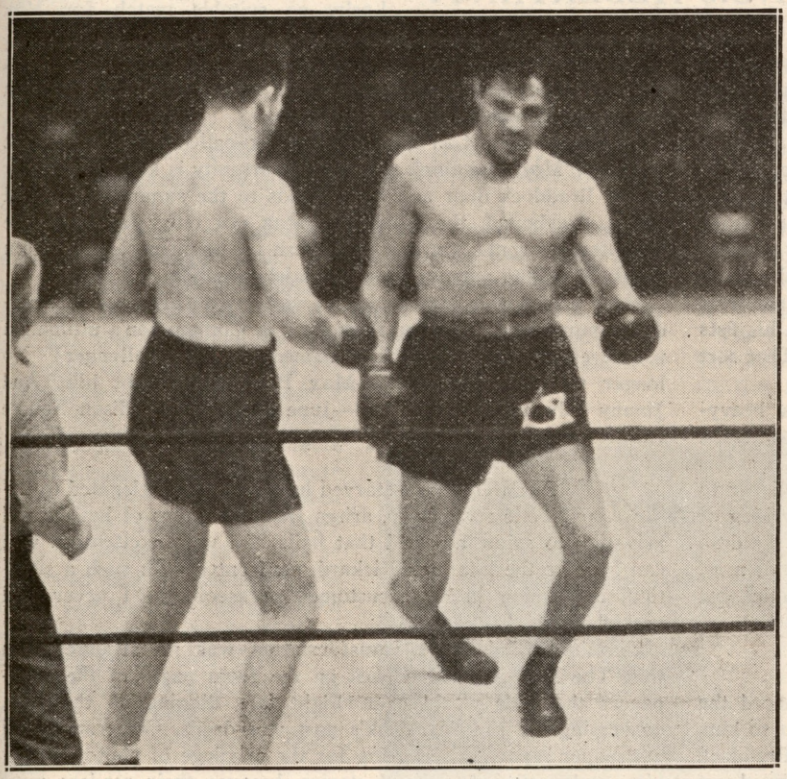
Baer, against the ropes, laughs as he brings his left up to Braddock's face several times at close range.



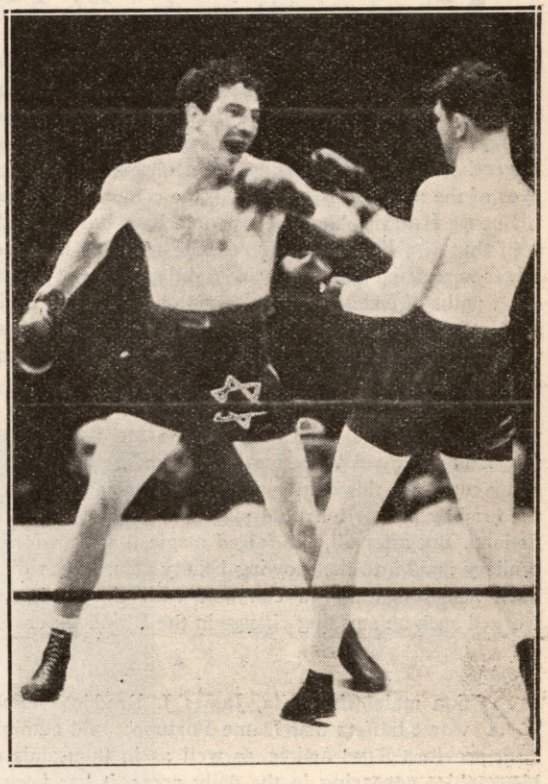
A scene in the ninth round in which Jimmy cocks his right, ready to crash it against Baer's face as Max, in one of his serious moments, comes tearing in.

The Cinderella Man is ripping a right uppercut to Baer's jaw, a punch that caused the Californian to wince.

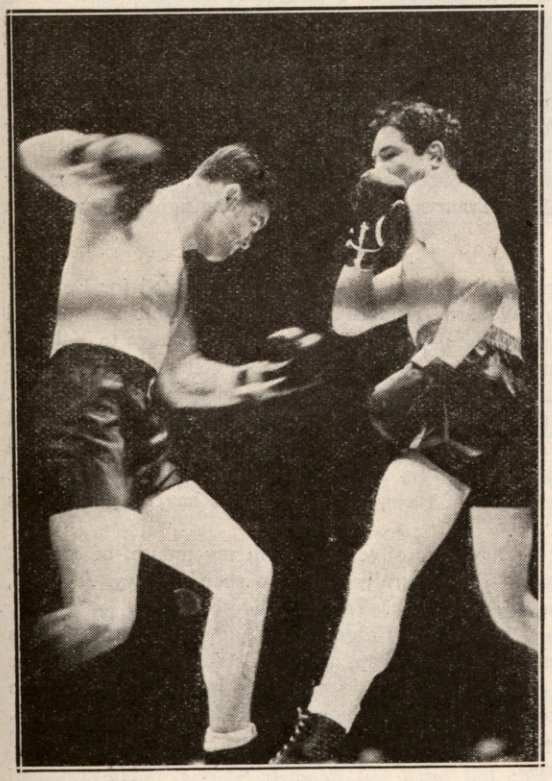
at BAER-BRADDOCK Fight



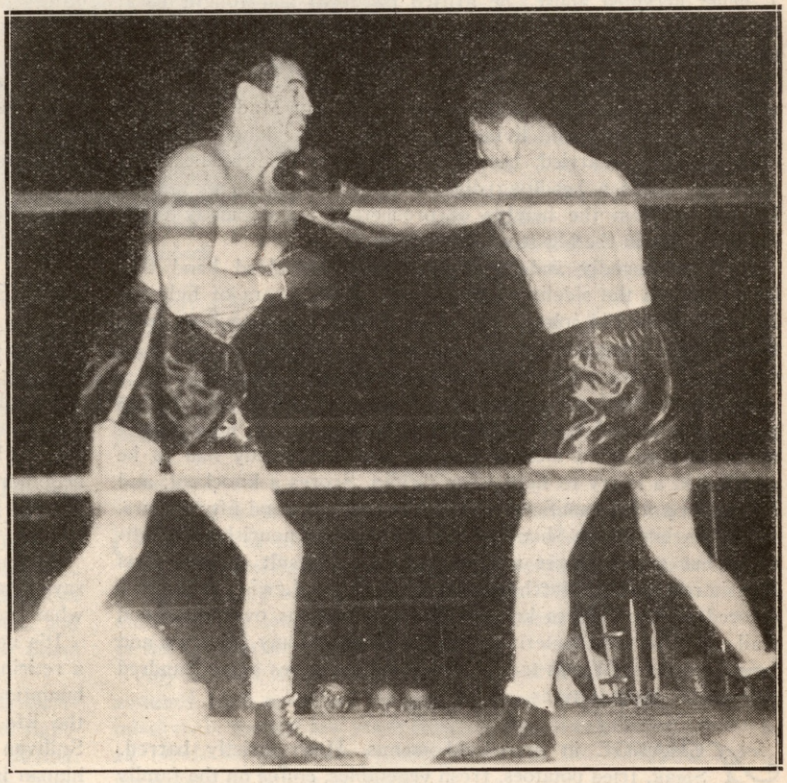
Max Baer shown doing his clown act in the second round after Jimmy had caught him with a hard right to the chin. Jimmy took no chances and stepped back, before sailing in again.



Baer and his opponent in a lively mix-up in the center of the ring. Here we see Max swinging wildly as Jimmy blocked and cocked his left for a swing that missed.



Braddock is leading a left to the champion's body. Jimmy was the aggressor in most of the rounds.



An exchange in the fifteenth round. Jimmy holds off Max with a left. Note the serious expression of Jimmy and the grin of his opponent.

BOXING'S CINDERELLA MAN

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

SINCE James J. Braddock leaped overnight into the spotlight of fame by decisively defeating Max Baer and thereby annexing the proud title of world's championship heavyweight, sport writers from coast to coast have constantly referred to the Jersey Irishman's career as running parallel to that of a Horatio Alger hero. So far as rising from obscurity to eminence in the eyes of the universe is concerned, the comparison is exact enough.

But no Horatio Alger hero would have dared tread the rugged trail that Jim Braddock essayed. He wouldn't have been a decent Alger hero if he had, for prize-fighting was not respectable then, other paths of endeavor were open to him, and his beginnings were always humble, but the idea of earning a livelihood with his fists would never have been translated into active Algerism. That sort of thing simply wasn't done!

Therefore, in seeking a literary parallel for the new heavyweight champion's achievements one steps inside the gates of fairyland and invokes the wraith of Cinderella to appear. It seems a far cry from this dainty sprite and her famous glass slipper to the brawny proportions and pugilistic powers of the new king of fistiana. But after all, the fabled magic that transformed the drab scullery maid into the glowing beauty ablaze with diamonds must have had something in common with the modern magic that worked such an amazing change in the Braddock destiny.

* * *

AS a male Cinderella, James J. Braddock experienced the worst buffets that Dame Fortune could administer to him. In a previous RING article, as well as in thousands of Braddock biographies appearing in the daily press, it has been pointed out how, as a youngster, he cherished fistic ambitions and, like his fairyland prototype, never lost heart when he suffered a setback and the future loomed ominously black.

But the "hope that springs eternal in the human breast" was really the only Cinderella quality apparent in Braddock's make-up. Cinderella had to accept passively the spurnings of Fate. James J. never accepted abuse; he gritted his teeth and fought back, with what results everyone now knows. Viewed in terse detail, the picture of his life would run on a screen something like this:

Messenger boy, printer's devil, preliminary fighter, longshoreman. Suddenly cast as main event performer in Madison Square Garden. Successful and living on the fat of the land from ring earnings. Gets married, becomes the father of three beautiful children. Takes a headlong dive with bank stocks and taxicab investment from the heights of prosperity, as did many other hapless souls in the big stock market crash.

Broke financially and handicapped by a disabled hand that keeps him on the sidelines, three times in ten years of fighting. Returns to his old job as stevedore. Family lucky to have hash for breakfast, hash for lunch and hash for dinner, occasionally with one meal omitted altogether for economical reasons.

Forced on relief rolls, glad to get pittance of twenty-four dollars per month to feed four hungry mouths. Recalled to fistic battlefields, because good men were scarce and somebody had to be grabbed in a hurry to fight Corn Griffin. Scores a knockout, and is rewarded with munificent sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Not as big as he should be, under normal nourishing conditions, but grows larger and stronger as a result of strenuous longshoreman toil. Matched with John Henry Lewis, sensational colored fighter. Scores knockdown and triumphs over ten-round trail, much to the consternation of Promoter Jimmy Johnston and fans in general. Weeps tears of joy as he receives seven hundred dollars for his exertions.

* * *

A CHANGE in household menus. Hash strictly barred. Steak, fried potatoes, fresh vegetables, coffee on the family table. Wife happy, children smiling. Elimination tournament planned to obtain opponent for heavyweight champion. Madison Square Garden impresario figures Art Lasky as suitable match for Max Baer.

But Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, insists that James J. is the logical opponent for Lasky. After much argument, Johnston consents and match is made.

Fifteen rounds! Can Braddock, the so-called old man, go the distance? Most fans think not. But opportunity is knocking loudly at the Braddock door and he responds to the summons. Trained like a greyhound, the Forgotten Man not only negotiates the long, tedious route, but it is still fresh in the memories of fifteen thousand yelling patrons how Jim fairly annihilated Lasky.

Here was double satisfaction in victory, a forty-one-hundred-dollar purse, and the New York Boxing Commission's ultimatum to the effect that Braddock is named "No. 1 Challenger!" No longer the Forgotten Man—Max Baer MUST fight him. And Jimmy Johnston sets the date—June 13, at the Madison Square Garden Bowl.

* * *

A FORMERLY half-starved human, a chap relegated to the pugilistic scrap-heap, arises from the ashes of hunger and privation to salute a world that hails him with excitement. One can imagine the late Tex Rickard, confronted with such a situation, exclaiming in his accustomed phraseology, "I never seed nothin' like it!"

Certainly Cinderella's transformation was no stranger than this. The Forgotten Man back on the front pages of the newspapers the wide world over. Fight fans digging up the dope, conversing on Jim Braddock's past ring-deeds. Cameramen and newspaper reporters scrapping for the privilege of photographing him, and getting first-hand stories, because their readers must have stories on the big sensation of the hour.

The public begging to know how he is getting along in training, what he eats, how he sleeps, how he shapes up in the daily sparring bouts, what are his chances to carry off the Blue Ribbon of the Ring?

And now that those questions are all satisfactorily answered, James J. Braddock becomes an even greater sensation than during the hectic weeks of public expectancy. For he is now the BIG CHAMP!

You know what that means, in addition to straight ring earnings. The champion endorsing various and sundry health products, sponsoring cigars, cigarettes, smoking tobaccos, okaying rubbing oils, patent medicines, all sorts of things too numerous to mention. Theatres, movies, cabarets calling to him, offering sums of money for personal appearances such as the old-time fighters never even heard of.

* * *

THE dream of his boyish days, when he rooted for Dempsey to beat Willard, realized at last! And that first earned million, what will he do with it? Why, send the boys to Yale and the baby daughter Rose Marie to Vassar, of course! Jim Braddock has no doubts at all as to the good use he will make of his money.

For one thing—he wants to take his wife on a tour around the world. Also, he plans to buy a nice home right in his old neighborhood, Woodcliffe, N. J., so that his many pals will see that he is still one of them, and new riches haven't gone to his head.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, of course," says Braddock. "But naturally I like to spend money. After all, what was money made for? You only live once."

It's no easy job to get Braddock talking about himself. He's a retiring, modest sort of chap, about as strong a contrast to the bumptious, cocky Max Baer as could be imagined. Nothing in the life stories of his champion predecessors, from John L. Sullivan down, really equals that of James J. in point of actual human interest.

His dad must have had some hunch regarding the future of his son, for it was he who insisted on the "James Jay" prefix when

Jim was born, in honor of James J. Jeffries, the then king of the heavies.

* * *

THEY say the Irish race is slow to mature and maybe that's true. Braddock, for instance, started fighting when he scaled 162. He was slow to pack on weight. He weighed 174 when he kayoed Jimmy Slattery, and 168 against Loughran. Then he went after the Simon-pure heavies. He scaled 178 to 207 for the late Ernie Schaaf; 179 to 182½ for Lasky; 179 to 198 for Retzlaff; 179 to 202 for Babe Hunt; 181 to 218 for Dynamite Jackson. He fought 215-pounders in amateur competitions when he only scaled 162.

Perhaps it was just starvation that kept Braddock so long at the light-heavyweight limit. That continuous hash diet, while his right hand kept him idle, didn't help increase his size any. But right after the Lasky mill, for which he got some real money, Jim was able to indulge his appetite for the better viands. And he tipped the scales at 191¾ for the battle which brought him the heavyweight crown, as against Baer's 209½.

The late New York Boxing Commissioner, William Muldoon, picked Braddock as a sure future champion, after he saw him knock out Jimmy Slattery and Tuffy Griffiths. In fact, Muldoon was so impressed that he summoned Joe Gould and his fistic charge to the commission office the day following Jim's victory over Griffith.

"I believe you're going to be the next heavyweight champion," said the Duke solemnly to Braddock. "And," he continued, addressing the manager, "I'm going to hold you responsible for his success, Gould."

* * *

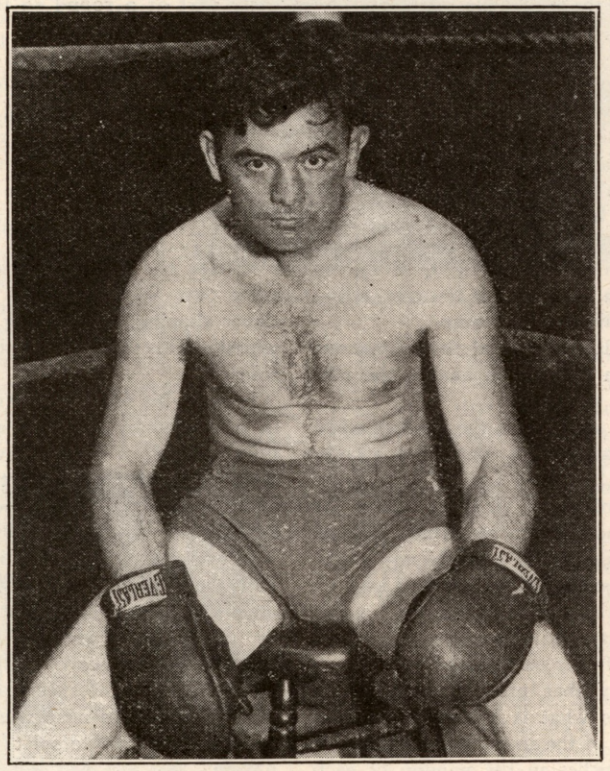
BRADDOCK never forgot Muldoon's prediction and only the day previous to the Baer battle referred to it, with the remark that he would make good at Max's expense. He kept his word and, had Muldoon lived, he would certainly have been overjoyed to see his protégé punch his way to victory and occupancy of the heavyweight throne.

He is the first Irish-American heavyweight champion since the halcyon days of Gene Tunney. Two more glamorous predecessors were John L. Sullivan and James J Corbett. They ruled after the inception of the Marquis of Queensberry rules which still govern fisticuffs, new commission edicts to the contrary notwithstanding.

There were any number of brawny Celts who fought under the London Prize Ring rules, men who thrilled assemblages on barges, back rooms of saloons, and other hideaways, while the officers of the law were on their trails. These included John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Mike O'Toole, Paddy Ryan, Jake Kilrain.

For the first time since the two historic Tunney-Dempsey fights, the Irish turned out in full force to see their idol Braddock tackle Max Baer. The latter is of German-Jewish-American descent. Jack Dempsey is of Irish-Scotch-American stock, and the legend goes that some of his forefathers had Hebrew blood in their veins.

Excepting for Tunney, the Celts have been in the boxing background many years. Thirty and forty years ago good Irish fighters were plentiful. It wasn't until the father of New York boxing, Jimmy Walker, jammed through his fistic bill that the Jews, Italians, Germans, and Liths and Polish lads breezed to the front. In the last few years they have held the front rank in pugilism.



The serious Braddock.

MICKEY WALKER, who ranks with the great fighters of all time, and Jimmy McLarnin, another sensational slugger and kayo artist, managed to keep the Irish devotees at fever heat in the smaller divisions. The Toy Bulldog reigned supreme in both welter and middle grades. He had a couple of shots at the heavyweight crown, but lost out there. McLarnin dropped his title on a close decision to Barney Ross recently, but is still in the fighting line. There are a scant number of Micks in the ring today. Besides Champion Braddock they include the little Philadelphian, Eddie Cool, Lee Ramage of California, the Bostonian, Jack McCarthy. If the new Great Lover, Jack Doyle, had gone in seriously for fighting, he might have stolen the thunder of his former countrymen. But because Doyle is handsome and feared that a few swats on the mug might spoil the contour of his visage, he kept clear of the real stuff, and went in for night-clubbing, movies and marriage.

The champs who followed in the wake of Sullivan and Corbett were of varied nationalities. The most remarkable of them all, Bob Fitzsimmons, was born at Helestein, Cornwall, England. Jeffries and Willard were of pure American stock. The sawed-off Tommy Burns, whose real name was Noach Brusso, was a French-Canadian.

Jack Johnson, the only Negro to join the select heavy circle, was born at Galveston, Texas. Max Schmeling is a real German. Jack Sharkey, or Josef Cucoksey, to give him his correct baptismal epithet, is Lithuanian-American. Primo Carnera is Italian.

Before Tex Rickard's golden era there were many slashing, dashing Micks who thrilled the customers, such as Sullivan, Corbett, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, Matty Matthews, Jimmy Barry, Jack McAuliffe, Terry McGovern, Martin Flaherty, Ike Weir, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, Billy Murphy, Patsy Haley, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Kid McPartland, Willy Fitzgerald, Tim Callahan, Jim Coffey, Frank Moran, Spike and Dave Sullivan. The list could be extended far beyond the limits of this article.

The Irish also soared to great heights in Rickard's time, when Tunney, Johnny Kilbane, Tommy Loughran, Joe Lynch, Mike O'Dowd, Mike and Tom Gibbons, and other star Celts forged to the front. Fifty years ago this month Jack McAuliffe celebrated his professional début in the lightweight ranks with a knockout. He retired unbeaten in 1897, and was one of the enthusiastic ring patrons who cheered James J. Braddock's victory over Baer.

* * *

IT is on record that one stalwart Irishman, Danny Duane, licked the great Sam Langford when the latter was a lightweight. Had Jimmy Slattery behaved himself, he would probably have been a title-holder. The two Coffee-Moran mills will live long in the memories of those who witnessed them in the old Garden.

Any number of title-holders, Jews and Italians in the main, assumed Irish monikers for ring purposes in the past. The commissions in the last few years frowned upon this practice, ordering all hands to use their rightful names in the scrapping game, regardless of length or sound.

Strangely enough, two of the greatest Irish fighters had Jewish managers. McGovern was piloted by Sam Harris, and Joe Gould discovered and developed Jimmy Braddock into a champion.

ROSS GOT DECISION,

Ring's Expert Says That Jimmy Had Better of Battling in Scrap With Barney

THREE times have Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin fought, and each time there has been considerable controversy over the winner. By unanimous verdict of referee Jack Dempsey and judges Goldberg and Lacron, Barney regained the world welterweight crown from Jimmy. But in the eyes of many of the spectators, that verdict was wrong.

Despite the fact that the majority of ringside experts agreed with the officials, some even going those officials one better by chalking up a big majority for Ross, I failed to see wherein Ross was entitled to the laurels.

I have been watching fights and reporting fights for thirty years. I cannot permit myself to fall in line with colleagues. I maintain that McLarnin should never have been shorn of his title in the third beating between him and Barney.

My score card showed McLarnin the winner by a margin of eight rounds to five, with two even, but those of the judges were far different. Dempsey gave McLarnin only three rounds, Ross five and seven even; Goldberg handed Barney eight, McLarnin six and scored one even, and Lacron, the third of the trio, registered nine for Ross, four for McLarnin and two even.

Thus you note that even though Ross received the unanimous verdict, there was quite a variation of opinion among the officials regarding the rounds won.

I cannot see wherein a fighter is entitled to the verdict when he does his battling only in spurts as against continuous attacks and continuous aggressiveness.

I had two stop watches in front of me at all times during the mill and I purposely kept tab on the time during which each of the young gladiators were most active. With scarcely any variation, McLarnin started out with the clang of the bell and kept up a steady pace of jabs, hooks and occasional body punching, while Ross didn't get busy with real activity until there was only about three-quarters of the final minute left for each round.

Only occasionally did Ross vary that procedure. In short, Barney is a good fighter, but he is what is known as a spurt scrapper, who tries to catch the eyes of the spectators, scribes and judges with a bombardment of punches in the windup of each round.

Wherein does a fighter merit more consideration in points scored under such conditions? The fight was close, at times, but the greater damage was done by Jimmy. When it came to boxing, McLarnin had every bit as much as Ross. The major portion of the missing was done by Ross because of McLarnin's clever work, and in whatever holding was recorded Ross was the guilty party. I cannot be convinced that McLarnin really lost his title.

True, Jimmy has lost much of his effectiveness of a few years back. His right hand no longer contains the dynamite which enabled him to reach the heights and become known as king of the young sockers, but in all other respects he fought like the McLarnin of old. He carried the fighting to Ross, something for which he should have received far more credit.

He connected in many rounds, four times as often as did Barney who was waiting for the final spurt, and that also should have earned Jimmy a shade in the point scoring. And finally, he stood toe-to-toe and exchanged blow for blow when Ross decided to make his last-minute grand play for recognition. Surely, for that, also, McLarnin was entitled to some consideration.

Therefore, taking all in all, I fail to see where McLarnin lost his title.

I DISAGREE with those who contend that McLarnin went to the post just once too often. Had he gone to the post at least once in a tune-up battle, there probably would have been no need for this type of article. He would have won in a far more convincing style than he did, so far as I am concerned.

Ross is a clever, intelligent, quick-thinking fighter. But as for comparing him with Benny Leonard of the great men of the lightweight or welterweight division, I think that, at least at this stage, is far-fetched.

When Ross and McLarnin fought their first battle, Pop Foster, as fine a judge of fights and fighters as ever lived, an honest, capable old man, asked the boxing commission to observe the last minute spurts of Barney and pleaded that the judges and referee be warned against forgetting all that happened in the early part of a round so that McLarnin might be given proper credit for his work.

The commission laughed that off, yet that is a most important point, and certainly it reacted, as it was expected to, in Barney's favor in the third meeting. However, despite my personal contention, based on my observation at the ringside, THE RING hails the new champion. Let's hope that he will defend his regained crown more often than he did his lightweight title, and that in Barney Ross we will have a champion of whom we may all feel proud.

As for the fight itself, it contained more fireworks than the other two, with plenty of action to appease the hungry fans; clever slipping, sidestepping and sharp shooting, and as clean as a whistle. For that we must thank the fighters and the capable referee.

Ross let his opponent carry the fight to him in the early rounds, in which Jimmy rolled up a big margin, then came along with a rally starting with the eleventh round that took the play away from his Irish rival, only to find Jimmy coming through with a spurt in the final session, which undoubtedly clinched the laurels for him—even though he didn't get the nod.

It was a tougher battle in some respects than the second one, with the boys fighting half the time head-to-head, flailing at each other's face and body, the type of fighting usually exemplified by the crudest of boxers. At those stages, they absolutely ignored the science of which both are masters and fought the kind of milling the spectators enjoy.

When Barney's nose was split and the blood flowed profusely, the McLarnin rooters let out a Comanche yell and when McLarnin's left eye was cut and the claret flowed from that, the Ross adherents retaliated. They knocked each other against the ropes quite frequently with terrific left hooks and when one cornered the other, there was a battering of stomach with lefts and rights until referee Dempsey stepped between the warriors.

Both in prime physical condition, each was able to take all the other gave and come back with punishment that eventually fatigued Barney far more than it did McLarnin. Even though the bout lacked a single knockdown, it was hard fought and heavier blows were rained on each than in either of the first two mills. McLarnin was greater in defeat on May 28 than he was when he regained the title from Ross last September. It was his best fight of the three and naturally he was all broken up when the verdict went against him.

As Jimmy saw the announcer hold up Ross's hand, he turned to his comforter, Pop Foster, flung his arms about the old man's shoulders and buried his chin on Pop's chest. But poor Pop needed more comforting than did his defeated champion. He was all excited over the verdict, and I don't blame him.

* * *

CONTRARY to expectation, McLarnin entered the ring scaling only 144¾ pounds as against Ross's 141. At that weight, both were exceptionally strong.

McLarnin *Won* Fight

By NAT FLEISCHER

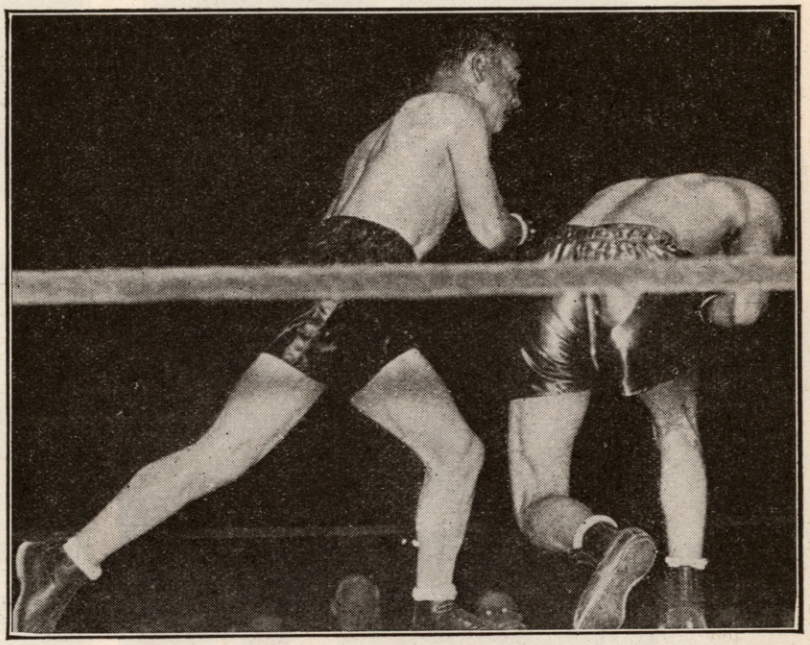
Despite the punishing blows, neither man was ever on the verge of a knockout. The head of each was jarred on several occasions, and once a terrific right hook to Jimmy's chin caused his knees to sag, but he quickly recovered.

Ross's vicious attack in the eleventh, twelfth and fourteenth rounds left their marks on McLarnin, but Jimmy evened matters with a bitter assault in the final session that had Ross holding often. In fact when Barney walked to his corner at the end of the round and fight, he looked weary, and when the announcer was ready to tell the world that a new champion was crowned, he had to drag Ross out of his corner.

In the matter of rounds won, my score card showed that Ross had a bigger margin in each of the sessions he gained than did McLarnin in those recorded for him. But Jimmy was less bruised than was his opponent, finished fresher, stronger, and more full of fight than did Barney.

It was a fast fight as well as a vicious one. The crowd was kept in a perpetual uproar, with adherents of each gladiator shouting himself hoarse for his favorite.

McLarnin, shorn of his great right-hand punch, the blow that sent many a Hebrew fighter into the discard but has now lost its sting, was brilliant in the execution of his left. He played that left with stinging effect so often during the first nine rounds that Barney was forced to slow up. It was only after the tenth, when Ross's furious body attack came on, that McLarnin let down to protect himself, but even with that attack, Jimmy was enabled, so far as I could see, to grab off two more of the last five rounds.



Who is doing the fighting here—Ross or McLarnin? Note how Jimmy is making the fight.

Time and again McLarnin attempted to feint Ross into openings, but the cagey Barney was too smart to fall into traps. However, when that failed, McLarnin's lefts stiffened Barney in a manner that left him open for right crosses and, when Jimmy essayed to toss them, they failed to have the knockout effect. That proved that McLarnin's knockout wallop is gone.

* * *

ONE thing the fight proved, besides the loss of a K. O. wallop by McLarnin, is that Ross was far less impressive than he was in his second battle. For a fighter who is supposed to be classed among the great men of fisticuffs, Barney lacks the kill and the follow-up instinct.

On several occasions he had McLarnin worried after smashing home some hefty wallops, but he missed his opportunity. Often he missed and swung wildly, all because he was bewildered after the blood came trickling from his nose. On many occasions his ruthlessness, brought on by desperation, was completely wasted as his blows missed their mark and McLarnin's left kept popping into his face.

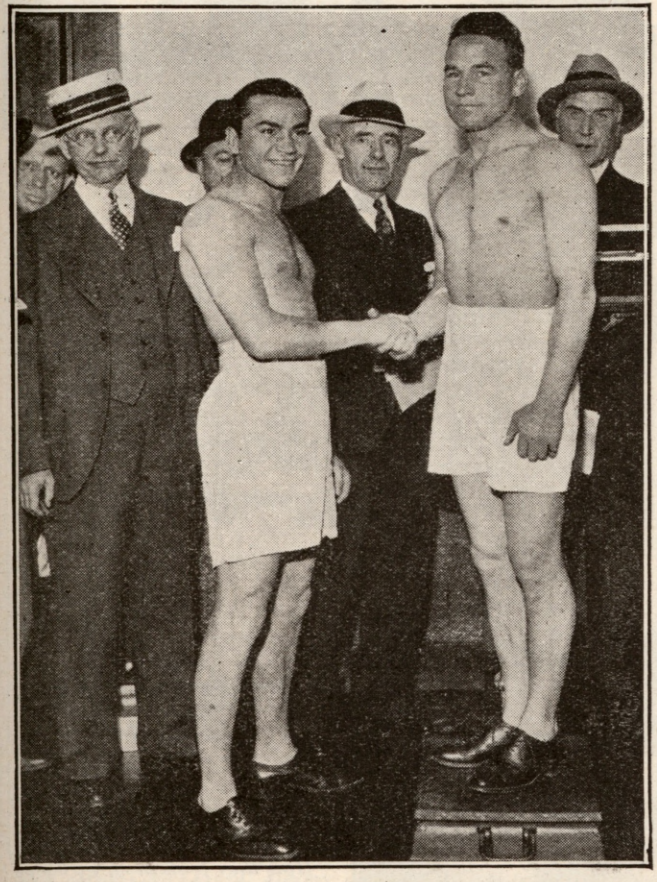
As I have remarked, Ross's flurries of rapid, although not heavily damaging, blows played a big part in the final verdict. It swung the judges, referee and his army of admirers in his favor. My score card showed almost three to one in McLarnin's favor in the matter of cleaner hitting.

There, again, is a good reason why I think that the points scored so heavily by the officials for Barney should have gone to Jimmy.

Like Tony Canzoneri, who was looked upon as a worn-out veteran when the scribes were predicting his annihilation by Lou Ambers, McLarnin still has plenty of time before hanging up his gloves. He was far more impressive than was Ross, his younger opponent, and with that Ross fight under his belt, if Pop Foster can find a good opponent for him, Jimmy can make a quick comeback.

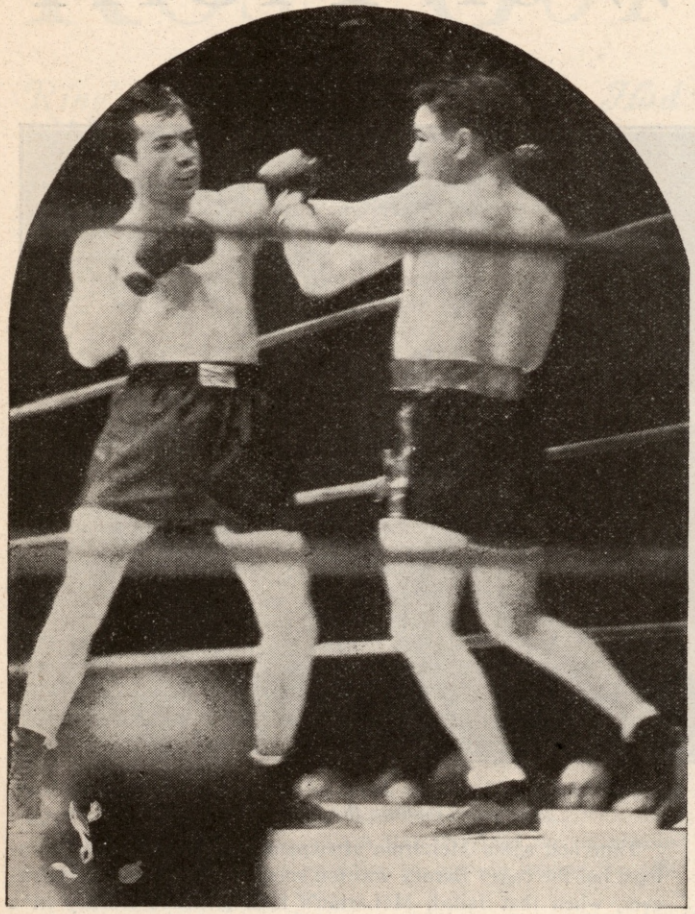
I'd hate to see the great little Irishman—one of my ring favorites of all time—call it quits.

A wonderful little fighter lost his title but gained the admiration of the true-blooded fistic fans.

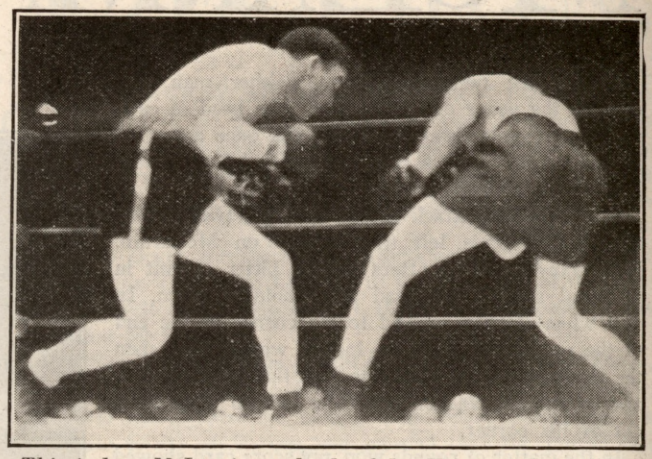


The handshake at weighing-in time.

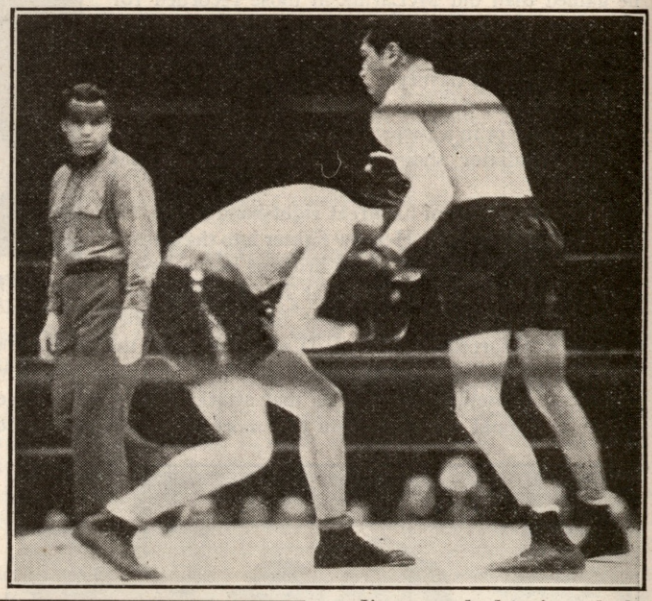
Snapped at the Fight Between



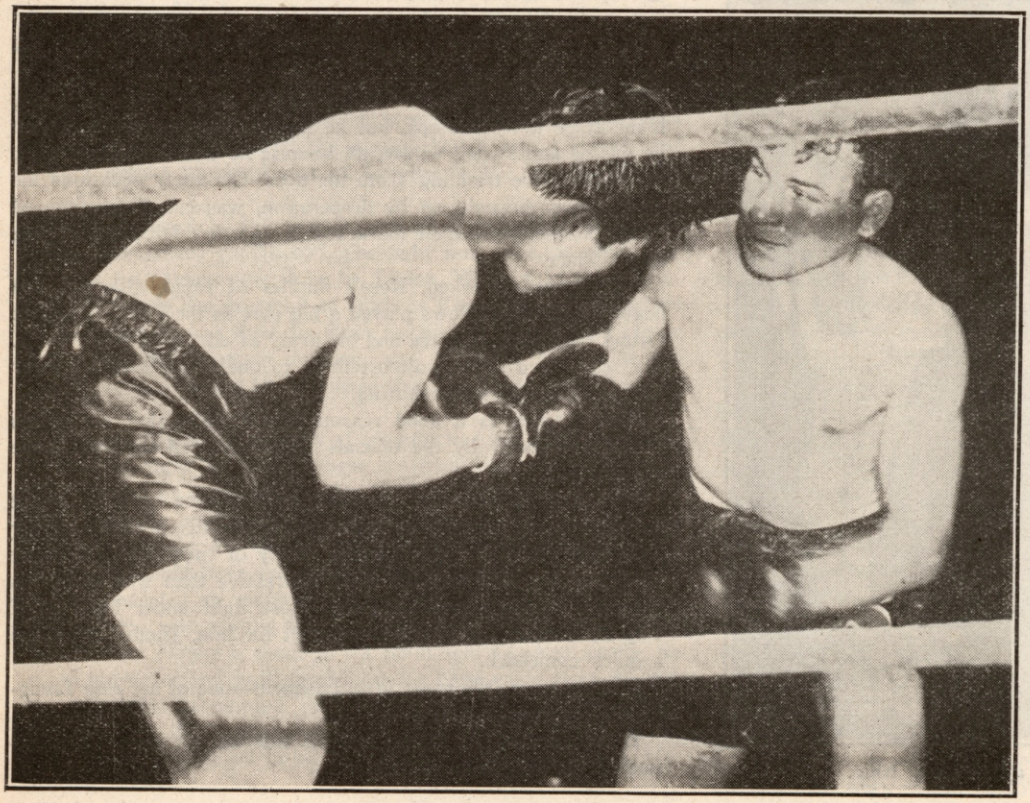
Jimmy slipping a straight left. This happened quite frequently. Most of the missing was chalked up against Ross in the opinion of THE RING *experts.*



This is how McLarnin made the fight. He carried the battle to Ross. Note Jimmy's attitude here.

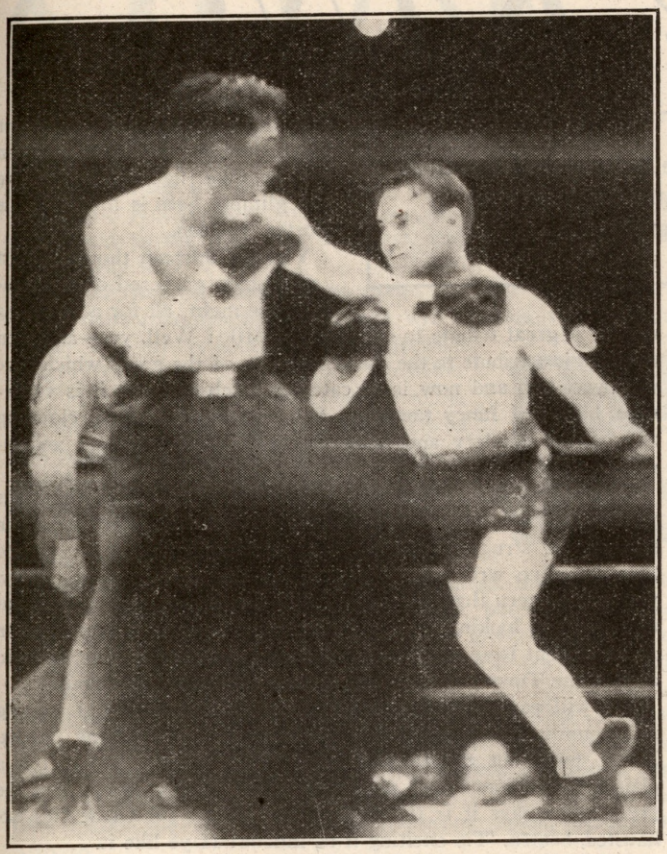


Jimmy rushed in for a body attack, but Ross halted him.

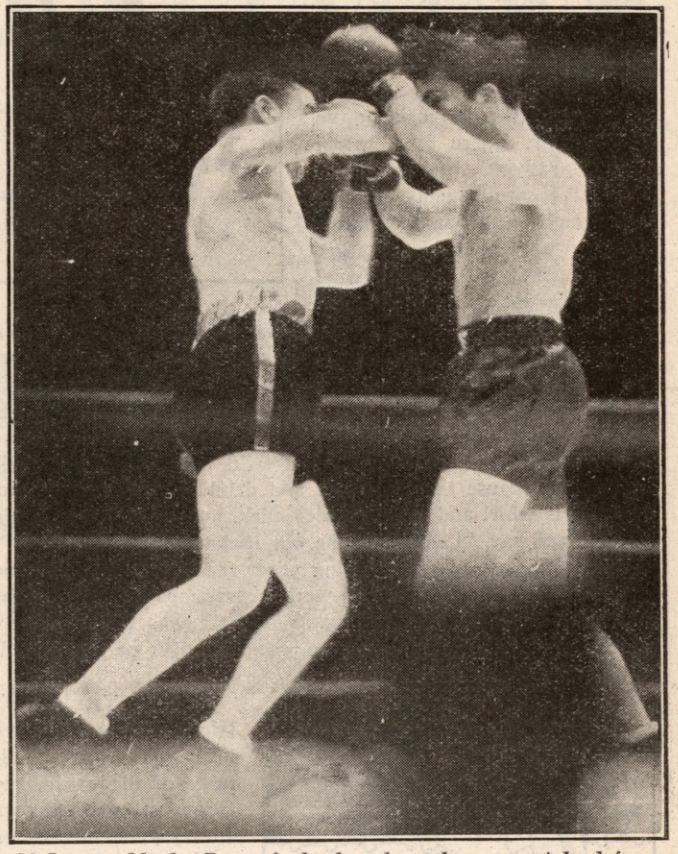


How they look in an exchange at close range. Note Jimmy's swollen right eye.

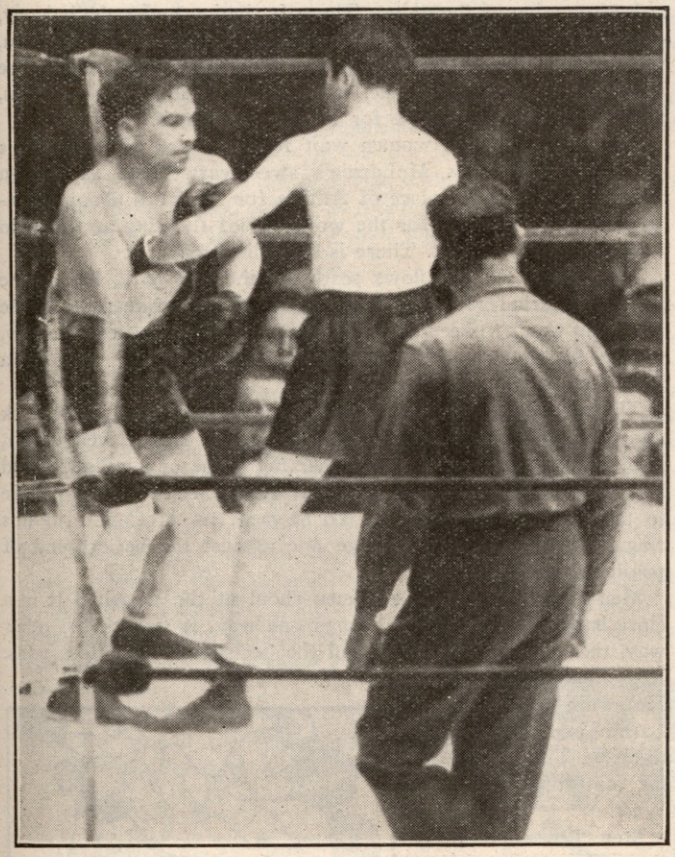
Ross and McLarnin



Here again we see Ross missing and McLarnin rushing in to deliver a left after sidestepping Barney's left.

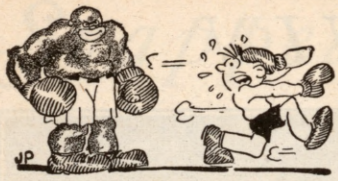


McLarnin blocks Barney's lead and crashes a straight left to Ross's face.



Ross corners McLarnin. Jimmy covers up and grips the Chicagoan's left tightly until referee Dempsey separates the pair.

Ross waving to his mother after being declared the winner and regaining the welter title.



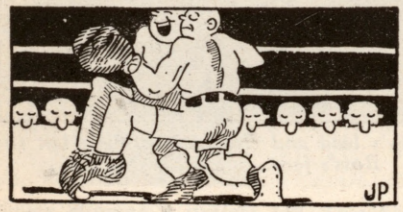
The RING'S

News and views of the fistic world brought to you in terse and trite bits of fistic scenario.

THERE is music in the air. There is a grand rallying of the clans from all points, there is heavyweight fiesta as the merry villagers gather in the market place which is called Broadway. Baer, Braddock, gone but not forgotten. Carnera, Louis, giant Italian and sepia bomber; big men and little men, fighters and boxers, all in a grand jamboree to make the game verge on the almost hysterical excitement of the days that used to be.

There is the loud sounding of the joyous bazoo in the air. There is the clanging of cymbals, and a wild dancing of the fistic odalisques because there is meat and drink in the game again. The houris whirl and the turnstiles click, and men gather in big bunches and say, "Looks like the old Rickard days again."

What they mean is that boxing never really was a corpse and it needed only a few worth-while attractions to arouse the moribund customer. The game was okeh, it was the promoters and the fighters who permitted the potential buyer of pasteboards to sit on his doorstep and snore.



And so THE RING'S Globe Trotter, who brings you the fistic news of the world, and throws it on the screen for your delectation and edification, once more dishes out a batch of scenarios to warm your heart and get the old right cross out of camphor. The modern Arabian Nights of the fistic arena. Soft lights, soft music, get settled back and see the Parade of the Pummelers. Let 'er rip!

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Baer Battles Braddock—The red light of Broadway shed against the skies. The red light of throbbing New York reflected in the heavens, as out in Long Island, Baer and Braddock have it out. The fight itself we must save for a complete picture in itself.

You see the huge saucer which sprawls in a faubourg called Sunnyside. There is no sun, it is night. Baer and Braddock, the Battle of Hysteria. The bird with the smile is Baer. The hombre with the earnest, serious look, as of a man fighting for kids and a wife, is Braddock.

Thousands of men—and women, too—send Braddock into that ring with their earnest well wishes—yes, with a prayer for his success. You see, a man like Baer does not appeal to the heart strings. He appeals to the eye, to the sense of humor, to the sense of the aesthetic. He doesn't tug at your cardiac cords.

Braddock does. He knows want and hunger, slavery and hopelessness, mental riot and public relief. So the glare of New York is thrown against the sky of that June night, as Braddock fares forth in the grandest adventure of a career not overburdened with financial successes or artistic triumphs.

Baer the laugher. Braddock the hoper. Thousands milling about. The Garden's shot with Baer—the last? *Quien sabe,* as the Mexican says. *Bueno*—'tis well! The Fates sit at the ringside. Another fight for the championship of all the heavyweights.

* * *

Boston, Mass.—Danno O'Mahoney Throws Henri De Glane—Let us follow our serious picture of the Baer-Braddock embroglio with a little comedy relief. The wrestlers. The rollicking grapplers, who tug and haul, kick and gouge, and what with one thing or another, hurt each other more than do the contestants in the average fight. The picture you glimpse here is filmed in the Boston Garden.

You see thirteen thousand men and women gathered on a warmish June night, all for a wrestling match. A great tribute to the sport of Milo? Well, yes—and then again, it is a tribute to the outlandishness of the game which once was wrestling and now is so catch-as-catch-can that it is vaudeville, high and fancy tumbling, fighting, trapeze work, clowning and acting, mimicry and mummery, all in one compact and involved package.

You see Danno O'Mahoney, from Ireland, pride of the Celts of Boston. You see De Glane, the Frenchman. You see them squirm and struggle, you see them kick and pull, and now and then do some wrestling. By watching this picture very closely, you will discern that the title of this film is not a misnomer, but that you are looking at a wrestling bout and not a reproduction of an ancient Roman gladiatorial combat with cesti. Yes, we said cesti. Gene Tunney has no copyright on the word, my frans!

We will pass over the first hour of this monumental tugging and gouging match and bring the battle to its smashing climax. Danno pulls out the famous Irish Whip. You would call it a plain, old-fashioned and none too adroit Flying Mare. But the press agent says it is the O'Mahoney Whip. De Glane lies exhausted, beaten. 'Tis exciting it is, indade! If ye like it.

* * *

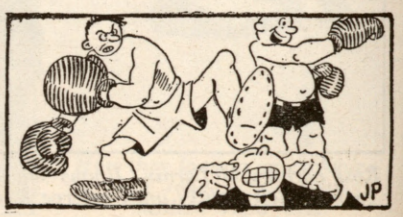
New York, N. Y.—Ross Takes Title from McLarnin—It is the Polo Grounds, night time. A calm, clear May night. A night for love, the troubadours would tell you. A night for the soft strumming of the guitar. The soft singing under the balcony, *amigo.* The crooning before the grated window of La Paloma, the Dove. But we are here to see Ross fight McLarnin. The welterweight title is at stake. It is the third meeting. Ross wins, then McLarnin wins, now for the rubber match.

Off in the distance women wait for the news of battle. It is Ross's mother, it is McLarnin's sweetheart. Even as women waited in the market place of Athens for the word about Marathon, so do they wait for the word out of the ring at the Polo Grounds in New York. There is no radio broadcast.

The turgid Harlem flows softly by the ball park, but in the ring it is turbulence. McLarnin fights the desperate fight of the man who wants to keep a title hard earned. Ross battles shrewdly, timing his spurts while McLarnin keeps moving, without a breather.

The stars look down, and the two fight, and fight. It is duck and feint, swing and lead, counter and cross. Two clever, crafty, hard-hitting young men of a rather high type of intelligence and mentality. It is a far cry from the two you see in the picture to the old days of the ring. To be sure, no McCoy is in this ring. But the film is a strange one against the background of pugilistic history.

Men fight in the ring, and men shout at the ringside. It is a close battle, the pendulum swings one way, it swings the other way, then the fight is ended and the decision comes. Ross wins. Ross regains the title. McLarnin loses, McLarnin is finished with the ring. The girl waits far out there in the West.



Men hear and they shout. Some agree, some disagree. McLarnin won,

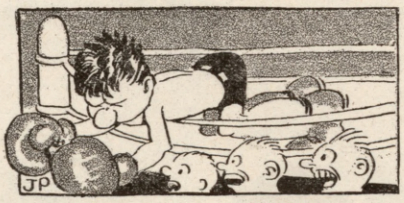
GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

insist many of the best informed experts. You watch the picture, you do, and frankly, you say, "For the life of me, I cannot say who won this fight."

You see McLarnin moving, you see Ross spurting, and you try to add up the sum total of effort, and you say, "It seems that nobody won."

Another Ross-McLarnin fight filmed for our scenic history of the fistic championships, and men will continue to argue the winner. For us, 'tis enough that the decision went to Ross. For the fight game, 'tis better thus, as McLarnin has that sweetie waiting out there where the sun sets, and does he win, he perhaps quits anyway. 'Tis better.

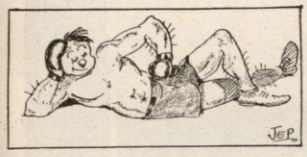


* * *

New York, N. Y.—Prince of Asturias Comes to Town for Fight—The Globe Trotter likes variety in his showings of things that have to do with the ring. He likes fights and fighters, but then, we must have some flavor of the more elite. It isn't always that you can get a prince of the blood—and, mind you, a real, honest-to-goodness Bourbon—into the fight news.

You see in this picture the son of the dethroned King of Spain. No mistaking the Bourbon in this lad, the heavy under lip identifies him. In this country the term Bourbon identifies a certain kind of whiskey, but over on the other side, the Bourbon label means the former reigning house of Spain, headed by Alfonso.

The lad in the film is labelled the Prince of Asturias. He arrives in New York and makes a speech explaining why he is in New York, and then they ask him what he wants to do, and the bird with the Bourbon under lip says, "I want to see the Byer fight." They say, "The Byer fight?" and he says, "The Byer fight."



When this is disentangled and translated, the lads find out that the Bourbon prince wants to see Maxie Baer fight James J. Braddock. It is very funny, and what with one thing and another the boys have a good laugh, as you notice in the picture. The bird in the foreground is the Prince himself.

* * *

Philadelphia, Pa.—Loughran Beats Ettore—Well, well, well, and a few chuckles. Watch this film very closely, folks. The young man with the smile is Loughran. Yep, same old Tommus Loughran, of Ritner Street, Philadelphia, still fighting for a living. You see him fresh from various exploits down in South America, the land of the strange decision. Still, after the decisions we see in this country, far be it from us to cast any aspersions on South American verdicts.

The sombre lad in the picture is a kid by name Ettore. He wins many fights, he seems to have the edge on Tommus in youth, strength, flaming ambition. But as they battle through the film you notice the old crafty Loughran placing Ettore in spots, working him around seemingly at will, outboxing him, setting to naught the younger career of the stronger rival.

"Viva, Loughran," shout the Philadelphia Spaniards around the Philadelphia ringside for the Philadelphia caballero. Viva!

* * *

Orangeburg, N. Y.—Louis Prepares for Carnera—Here we have the picture of Joe Louis, the brown bomber from Detroit, as he looked before he got into the ring with Primo Carnera. The gent with the tan phizz is Louis. You will note that he is smiling. You also will note that as he plasters his sparring mates, he lets go some voluble and powerful right arguments in his favor.

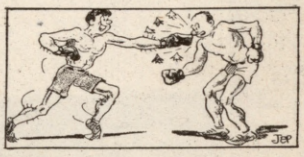
The sepia birds at the ringside are friends of Louis, who see in the young man from Michigan the next world champion. Says the management: "In Louis you have the reason why the white race had better start getting another flock of White Hopes ready right now. This here Louis is concentrated dynamite, with nitroglycerine in the left paw and TNT in the right. He ain't no more human than the forces of Nature. He devastates and he hurts, and come what may, he will be the champion."

Now, then, let's have a look at this here Louis person. He has a somewhat immobile face, and he really looks inoffensive, but those who have fought him say he is altogether nothing like that. His eyes narrow into slits as he fights, and those who make a study of faces say he can be cruel. Well, let's have plenty of cruelty in the ring.

He moves around the roped square without much loss of effort, and he hits few superfluous punches. He is a man with a mission and a couple of real maulies. Next month we'll see him in our reels in action against the Venetian Gondolier.

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Pop Foster Regrets—Here is an old-fashioned tear jerker, my friends. It combines all the damp drama of "Nellie, the Sewing Machine Girl," with the forceful punch of a John Barrymore flicker opera.



The man in the picture is Pop Foster, who was McLarnin's manager. Pop is orating and in between his weepy clauses he stops to shed a flock of tears.

McLarnin makes a mistake quitting the ring, is the burden of Pop's diatribe. McLarnin beat Ross, and should fight Ross again, believes Mr. Foster. If the fourth fight is not conclusive, why not have No. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, and even 10?

You see, just so long as McLarnin kept fighting, Foster cut in on the receipts. As soon as McLarnin said he was finished, Foster stopped cutting in. In other words, the meal ticket is gone. Not that Pop really needs a meal ticket. They say along Broadway that Foster has more dollars than McLarnin could land punches if he started punching tomorrow morning at eight and kept punching until he had punched at least a hundred thousand and it will all be Jimmy's when Pop is gone.

But it is gruelling, poignant, to see a meal ticket still in the prime of life just quit being a meal ticket.

You say you do not wish to listen to Pop Foster? Well, the operator entertains similar feelings. So we will shut down on this reel, and shed a few crocodile tears for the man who weeps over the retirement of James McLarnin.

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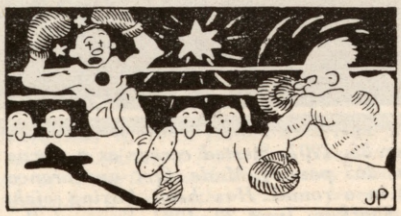
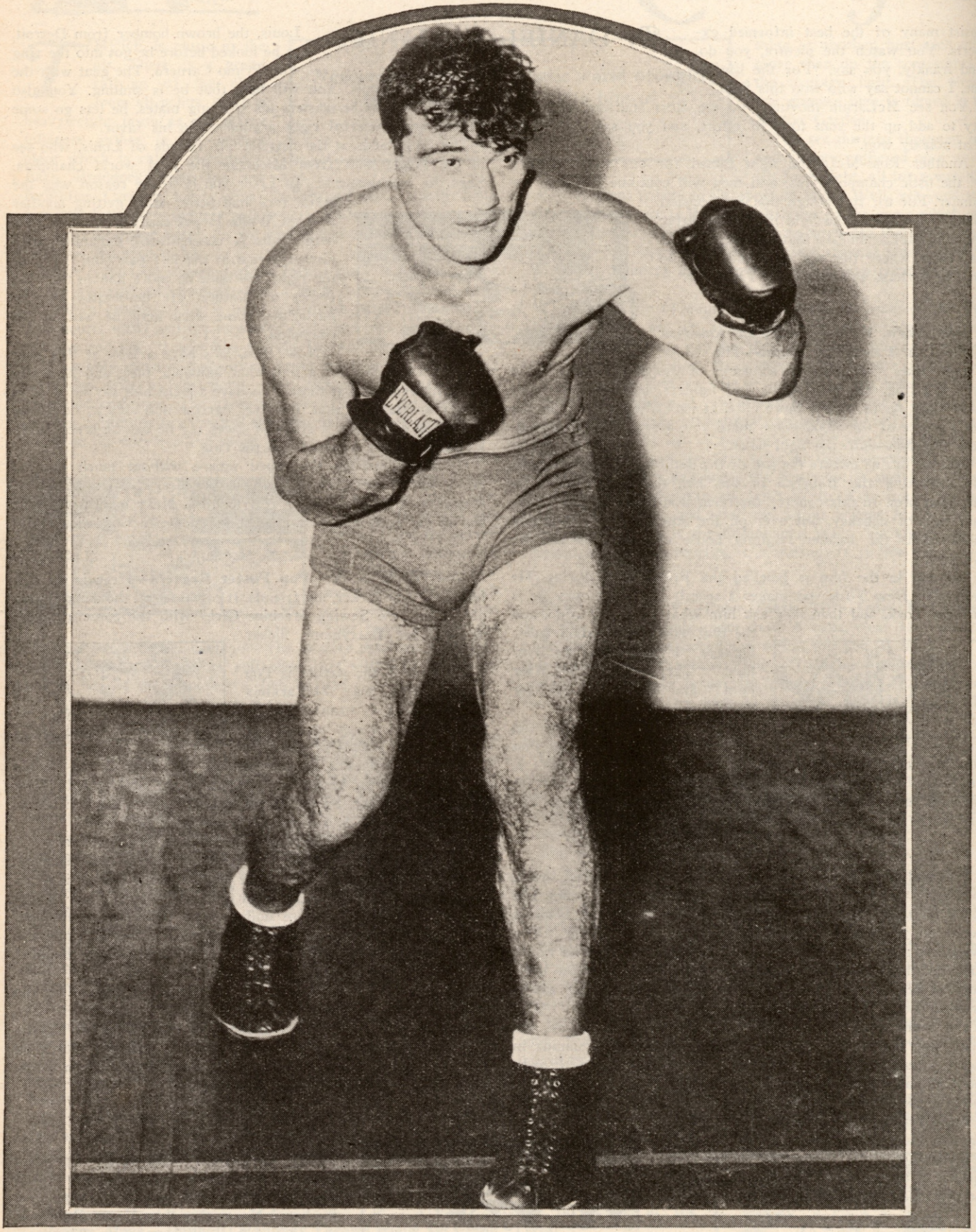


New York, N. Y.—As we go to press, a new reel has been released, entitled, "From Rags to Riches." And who do you suppose is the hero? None other than Jimmy Braddock, the man of the hour in pugilism. The story is a pippin. Perhaps we'll review it in our next issue.

The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

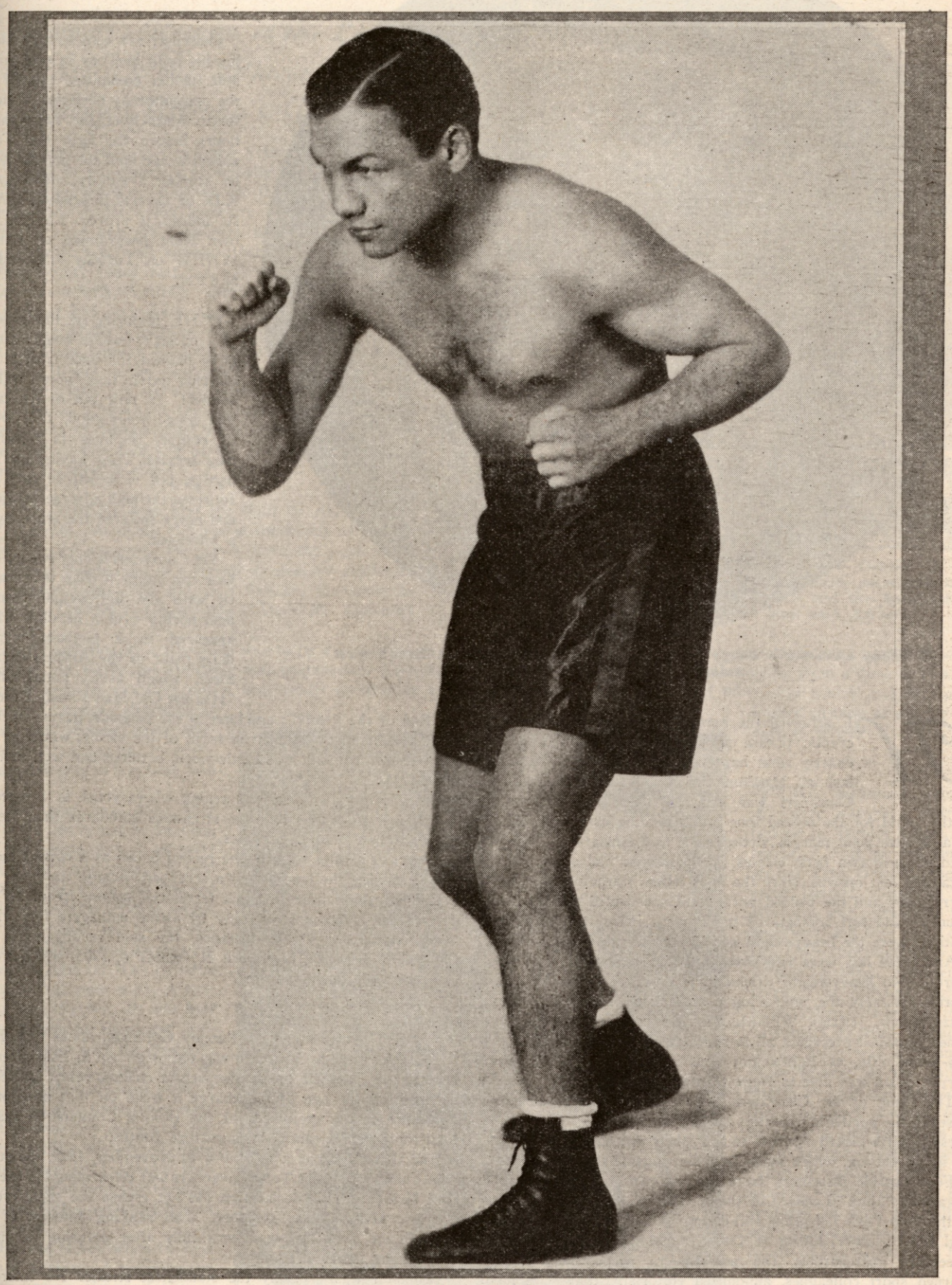
No. 6



Primo Carnera—Born in Sequals, Italy, October 25, 1907. Started career as a circus wrestler. Converted into a boxer by Leon See of France. Stands 6 feet 5¾ inches. Weighs 265 pounds. Made first appearance in this country in Garden, January 24, 1930, when he knocked out Big Boy Peterson in a round. Has been boxing eight years. Scored sixty-one knockouts. Won heavyweight title in Garden Bowl from Jack Sharkey, June 29, 1933. Successfully defended it against Paulino Uzcudun and Tommy Loughran, then lost it to Max Baer in Garden Bowl, June 14, 1934, by K.O. in eleven rounds. One of the biggest heavyweights of all time.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 7



Tony Canzoneri—Born at New Orleans, November 6, 1905. Italian-American parentage. Started his career as an amateur and won several A.A.U. championships. Got his inspiration from Pete Herman, former bantam king, his first tutor. Began pro career in 1925. Has an impressive list of victories, including many knockouts. Held the featherweight title and twice holder of world lightweight championship. Won feather crown from Benny Bass, Feb. 10, 1928, and knocked out Al Singer to win lightweight title. Lost that to Barney Ross and regained it when he beat Lou Ambers.

TONY,

Tony Canzoneri's happy smile when he was awarded THE RING'S *most valuable Boxer Trophy in* 1930.

HE achieved the heretofore impossible! That's a cryptic phrase to start with, but it describes exactly what happened on the night of May 10 last at Madison Square Garden, when Tony Canzoneri was crowned lightweight champion of the world for the second time in his fighting career, by virtue of a decisive point margin victory over Lou Ambers.

In all save two fistic classes, ex-champions had succeeded in regaining lost crowns, since the days when Marquis of Queensberry rules and the padded mitts were substituted for the bare knuckles and turf combats of the London Prize Ring. The exceptions were the heavyweight and lightweight divisions.

And these last were undoubtedly the most popular with ring patrons. No heavyweight titleholder ever regained his vanished laurels. Witness the unavailing comeback attempts of Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Willard, Max Schmeling and until Canzoneri smashed precedent all to smithereens by winning back the 135-pound title, no lightweight who had once worn the royal purple, again was able to forge to the head of his class.

The result of the Canzoneri-Ambers contest was a complete upset to the pugilistic dopesters in general. By a big majority the press experts picked Ambers to win, their attitude being reflected in the betting, which made Lou the ringside favorite.

Four notable dissenters from the majority opinion were the sagacious "Lank" Leonard of the *New York Sun,* Joe Williams of the *New York Telegram,* Bill Corum of the *New York Journal,* and Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine. Mr. Leonard, cheerfully disregarding the pro-Ambers speculations of his learned sport colleagues, announced editorially that—"we have a feeling that Canzoneri will fool the skeptics again this time . . . . so we are stringing with the veteran to-night!" Mr. Corum and Mr. Williams said: "Cream-puff fighters and jumping-jacks were made to order for men of the Canzoneri type."

Fleischer, not content with stating his faith in Tony in cold print, still further committed himself to the opposition by declaring in stentorian tones over the radio three hours before the fight that Canzoneri would spill the popular dope by scoring a victory, either by a K.O. or several knockdowns. And so, indeed, it proved. Nat has his own Ring programme on station WNEW on Tuesday and Friday, at 8 P.M.

* * *

THE majority of the experienced dopesters could scarcely be blamed for their trust in the old ring axiom that "youth will be served!" In nine out of ten cases that adage holds good. They were, of course, thinking in terms of ring service, Tony having had 127 battles, out of which he only lost fourteen through adverse decisions, and never suffered the ignominy of a knockout.

Yet Canzoneri is only twenty-six! One can fancy a chap unacquainted with the lightweight champ's age, poring over a headline which appeared in a Gotham evening daily prior to the Ambers engagement, which asked pathetically—"Has the Old Man Finally Reached the End of the Road?"; and later at the ringside, gazing in sheer bewilderment at the slim, trim form of the victor, whom he had pictured in imagination as battle-worn, battered and well stricken in years!

But so it goes in Fistiana's realm, where youth is weighed in the balance according to more strenuous standards than prevail in most other forms of athletics.

You can't always trust to the record books as a correct means of ascertaining the true age of a scrapper, because the years that a pug may have inhabited this terrestrial sphere frequently undergo some mystifying juggling by astute managers for strictly commercial reasons. For instance, the said record books list Canzoneri as having been born November 6, 1905, which would make him approaching thirty.

* * *

ASK Tony's manager, Sammy Goldman, about that. He'll tell you that Canzoneri was only eighteen in 1928, when he beat Benny Bass for the featherweight championship. But Sammy boosted the age of his charge a trifle on that occasion in deference to the prejudices of the Boxing Commission against long-route performances by immature youths.

And thereby hangs a tale! For in November, 1929, the public prints announced that Tony Canzoneri was celebrating his twenty-first birthday. This declaration did not escape the eagle eye of the late Mr. William Muldoon, then ranking autocrat of the Commission, who bellowed wrathfully after perusing the interesting news item.

Muldoon was probably the staunchest stickler for enforcing laws drawn according to his royal will, that ever sat, or ever will sit, upon a Commission throne. He and his associates had ruled that no beezer-smiter would be allowed to practice his art in anything save a six-rounder, except the ambitious mug-moulder was

the Miracle Man

Canzoneri's Return to the Lightweight Throne Places Him Among Fistiana's Greatest

By GEORGE T. PARDY

twenty-one. And here this brash young Tony had been scrapping in ten-rounders continually, long before that.

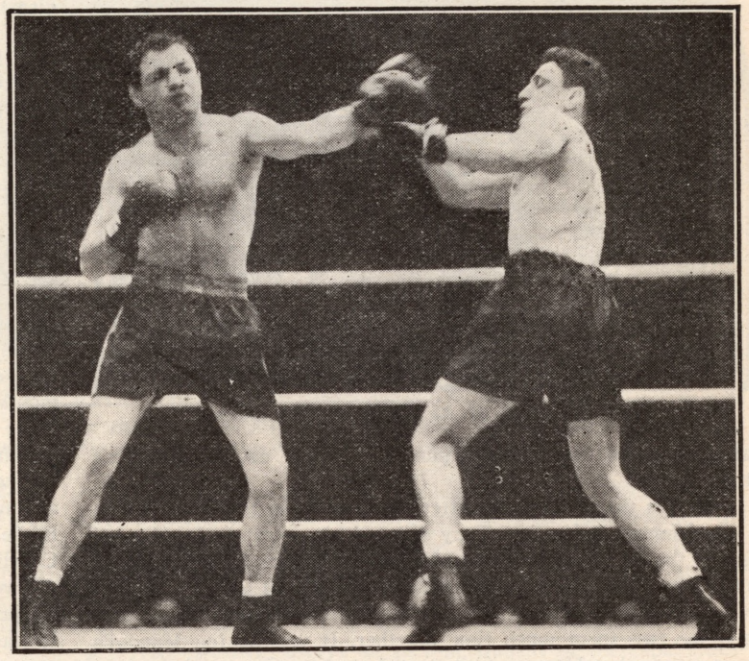
It was too much to be borne, and the Commission king immediately ordered his secretary to bring forth the affidavits, not only of Canzoneri, but of all boxers of questionable age. And among other things the agitated Commissioner found that the Silvers brothers—four of them—were either utterly unprecedented products of Nature, or had been doing some artistic lying.

For the affidavits showed that Marty Silvers claimed he was born January 21, 1903, Joe on June 19, and Pal on May 10—all in the same year!

Memory does not serve the writer as to what actually happened as a result of the investigation. Some cog in the wheels of Justice must have slipped, however, for there is no record of any of the offenders having been sent to the electric chair.

* * *

CANZONERI first saw the light of day at New Orleans, one of six children in the family of George and Joseph Canzoneri. He comes from the same stock as Johnny Dundee, one of a few of the greatest gladiators of modern times. His dad is a Sicilian, the same as Giuseppi Carraro's father—that's Dundee's baptismal epithet.

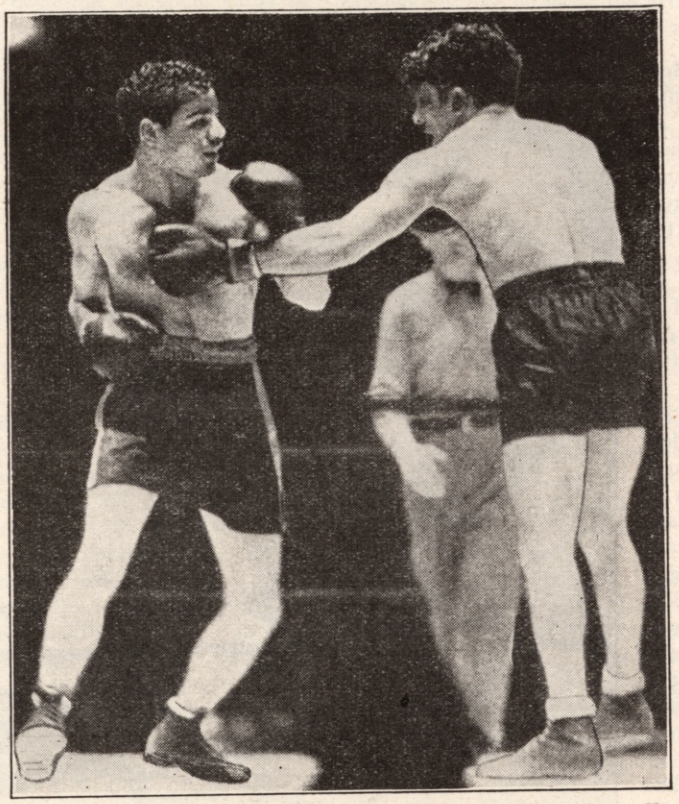


When Tony got his revenge on Chuck Woods of Detroit for the defeat which Canzoneri had suffered a few weeks previously in a ten-round mill. It was the defeat of Woods and the knockout of Zivic that earned for Tony the bout with Ambers.

Tony's ambition as a schoolboy was to be a cartoonist, and he received top marks for sketching and penmanship. Even at the present time he can turn out a neat pencil portrait at a few moments' notice, although he has since become more celebrated for changing an opponent's features in less time than that.

Like most boys who later achieved distinction in the ring, he was pugnacious at an early age. There was always a feud between the white and colored lads in the New Orleans neighborhood where the Canzoneris lived, and Tony was barely over seven before he was initiated into the kid gang wars. A natural-born fighter, it was not long before he developed into a little terror with the knuckles, and all but the bigger boys of the dusky brigade kept clear of him. And even these latter were not anxious for his game, for they speedily discovered there were more hard knocks than glory to be collected by tangling up with such a miniature human buzz-saw.

He was eleven when he first made a personal acquaintance with boxing gloves. In those days impromptu battles were staged by youngsters in the backyards of New Orleans tenement houses, the victorious mitt-artists being usually rewarded for their triumphs with purses ranging from a dime to two bits. Canzoneri then scaled about ninety-five pounds and he took to leather pushing as eagerly as a duck to water.

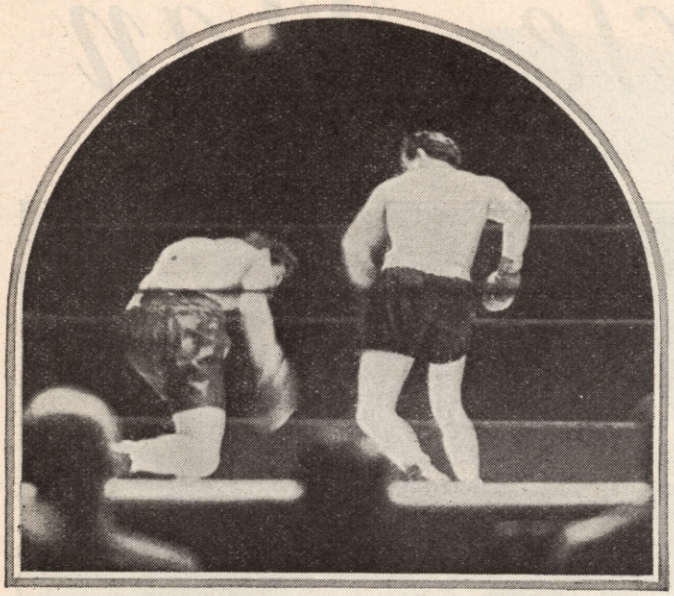


When Canzoneri beat the foreign menace, Cleto Locatelli, European lightweight king.

* * *

THE cartoonist ambition gave way to a desire to become a regular boxer, and maybe, if Fate proved kind, a second Pete Herman, the famous bantam champion. The Hermans and Canzoneris were neighbors, and Pete was Tony's idol. On his bedroom walls were various pictures, representing Herman in different fighting poses. When Pete arrived in the Crescent City after winning a battle, Tony was ever among those present at the railway station to greet the home-coming hero. At a distance, to be sure, for a real champion was not to be approached too lightly.

But it chanced that a less modest youngster than Tony ventured to seek an audience with Herman, and begged him to attend one of the kid's fistic festivities. Good-natured Pete complied, and the occasion may be said to have marked the turning point in Canzoneri's life. For Tony was on the bill,



The knockout of Al Singer by Canzoneri.

and his speed and unusual punching power caught Herman's trained eye.

"Who is that flashy youngster, anyhow?" enquired the champ.

And immediately after Tony dropped his opponent for the full count, the Canzoneri heart throbbed several beats faster, for none other than Pete Herman was shaking his gloved hand.

A warm friendship ripened between Herman and his protégé and the two spent much time together. It was at Joe Mandot's gymnasium that Herman first started to show Canzoneri the how and why of self-defense. There never lived a finer master of science than Herman, and he taught the tricks of his trade with the delight that comes to those who find a promising pupil.

Tony's heart was right in his glove-work, and a keen desire to emulate his teacher brought him along rapidly. The spare time that Herman was able to devote to him was not wasted. Yet Pete wisely "made haste slowly," and it was three years before the master pronounced the pupil fit for an amateur début.

* * *

TONY'S association with Herman lasted through his twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth years. At the beginning there wasn't much heft to him, but when he stepped through the ropes in a real ring for a real bout, the first time, he tipped the scales at one hundred pounds.

This was at the Gayoso Club of New Orleans, and he made good at the start by taking a three-round decision from Mike Bernard. After which, one victory followed close on the heels of another, and soon Tony found himself a person of considerable importance in his own small world. Later his fame grew when he met all one hundred-pound comers, and gained recognition as the crack amateur of the city at that weight.

Herman watched his protégé like the proverbial hawk. After each bout Pete would discourse gravely with Tony about the kid's mistakes, and the novice, as patient as the master, profited immensely by these constructive lectures.

Meanwhile Canzoneri senior had been meeting with rather hard luck, money was scarce, the future looked none too promising around New Orleans. So Tony's dad decided to move to Brooklyn, where there were better business advantages, despite his son's plea to be allowed to turn professional and earn some purses that would straighten out the family financial situation.

Leaving the Crescent City seemed nothing short of absolute disaster to Tony, for such a move meant that he could no longer benefit by Herman's kindly instructions. He was horribly dejected, but Herman cheered him up with the presentation of a letter to Sam Goldman, then, as now, one of the best of the New York managers. The bantam champ's tip to his friend was as follows:

"This kid looks like a sure comer, but don't put him along too fast. He's a great scrapper, Sam, and you can take my word for it."

* * *

IT wasn't until December 22, 1920, that Tony again saw Herman. Then he watched his mentor defend the bantamweight championship title against Joe Lynch at Madison Square Garden. But in the interval Canzoneri, who wore short pants when he first arrived in Gotham, had been carefully handled by Goldman, who coached him steadily for five months, and watched him cut a swath through the amateur ranks.

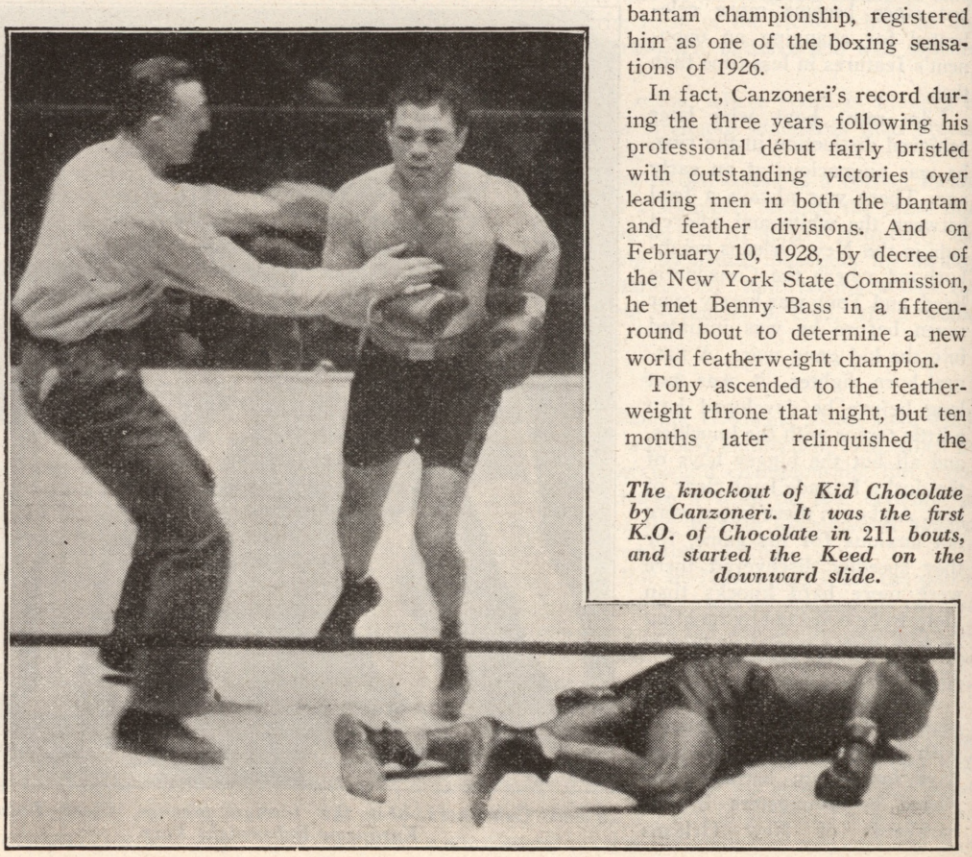
He won the 118-pound junior national title and also the international bantam crown, engaging in eighty-four Simon-pure bouts through a period extending over eighteen months. His exceptionally fine amateur record won him a job as sparring mate with Eddie Shea, then training for a bantamweight title battle with Charlie Phil Rosenberg.

Two weeks later, or, to be specific, on July 17, 1925, he made his pro début, Goldman having matched him with Jack Gardner. It was after seeing Tony trade punches with Eddie Shea in the gym that the manager decided Canzoneri was fit to travel with the best of them. Nor was Sam guessing wrong, for, much to the amazement of the big crowd at the Rockaway Beach Arena, the newcomer outed Gardner cold in the opening round.

The Gardner victory put Tony right into his stride. He defeated Henry Usse twice hand-running, kayoed Henry Molineo, whipped Harry Brandon, Ralph Nischo, Danny Terris, and in a return bout with the latter stopped him in four frames. His defeat of Bushey Graham, then the outstanding contender for the bantam championship, registered him as one of the boxing sensations of 1926.

In fact, Canzoneri's record during the three years following his professional début fairly bristled with outstanding victories over leading men in both the bantam and feather divisions. And on February 10, 1928, by decree of the New York State Commission, he met Benny Bass in a fifteen-round bout to determine a new world featherweight champion.

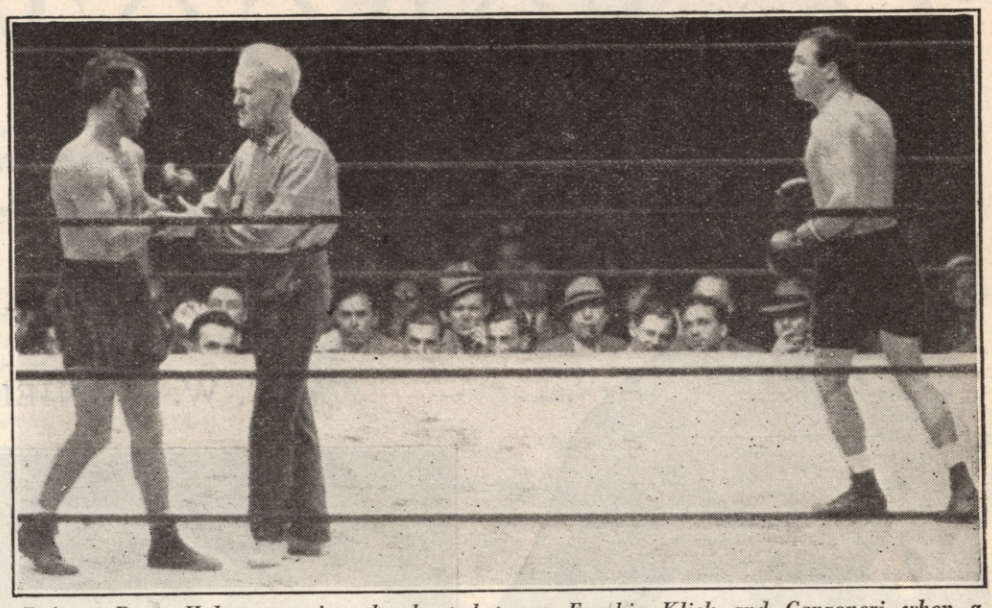
Tony ascended to the featherweight throne that night, but ten months later relinquished the



The knockout of Kid Chocolate by Canzoneri. It was the first K.O. of Chocolate in 211 bouts, and started the Keed on the downward slide.

crown to Andre Routis on a rather questionable decision. As a matter of fact, he was putting on weight too fast to allow of his lingering in the feather ranks much longer. He had only missed winning the bantam title by a hair's breadth, and the loss of the feather sceptre did not discourage him in the least, for the lightweight title was now his goal.

His 1929 campaign saw him in great form. During that year he knocked out Joe Sangor and Armando Santiago, and beat Cecil Payne, Eddie Anderson, Sammy Dorfman, Andre Routis and Phil McGraw. Sammy Mandell was then cock of the lightweight roost, and, as outstanding contender, Tony was given a shot at Mandell's title.



Referee Patsy Haley, stopping the bout between Frankie Klick and Canzoneri when a damaged optic made it dangerous for Klick to continue.

The bout took place August 2, 1929, in Chicago, and in the second round Canzoneri came within a second's breathing spell of winning on a clean knockout. Be it remembered that Mandell, then a genuine lightweight who could make the scale limit for his class easily, was at his best. Which was fortunate for Sammy, for only his ring generalship and grand condition pulled him through. The referee voted in favor of Canzoneri, but the judges awarded an extremely doubtful decision to the champion.

All through his milling career it has been characteristic of Tony that temporary reverses never daunted him in the slightest degree. The unjustified setback by Mandell annoyed, but did not shake his Napoleon-like confidence in his star. Rather it acted like a spur to his fighting spirit and his often expressed intention of finally becoming lightweight champion of the world.

* * *

CAPRICIOUS Dame Fortune dealt the scrapping cards in 1930 after a fashion destined to give Canzoneri an exceptionally good hand in the game. For that was the year in which increasing poundage began to worry Sammy Mandell to such an extent that he could no longer make the scale weight for the grade he topped, and still retain his fighting strength.

It would have been a discreet move on Mandell's part to have stepped up into the welter ranks and relinquished the lightweight title. He did what he probably supposed was the next best thing, selected an opponent for his title defense that year whom he fancied would not be too dangerous. The contender chosen was Al Singer, a New York City product hailing from the same neighborhood which the birth of Benny Leonard made fistically famous.

The East Side sports hoped that Singer would eventually prove good enough to fill Benny's shoes, and Leonard himself shared their belief. Singer had progressed nicely since starting out in 1927, having engaged in fifty-three battles, winning forty-seven decisions, losing three, scoring two draws, and suffering one knockout at the hands of Ignacio Fernandez. Over-confidence and carelessness accounted for the Fernandez setback, which happened in the second year of Singer's career. In a subsequent return match young Al took Fernandez's measure easily.

Probably Singer's best performance was holding Canzoneri to a ten-round draw in 1928. He dropped a decision to Kid Chocolate, who was then in his prime, the year following. In the light of subsequent developments it is now apparent that Singer's ability was somewhat over-rated by his townies, whose pride in the performances of a local crack outweighed their better judgment.

At all events, Mandell did not consider him dangerous, and undertook the task of training down to 135 pounds and risking his title against the New Yorker. What followed is well known to followers of the game. On the night of July 17, 1930, Singer kayoed Mandell in the initial round of their engagement. It could hardly be called a battle, for Sammy, weak and burned out, was perfectly incapable of fighting back and proved an absurdly easy victim.

* * *

CANZONERI, always an earnest student of the capabilities and deficiencies of other boxers, knew Singer like the proverbial book, all the more because of the ten-round draw in which they had participated. He had not the faintest doubt of being able to whip Singer, and immediately challenged Mandell's conqueror.

For the time being, however, Singer was aiming at a more pretentious target. That luck had favored him to an extraordinary extent in the Mandell encounter evidently did not enter into his calculations, for he made the great mistake of matching himself with Jimmy McLarnin, who has since become boss of the welterweight class.

Two other likely East Side lightweights, Sid Terris and Ruby Goldstein, who dreamed of becoming second Benny Leonards, had been knocked out in jig time by the celebrated McLarnin punch and a similar fate awaited the over-confident Singer. It was a non-title match, with the weight advantage on the side of McLarnin, one of the most deadly punchers the ring has known, and Singer succumbed to the Irishman's lethal wallop in the third frame on September 11, 1930.

Singer's collapse was complete and pitiable, for that finishing blow had dynamite in it and the incident probably foreshadowed the end of young Al as a star performer. In the following October he took a ten-round decision over Eddie Mack in Chicago, but his old-time snap and vigor were conspicuous by their absence.

In justice to Singer, it must be said that he never picked his opponents, and showed commendable spirit by defending his title the same year that he won it. For on November 14, 1930, he gave Tony Canzoneri the opportunity the latter long desired, another shot at the lightweight crown.

* * *

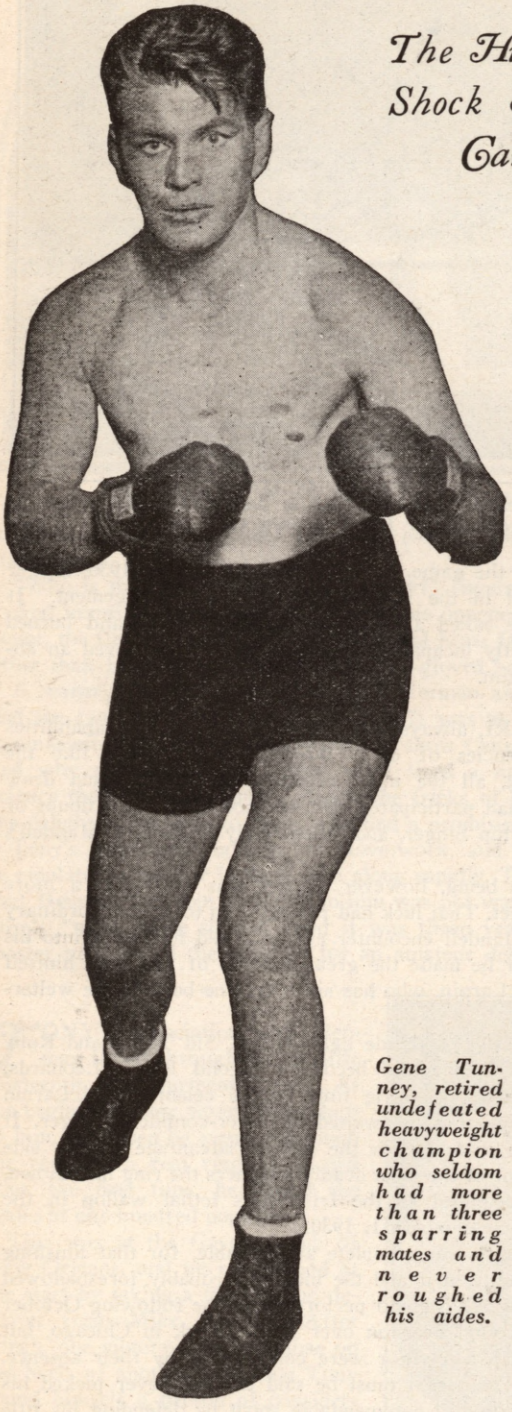
THE bout took place at the Polo Grounds, New York City, and it ended in exactly one minute and six seconds after the bell rang, when an apparently light left hook to the chin toppled Singer over for a full count. It was a most amazingly brief wind-up to a championship fight, and the abruptly spectacular conclusion actually stunned the spectators into momentary silence before the breaking forth of thunderous applause for the winner.

Had it not been that no shadow of suspicion ever rested on the reputations of either principal, the *(Continued on page 40)*

The FORGOTTEN

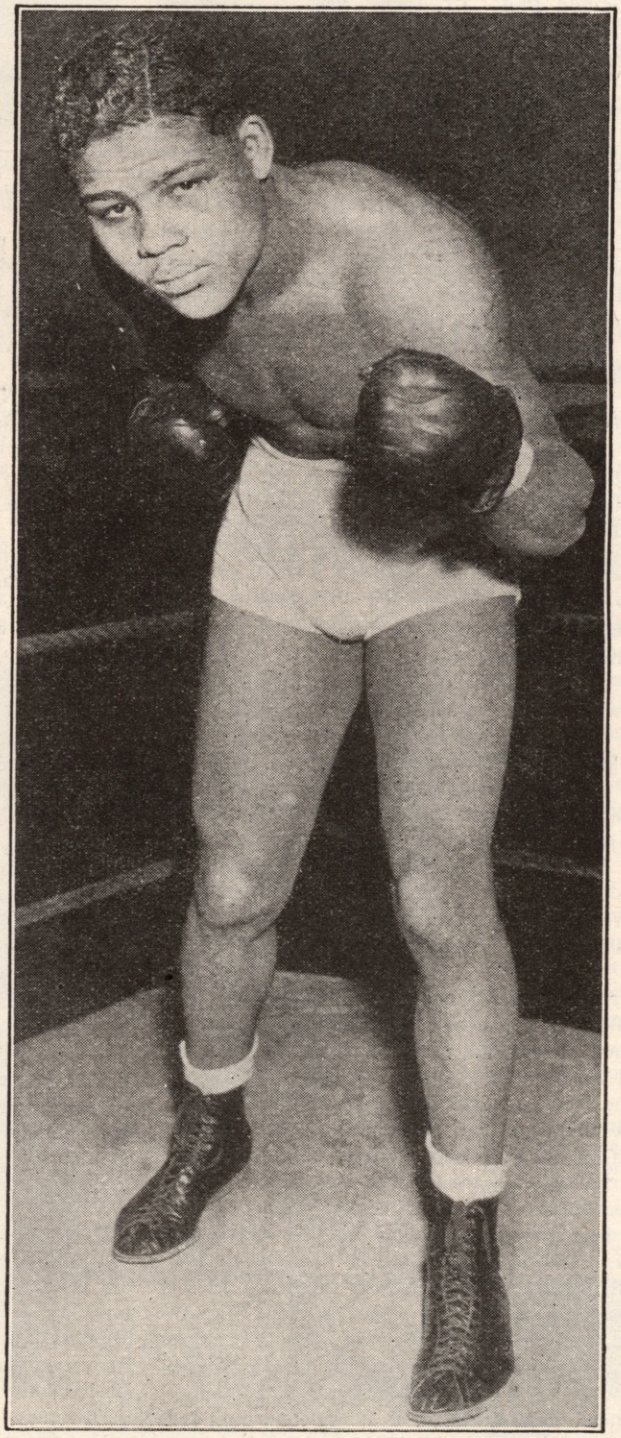
The Humble Sparring Partners, the Shock Absorbers of the Training Camps, Seldom Pass Beyond That Stage

By T. W. MCNIEL



Gene Tunney, retired undefeated heavyweight champion who seldom had more than three sparring mates and never roughed his aides.

REAMS and reams and columns and columns of words have been written in glowing phrases of the brilliant deeds of various boxing champions. Glaring headlines have been splattered across the sports pages telling about Dempsey's terrific hitting, of Loughran's superlative skill, of Tunney's ring craftsmanship, of Firpo's tigerish ferocity, of this champion and near-champion's ability to drop his foeman with a single punch or cut him to ribbons with slashing jabs as the case might have been. But seldom a word about those forgotten men of boxing. those plodding hulks of humanity known to the mitt game as sparring partners.



Joe Louis, the Detroit Bomber, who treats his sparring mates ruthlessly, as did Dempsey in training quarters.

Theirs was a plaintive, forlorn lot, even back in the days of boxing's Golden Age. They didn't have a whole lot, when everybody else was rolling in plenty. Where they came from, was of little concern, and where they went, was less. Like the luckless scrubs of varsity football elevens, they were chopping blocks, moving targets for the fistic élite to tune up their Sunday punches on. In other words they were, and are, the proving grounds of the mitt industry.

Though the sparring partner occupies no niche in boxing's hall of fame, nevertheless he is an indispensable item in pugilism, and no fistic picture is complete without him. To one who has seen 'em carted out of the ring in various stages of dilapidation, I've scouted around to see just what became of a few of the more noted "catchers" of the beak-smearing business.

The arrival of a bunch of sparring partners in a champion's camp is a signal that serious work is ready to begin. The pay isn't bad, as ordinary wages go. A good tough and durable specimen might command as high as fifty bucks per day. Though the scale might run down to as low as ten. The job might last one day, or, if good enough and durable enough, it might last six

MAN

weeks. The number of the "catchers" depend on the dynamite and temperament of the particular champion being rounded into shape.

A single training siege might use up six to a dozen of these gentlemen.

* * *

DEMPSEY and Tunney were miles apart in the use of training camp fodder. The erstwhile marine seldom employed more than five, and often as few as three sparring mates in preparing for a battle. Dempsey, on the other hand, had little mercy on his hired hands. Even with the sixteen-ounce gloves, Jack exacted a terrific toll.

Though it took an exceptionally durable fellow to hold a job around Dempsey's camp, he paid 'em well—being just that sort of a guy. He bounced their noodles off the canvas with a grim sort of satisfaction, with a look that seemed to say, "if they're gonna take my dough, they're gonna earn it."

One of Jack's favorite wallop swappers was Martin Burke, the New Orleans Irishman, who could toss a punch in his own right. Jack used to pay Burke, a "grand" per week and lodging for the Missus and the little Burkes. Martin drew top wages for his labor, but he was a first-class workman.

Another of Jack's favorite hired hands was big Bill Tate. Tate was a gigantic specimen of manhood whose ability to sop up punishment was little short of miraculous. Bill Bill had the misfortune to be born a Negro, else he might have landed 'way up close to the pugilistic top himself. But being big, tough, black and not a bad socker to boot, Bill had to confine his professional fighting to mingling with guys like Langford, Wills, Jeanette and Godfrey, all colored gentlemen like himself. Not many of the white boys cared to spend an evening in physical combat with the big "smoke." But he suited Dempsey exactly as a sparring mate.

* * *

Jack Dempsey, now the owner of New York's sportsmen's rendezvous, his 8th Avenue and 50th street restaurant in New York City, who never spared a sparring partner. His helpers were seldom able to travel more than one round with him, hence Jack's need for a dozen sparring mates in each training camp.

WHEN Dempsey was preparing for the Gibbons fight at Shelby, Montana, he imported another gigantic Negro to assist Messrs. Burke, Tate, et al. The lad in question was Mr. George Godfrey, a colored boy who later became quite a menace in fight circles. In the course of the training siege, Godfrey happened to rap Jack one afternoon with a poke that bounced the champion off the canvas.

Jack Kearns hastily rang the bell and Jack called off boxing for the afternoon. Though the knockdown wasn't serious and might happen to any champion, the word spread like wildfire that Godfrey had knocked the champion stiff. George immediately became quite a personage in Great Falls, where the incident occurred. At first, Godfrey insisted that Jack simply had run into one, but later under the warming influence of repeated hospitality, he broke down and confessed that he could name the day, the round and even the punch against the champion. He admitted he had to wear handcuffs every time he traded punches with Mistah Dempsey.

Naturally, Godfrey's egotistical words reached Dempsey's ears, so next afternoon with the S.R.O. sign hung out on the training camp lot, Jack stepped over to Godfrey's corner as the gloves were being tied on and said in a voice that boded no good for Mr. Godfrey, "I hear that you've been saying that you could knock me out any time you wanted to. Now is the time if you ever expect to 'cause I'm gonna give you the works."

Less than a minute later, camp attendants were struggling to lift Mr. Godfrey's limp form out of the ring and down to the dressing room where the doctor was busy rigging up braces, splints or whatever they use to fix up busted ribs. Dempsey had landed one left to Gawge's ribs that sounded like a two-ton safe ripping through the basement floor.

Under the able direction of Jimmy Dougherty, Godfrey went on to considerable fame himself but he never drew down any day wages in Jack Dempsey's training camps after that.

* * *

ANOTHER sparring partner who almost caused a riot in a topnotcher's training camp, was Walter Cobb. Cobb was one of Carnera's mates when the big Italian was preparing for the Maloney battle down in Miami a few years ago. One afternoon Cobb ripped a shot into Primo's ribs with sufficient force to jar one loose from its moorings. Carnera asked for a postponement but those in charge wouldn't allow it. Suffice it to say, the battle which Primo fought was a protesting battle as well as a losing one.

Although the majority of sparring partners are battle hulks who are definitely on their way out, or green kids trying to get a start, there are exceptions to the rule, but seldom do you see a manager toss a promising prospect into one of these thankless, futureless jobs unless the specter of starvation is staring them in the face.

There is an old saying, "often a sparring partner, but never a champion," and in most instances it holds water, one notable exception being Jim Jeffries. The big Californian got his first taste of leather while helping Corbett prepare for his battle with Fitzsimmons. But after that Jim forged ahead under his own steam. But his case is an unusual one. *(Continued on page 45)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Negro Fighters Again Hold the Spotlight
Sixto Escobar Shows Championship Form
Al Brown Loses World Bantamweight Title

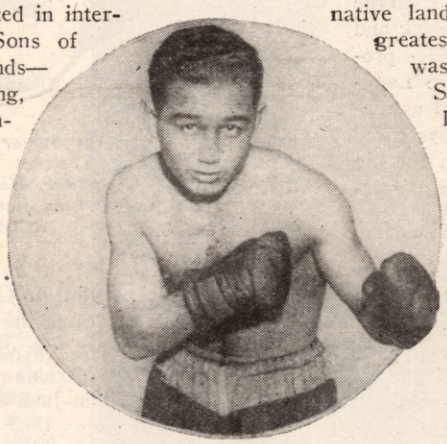
THE Baer-Braddock world championship fight and the Louis-Carnera battle shared interest in the field of pugilism last month. Both are now ring history and though we find it necessary to go to press with this issue prior to the latter contest, we want our readers to know that the Louis-Carnera bout will receive as much attention in our next number as did the heavyweight titular contest in this. The September issue, with its many pages of pictures and special stories devoted to the Louis-Carnera affair, will be well worth saving.

The cry goes up in the sock market for color, for more color and still more color. Well, regardless of the outcome of the Louis mill, there is plenty of color in sight, and it is black. Never before in the history of modern pugilism have so many good Negro fighters been in the spotlight as are now. The Negro in sport is no longer a novelty. A few years ago, if a Negro carried off the honors in an athletic event, the fact was heralded as an unusual performance. But not today.

With the ban against the colored lads lifted in intercollegiate and amateur competition, the Sons of Ham have come along in leaps and bounds—on the track, in jumping events, in swimming, in hurdling, in baseball and in distance running. They have reached a high standard, but by far their greatest strides in the last twenty years have been made in boxing. It is in that sport that they shine.

* * *

THE Negroes have brought to the field of pugilism a standard of fighting that is unexcelled. They have demonstrated their ability to give and to take. They take their place alongside the white man as masters in fisticuffs. Where a quarter of a century ago there were only a handful of Negro fighters among the master technicians, today the field is full of excellent colored battlers, some hailing from Dixie, some from Cuba, Panama, Jamaica and other West Indian countries, but the majority born and bred in the northern part of this country.



Sixto Escobar of Porto Rico, whose prospects for winning the world bantam title are extremely bright.

True, not many can be rated alongside the ring immortals of thirty years ago, still they rank high among those with whom they are asked to compete today. Listed in the Hall of Fame of Pugilism are the names of George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Peter Jackson, Young Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, Bobbie Dobbs, Larry Temple, George Godfrey, the Old Chocolate, Dixie Kid, Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler; Harry Wills, Tiger Flowers, and many others, Negroes who stood on a par with the greatest members of their profession in the Caucasian race.

The Negroes have had champions in several classes since Jack Johnson, the big Galveston Black, won the world's heavyweight title from Tommy Burns in Australia, but try as they have after the fall of Johnson in his battle with Jess Willard at Havana, they have been unable to rise to the top of the heavyweight section although they have knocked at the door on several occasions.

Today, however, the Negro race is all het up over the rise of its heavyweight prospect, who may succeed where others have failed. In Joe Louis, the Detroit lad, who has just turned twenty-one, the Sons of Ham have a young man who will go far, regardless of the outcome of the tilt with Carnera.

In amateur fights, the Negro race within the past few years has gained the Lion's share of the laurels in open competition. The colored boys can point with pride to an array of sectional, state and national title-holders to augment the list of professional talent of high calibre.

* * *

THE most brilliant pages in the annals of boxing are those enscrolled with the deeds of Negro fighters.

Negroes have proved their fighting qualities in many ways, and in many lands. It's a far cry from the South African Zulu to Toussaint L'Ouverture in Haiti—the slave who freed his native land from European bondage and defied the greatest nations in the world. Othello, a black-skin, was a right good fighting man, according to Shakespeare, although he wasn't so lucky in his love affairs.

But let's get down to brass tacks.

A Negro, Tom Molyneaux, was the first American boxing champion.

He was born in slavery, on the Molyneaux plantation in Ole Virginny, and inherited his surname from his master. Molyneaux went to England while a young man, claiming the American championship. He fought some fine battles, although twice defeated by the great Tom Cribb, champion of all England.

Contemporaneous with Molyneaux, and perhaps a better fighting man, was Black Bill Richmond. Like Molyneaux, he was born in slavery—in Richmond, Staten Island, to be exact—therefore the source of his surname is obvious. Richmond was taken to England as a young boy by General Earl Percy of the British Army, and it was there that Black Bill became a fighter.

Black Bill Richmond, though never a champion, went through his entire boxing career without a single defeat chalked up against him! At the ripe old age of fifty-three, Black Bill fought his last battle. He knocked out a young husky named Tom Shelton in twenty-three rounds. And that, mates, was where the expression, "23-Skidoo for You," came from.

* * *

COMING down to more modern years, the names of great colored battlers reverberate through the pugilistic Hall of Fame with a resounding echo. Nine of these colored gentlemen were world champions, yet the one who has been styled by some critics the greatest fighting man who ever lived—Sam Langford—was never a title-holder. Sam's *nom de guerre* was "the Boston Tar Baby." He whipped such great fighters as Joe Gans, Young

Griffo, Stanley Ketchell, and knocked out Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Jeff Clark, among others.

Just suppose you were given the assignment of selecting an all-time team of great colored fighting men. That would be a tough job. No matter whom you selected, there would be the finger of derision pointed at you. Opinions vary. One man dotes on ham and eggs, another craves for spaghetti, and still a third has a yen for pork chops. So it is with fighters.

Here's a team that looks good to me. What do you think about it?

Bantamweight—George Dixon.
Featherweight—Kid Chocolate.
Lightweight—Joe Gans.
Welterweight—Joe Walcott.
Middleweight—Tiger Flowers.
Light-heavyweight—Sam Langford.
Heavyweight—Jack Johnson.

So much for the Negroes in boxing.

* * *

THERE seems to be no let-up in the triumphant march of Freddie Miller abroad. If Miller's sojourn in Europe during the past year showed nothing more, it at least proved what we in this country have so often reiterated—that the American top-notchers as a whole are far superior to the boys from Europe, including the title-holders. When Freddie left America to make his mark abroad, he was the recognized N. B. A. featherweight king in this country, and was the officially recognized world champion so far as THE RING was concerned.

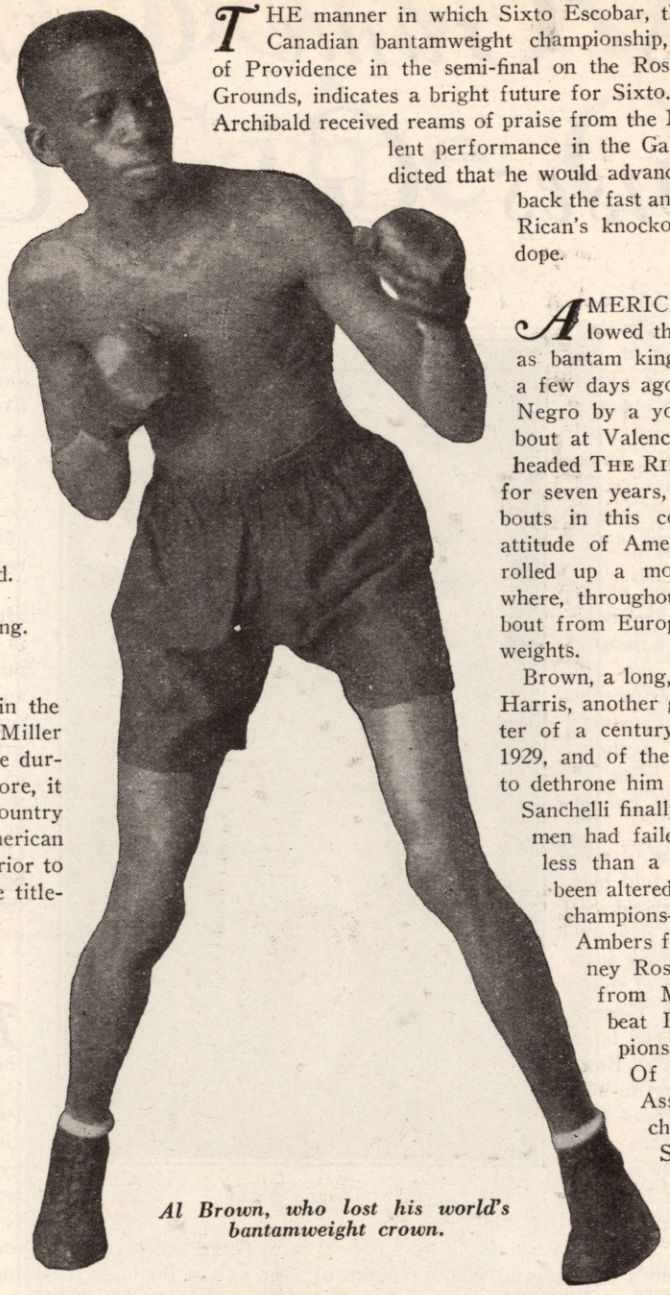
Freddie, under the able tutelage and handling of Pete Reilly, didn't waste any time in convincing the skeptics that our stand on his behalf was justified. He started to clean up all opposition and has continued his drive onward, with scarcely any interruption. His latest victim, Jimmy Welsh, British lightweight, can testify to Freddie's hitting powers and cleverness. Welsh was on the verge of a knockout and saved himself by clever defense and retreating. America is proud of its featherweight king. When Miller returns to the land of his birth, he will be accorded a swell hand.

* * *

BUDDY BAER proved a few weeks ago that he is coming along in his chosen profession. The brother of the champion tackled Big Boy Brackey in Buffalo and checked the rise of the New Yorker by handling him a one-round knockout after giving him a severe shellacking. As Big Boy has won most of his bouts by knockouts, even though against a string of set-ups, Baer's feat must not be underrated. Buddy floored Brackey six times before putting him away for the full count.

What happened to Brackey has been predicted by our Buffalo correspondent, Hugh Shannon. Hugh has repeatedly stated that the type of opponents on whom Big Boy was being fed to bolster his K. O. record would do him more harm than good, and that the first fighter of ability who faced Brackey, would prove the correctness of Shannon's judgment. Brackey is a good club fighter, a big card in Buffalo, but has been coddled too much. Another good prospect gone!

The only way to develop a fighter is to let him fight real talent, not set-ups.



Al Brown, who lost his world's bantamweight crown.

THE manner in which Sixto Escobar, the Porto Rican who holds the Canadian bantamweight championship, polished off Joey Archibald of Providence in the semi-final on the Ross-McLarnin fight at the Polo Grounds, indicates a bright future for Sixto. Only a few weeks previously, Archibald received reams of praise from the New York critics for his excellent performance in the Garden and it was generally predicted that he would advance towards his goal by turning back the fast and clever Escobar. But the Porto Rican's knockout of Archibald upset all the dope.

* * *

AMERICAN fight fans who have followed the career of Panama Al Brown as bantam king, were considerably surprised a few days ago to learn of the defeat of the Negro by a young Spaniard, Sanchelli, in a bout at Valencia. Brown, it will be recalled, headed THE RING's Annual Rating of Boxing for seven years, and, although he has shunned bouts in this country because of the unjust attitude of American boxing commissions, he rolled up a most impressive record abroad, where, throughout Europe, he won bout after bout from Europe's best bantams and featherweights.

Brown, a long, rangy fighter built like Harry Harris, another great little scrapper of a quarter of a century ago, came by his laurels in 1929, and of the many sterling lads who tried to dethrone him during his long reign as king, Sanchelli finally succeeded where other better men had failed. Thus, within the space of less than a month, the fistic horizon has been altered by the crowning of three new champions—Tony Canzoneri, who beat Ambers for the lightweight crown; Barney Ross, who gained the welter title from McLarnin, and Sanchelli, who beat Brown for the bantam championship.

Of course, the National Boxing Association, which has its own champion in the Porto Rican, Sixto Escobar, refuses to recognize Sanchelli as world champion, but THE RING, my magazine, which is regarded as the final word in boxing throughout the world, stands by Sanchelli, who, by his victory over Brown, undoubtedly annexed the world laurels. It is my opinion, and I am backed by authority of ring records, that Escobar is only the Canadian and N. B. A. title-holder and the only way to settle the bantam dispute will be to match him with Sanchelli for the world crown. I firmly believe that Escobar will take any bantam in the world, because he is the hardest hitter the bantams have had since Joe Lynch and Pete Herman occupied the top rung of the ladder and I think it would be a profitable bout for any American promoter to put on.

* * *

THE popularity of boxing has followed a fairly direct course from antiquity to the present. Not until now, however, has the story of the sport been brought into a comprehensive collection, pictorial and literary.

"Boxing in Art and Literature," an elaborate, beautiful book just published, presents a full-sized view of what the eye of the artist has seen and the genius of the writer has recorded for the pleasure of the lover of the sport.

Many famous authors have dealt with boxing incidentally; but in the 225 pages of "Boxing in Art and Literature" are recorded the best pieces of the literature of the ring from Homer to Hemingway. Only 200 copies have been published by William D. Cox, Inc., of New York City.

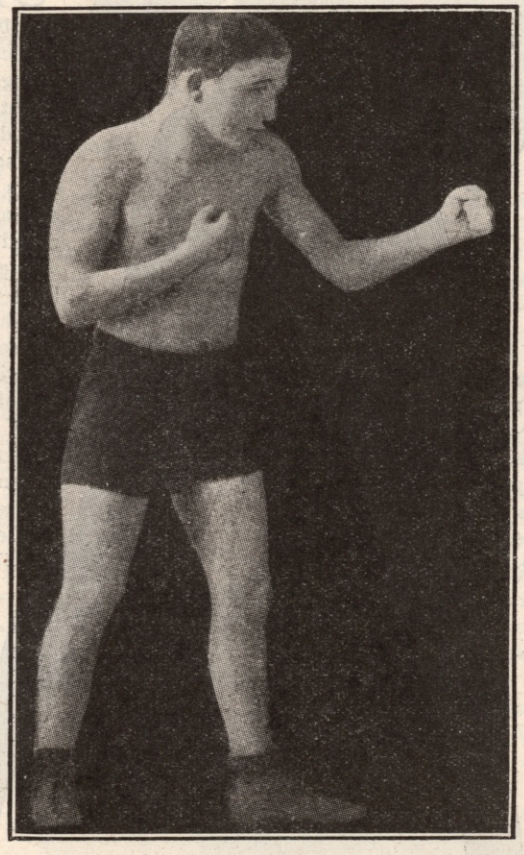
Ring's Game Cock Now Raises Game Cocks

By ED W. SMITH

IF you like the Frank Merriwell finish to a story or the pleasant Horatio Alger touch about the life of a fightin' lad, here's a load of it that will please you. It's about a little chap from the Northwestern country, one of the gamest of the game cocks of the bantamweight division of two decades ago, and who now has a sharply defined hobby of raising game cocks of his own.

Johnny Ertle, a tiny offspring of an Austrian family of farmers located near St. Paul, was herding cows for a meagre living some twenty-two years ago. He was given one dollar per cow per month. For that he was to take them to pasture, watch over them during the daylight hours and fetch them safely home at twilight for the milking, at which process he also helped.

Johnny tired of this at the age of sixteen, for his quick little brain told him there might be better things beyond. So he wandered into St. Paul one day and saw a lot of boys at hard training in a gymnasium. He liked that sort of thing and, in the course of events, George Dawson, then a city detective and later secretary to the Minnesota State Boxing Commission, took an interest in him and advised Jack Reddy to school him a bit. Jack took Johnny up but they didn't get along so well. Johnny wanted a change in managers and Vic Foley, a mutual friend, advised Johnny to go with Mike McNulty.



Johnny Ertle

Mike went out to see Johnny's parents and in due course of time signed up as the kid's guardian until he should have reached his majority. Johnny was then only seventeen. Mike gave him some intensive schooling and in his first battle under the new order of things Johnny was returned a knockout victor over Jimmy Azine, a good Duluth bantam with whom Johnny previously had gone to three-limit draws.

Mike decided on other fields for the lad and drifted into Milwaukee, then going great as a boxing center. He got Johnny on with Frankie Izzo, a Chicago bricklayer, in one of the preliminaries to the Willie Ritchie-Charley White sensational encounter, in which Ritchie, then lightweight champion, narrowly escaped a knockout at the hands of the clever left-hooking White.

* * *

IT was a lucky break for Ertle that Izzo failed to show. They subbed a tough kid called K. O. Krause, who was a big favorite with Milwaukee fans. They said Krause weighed only 115, but when the boys got on the scales Krause weighed exactly 121, while the sturdy mite of an Ertle could make only 108. But they let it go, luckily for Johnny. Krause barely lasted out the six rounds in the face of Johnny's steady cannonading and instantly Ertle was a tremendous hero.

That was the last preliminary in which Johnny ever took part, as he was acclaimed a main-eventer at once. Frank Mulkern, then known as the "millionaire newsboy" with a stand on the corner of Schlitz's Palm Garden, was running fights in an old garage a little way out and "stole" Ertle as an attraction for his National A. C. The Izzo match was put on again and they went ten rounds at 108 pounds to such a sensational finish—there were no decisions rendered then—that it was another sell-out at from fifty cents to two dollars three weeks later.

This time Ertle had the range and, after flooring Izzo six or seven times in seven rounds, Frankie finally fouled out. That made a real sensation of Ertle and he got other matches in quick succession. Mulkern wouldn't boost the price so Mike cast his fortunes as far as the brewery city was concerned over to Ben Steinel's South Side A. C. There he beat Eddie Coulon, a great New Orleans bantam, and also Johnny Solzberg of Brooklyn. Ertle won all of these battles; in fact, never was beaten in a Milwaukee ring.

* * *

THEN Johnny was taken back to St. Paul for his first meeting with the mighty Johnny Kid Williams of Baltimore. That was on September 10, 1915, and Williams, then champion, was disqualified for fouling in the fifth round, by Referee George Barton. Williams was warned often for low hitting and is said to have received plenty of chance.

There was a re-match soon after in Baltimore and it proved to be one of the biggest betting affairs ever seen around an Eastern arena. The late Jack Dunn, then owner of the Baltimore baseball club, bet over twenty-five hundred dollars on Ertle. The squatty one knocked Williams down three times in the ten rounds but it was plain that he couldn't win. The referee refused to count, one round was cut short of two minutes and twice it was claimed that Williams had the advantage of rests of two minutes or more. Anyway, local money was saved and the referee wound up by calling it a draw.

There were good pickin's around the East then and Ertle and Mike stuck there for three years, taking on all of the bantams and there were flocks of good ones then. Yet, despite the fact that Ertle never weighed over 113½ pounds, the highest figure he ever reached, he won twenty-one straight fights against bigger men. Some of his victims, and most any one of them would have been a champion in a less prolific day for little fellows, were Abe Freedman, Zulu Kid, Terry Martin, Johnny Solzberg, Al Shubert, Jackie Wolf, Mickey Byrne, Abe Mansfield, Young O'Leary, Joe Tuber, K. O. O'Donnell, Johnny Sales, Young McGovern and others of that type.

But one of the biggest betting affairs ever recorded in the Middle West came about that time. Nate Lewis and Tommy Walsh had that sterling young Jewish boy, Joe Burman, going great around Chicago and figured he'd be about ready to take the young express train, Johnny Ertle. *(Continued on page 42)*

Bolo Boys Keep Coast Game Going

By "THE SPORTSMAN"

IT doesn't seem to make a darn bit of difference how old they are or what their previous condition of servitude—all of these little bolo boys from the Philippine Islands seem able to put up the most interesting fights in the ring of any class, as a whole, all the way through.

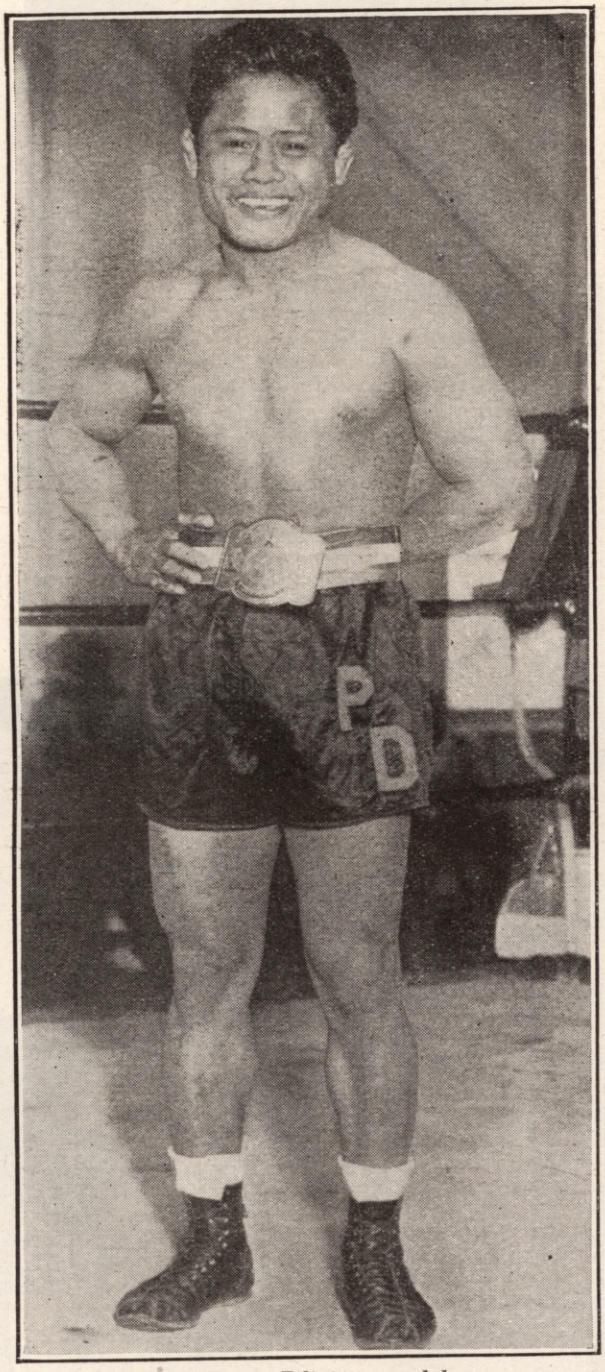
There have been a lot of good ones come over, across the Pacific, in search of American money, good clothes, a good time and perhaps a Caucasian wife. Like that tremendous product of Kentucky of which it once was fittingly said that "all of it is good but some is a lot better," these Islanders run in streaks.

But while you'd think that all of them look alike, for they certainly dress alike, are generally of the same size, and act in much the same manner, there are many characteristics that stand out sharply. But none of them ever seems to get old, which is one of the strangest things of all about these especial Orientals. Out around Los Angeles, from which sector this screed is written, I have yet to see an old Filipino. Guess they must return across the Pacific when they get to be a certain age or attain a certain amount of dough, or there may be some other limit among them of which we Occidentals know nothing.

Certainly there is little romance among them that is apparent on the surface. They keep to themselves and generally mind their own business, but one thing is quite certain—they have gone a long way to keep the boxing game established as a going concern in the southern portion of California.

Not only do they produce ever so often a startling example of the boxing art, but they are about the most consistent, steadiest and most willing patrons of the game that can be found anywhere.

* * *



Pablo Dano, Filipino speed boy.

JUST now a little runty chap, built along the generally rugged lines of old Tom Sharkey of thirty years ago, is the current rage around Los Angeles. His name is Pablo Dano and he is a Visaltan—but the tribe or race from which this or that one springs matters little. To the Caucasian eye they all look alike as far as personal appearance and contour is concerned.

But don't think for a moment that such a thing doesn't matter to them. They have their hatreds and their prejudices and their class lines more sharply drawn than any race I know of.

Pablo Dano is about the strongest and the toughest and ONE of the fastest of this tremendous fast division of boxers to come under my observation during the ten years I have been watching the importers bring them over. The originator of the importing idea was the late Frank Churchill, who conceived the idea while an army clerk in Manila. He made many's the stab since the first great one he shot through, Pancho Villa, born Francesco Guilledo, and was followed by others of good judgment and plenty of coin, but always it was claimed that Villa was the greatest of them all.

I saw him box several times in the East before his untimely end—indeed a lot of them have had untimely ends—and while admitting that he was a tremendous star, I must think that at least two of them since then caught my eye as being almost if not quite as good as the original master of them all.

And this little chap, Pablo Dano, would or will be a sensation wherever you happened to drop him. But aside from the fact that he is about 118 pounds in weight, his measurements do not interest me. They would mean nothing. You'd have to see him fight, and fight against a chap like Speedy Dado, his present most hated and hateful enemy among his own brownies.

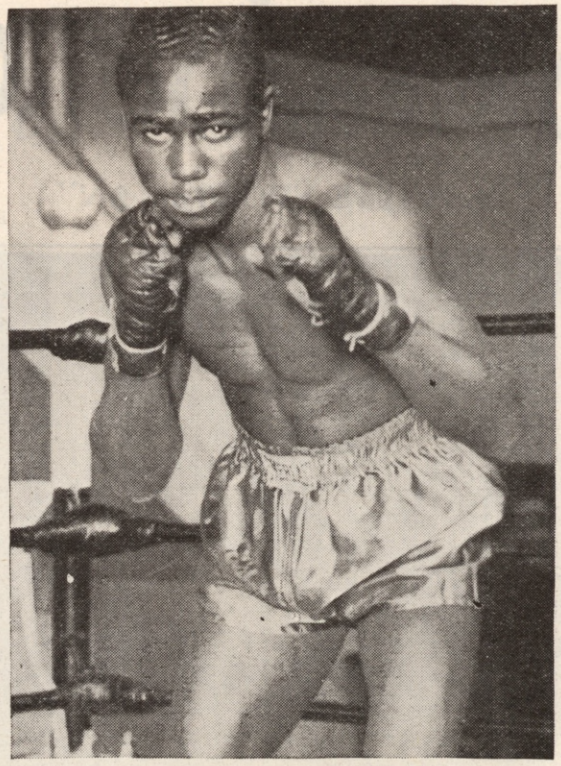
* * *

PABLO could easily walk under the extended arm of any ordinary man and might not even have to doff his jaunty Panama in the act—and are they a dressy lot! I know of no American fighter built on quite the same lines, and for ruggedness and general strength and bulldogish stamina and wholehearted willingness I know of nothing that even begins to approach him. And can he punch! There's where he is the sharpest contradiction to the sometimes heard statement that none of them can knock your derby hat off and that they all box alike. This little bird is entirely different. When he pastes 'em on the chin they remain pasted for the entire evening, and, 'tis said, some of them he has so treated haven't been back to the races since.

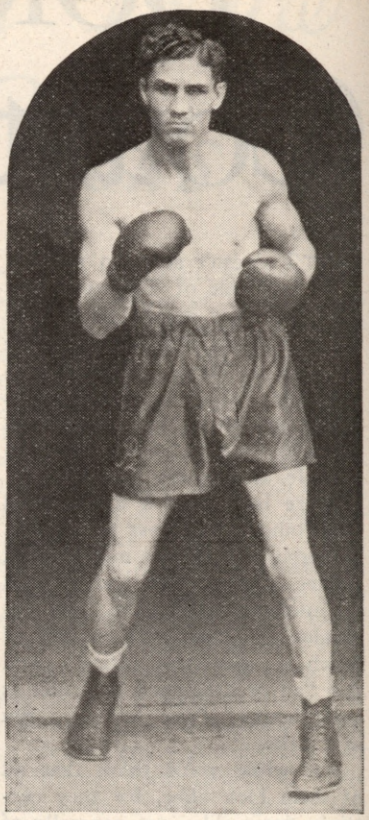
Who brought him over or how he got *(Continued on page 43)*

Keeping in the Spotlight

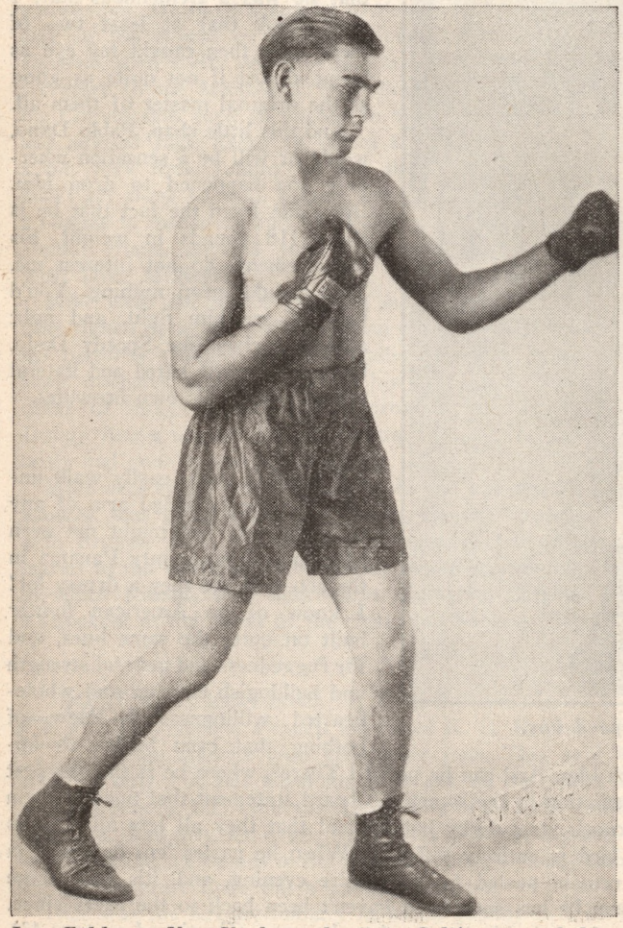
Vernon Cormier, who is now in England and will make a world tour with Al Lippe. He won every one of his fights in Australia and made a hit with the fight fans of the Antipodes.



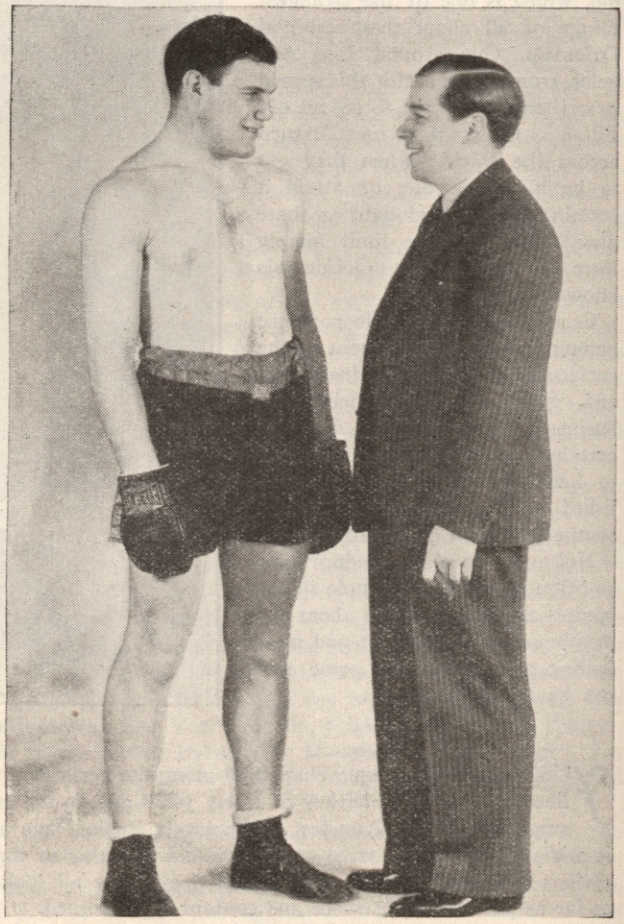
Leon Zorrita, a hard-hitting Cuban junior welterweight, who is doing great work on the Pacific Coast.



Phil Zwick, who is now touring Europe with Al Lippe after making a fine showing in Australia.

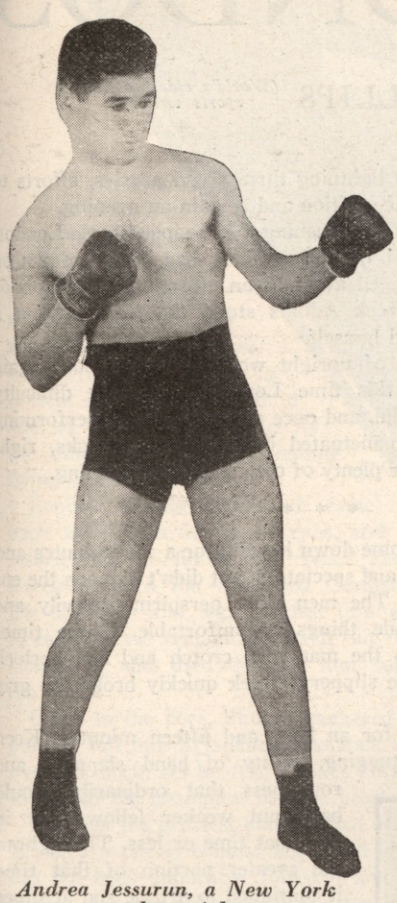


Lew Feldman, New Yorker, who is in California with his stablemate, Charley Massera, and his manager, Eddie Borden.

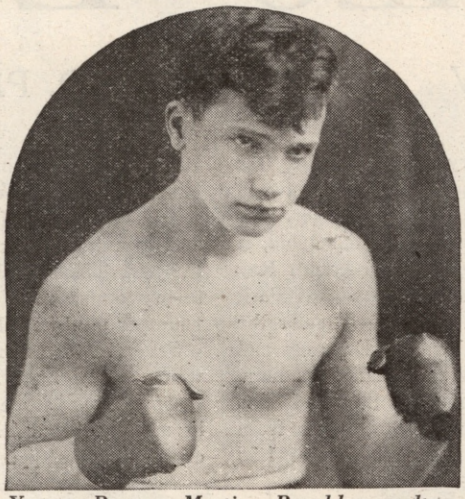


Abie Feldman, another New Yorker who is doing well in California. He is on the Coast with his mentor, Hymie Caplin (right).

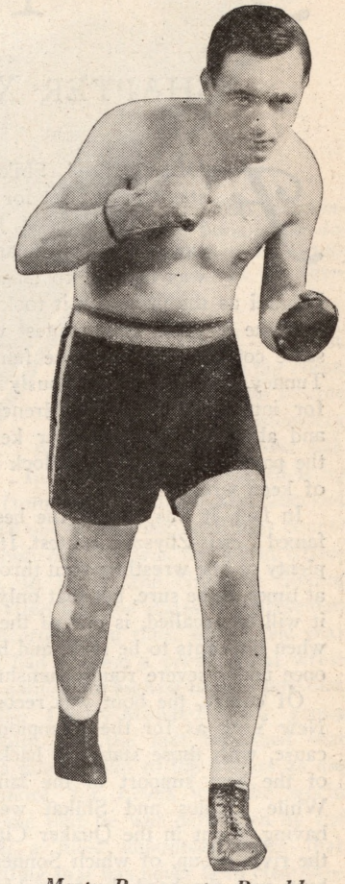
Good Eastern Club Fighters



Andrea Jessurun, a New York welterweight.

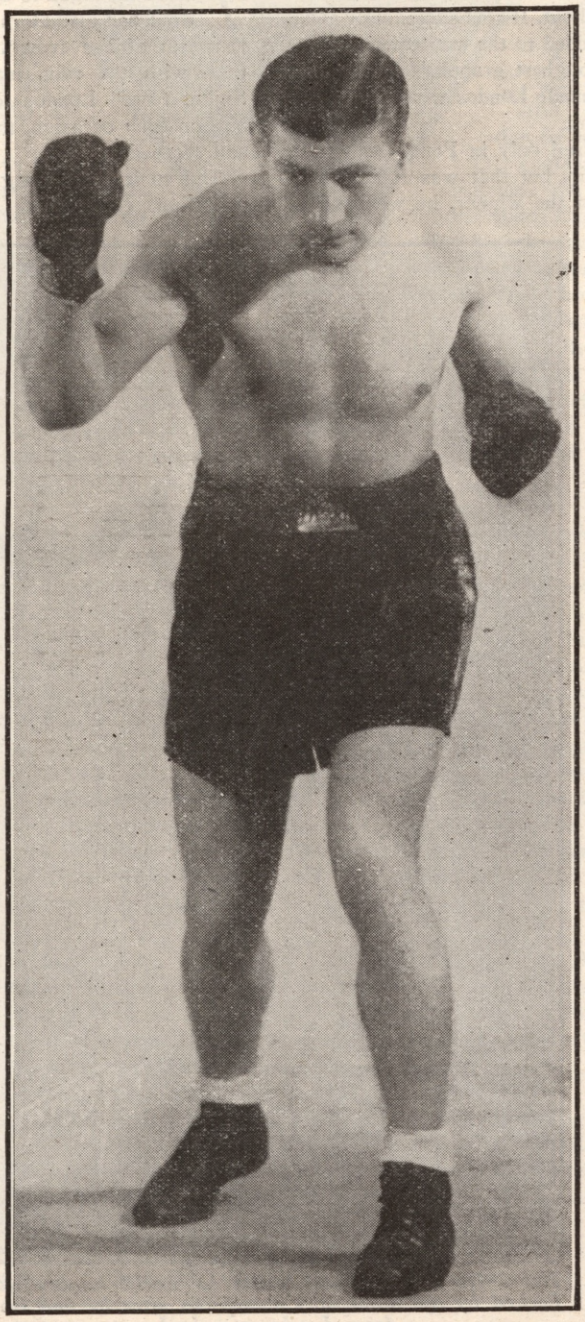


Young Pepper Martin, Brooklyn welter, son of the old timer, Kid Martin.



Marty Pomerantz, Brooklyn Hebrew lightweight.

Bernie Friedkin, former Golden Glover, managed by Frankie Jacobs.



Kid Frattini, rugged Italy welterweight, making great strides in this country.

Sonny Reitman, former Bronx amateur, who is doing well.

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XXXIV

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*

FOLLOWING Shikat's victory over Steinke, the stage was all set for the championship match between the champion and Jim Londos, the challenger. Because of the popularity of Shikat in Philadelphia, it was decided to stage the bout there, and with Ray Fabiani as the promoter it took place at the Phillies' Ball Park on June 8, 1930. That contest was staged very much under the same conditions as was the famous bout between Dempsey and Tunney a few years previously at the Sesquicentennial Stadium, for intermittent showers drenched the eighteen thousand fans and also was the cause for keeping thousands of others from the park. A Japanese headlock ended the proceedings after 1.56 of keen wrestling.

In fact, it was one of the best seen in this country since the famed Lewis-Zbyszko contest. It was a real shooting match, with plenty of fine wrestling seen throughout. It was exceedingly rough at times, to be sure, but that only added to the excitement. Shikat, it will be recalled, is one of the roughest grapplers in the game when he wants to be such, and he made Londos wince more than once under severe rough punishment.

Of course, the bout was recognized only in Pennsylvania and New York as for the championship, but that was sufficient because, with those states in back of the winner, he was assured of the best support in the land. While Londos and Shikat were having it out in the Quaker City, the rival group, of which Sonnenberg was the head, kept marking time, and eventually arranged a match between Sonnenberg and Lewis for its part of the "world championship" and of this and the Sonnenberg claim, we shall say more later in reviewing his career.

* * *

AS for the bout in which Londos ascended the throne —for he was generally recognized as world title-holder because he undoubtedly at the time was the best matman in the field—it was replete with sensational wrestling. Herman Wolff, himself once the lightweight king, was the third man in the ring. For ten minutes, the affair was a tense one, with now and then a quick, catlike shift and almost as fast a break, featuring. Neither man during that time was able to toss the other to the mat, although once Shikat almost turned the trick with a crotch hold from which Jemmy broke loose, and Londos had a Japanese armlock on Shikat, from which Dick got away.

They wrestled for the next seven minutes in masterly style, with the crowd applauding their every move. Shikat, realizing what the retention of his crown meant to him financially, went on the defense as the fifteen minutes' mark was reached and refused to do any rash leading. But there were countless lightning thrusts and parries, efforts to feint the other man out of position and to gain an opening.

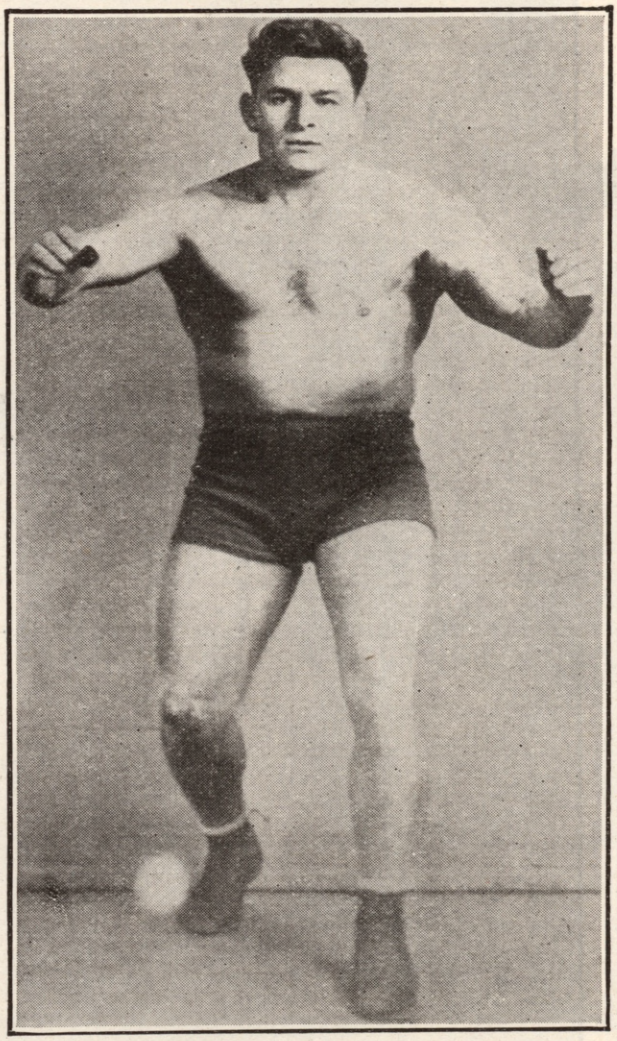
Suddenly Shikat found that opening. He snapped back Londos' arm in a hammerlock and, quick as a flash, had Jemmy down on the mat. There Dick tugged away in an effort to force Londos to cry quits, but the Greek Adonis stood the pain without a whimper until he released himself.

Several minutes more of upright work and then both again went to the mat, and this time Londos had more difficulty escaping. But escape he did, and once more they were performing in an upright position, punctuated by a few left hooks, right crosses, hand slapping and plenty of countering and feinting.

* * *

THE rain began to come down heavily for a few minutes and drenched gladiators and spectators, but didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd. The men were perspiring heavily and that, with the rain, made things uncomfortable. Three times Shikat tossed Londos to the mat with crotch and hammerlock but, on each occasion, the slippery Greek quickly broke the grip and escaped.

And so it went along for an hour and fifteen minutes. Keen wrestling, considerable tugging, plenty of hand slapping and roughness that ordinarily would have put weaker fellows out in half that time or less. Throughout the greater portion of that time it continued to drizzle and at times the rain came down in a torrent, but that didn't interfere with the calibre of the wrestling.

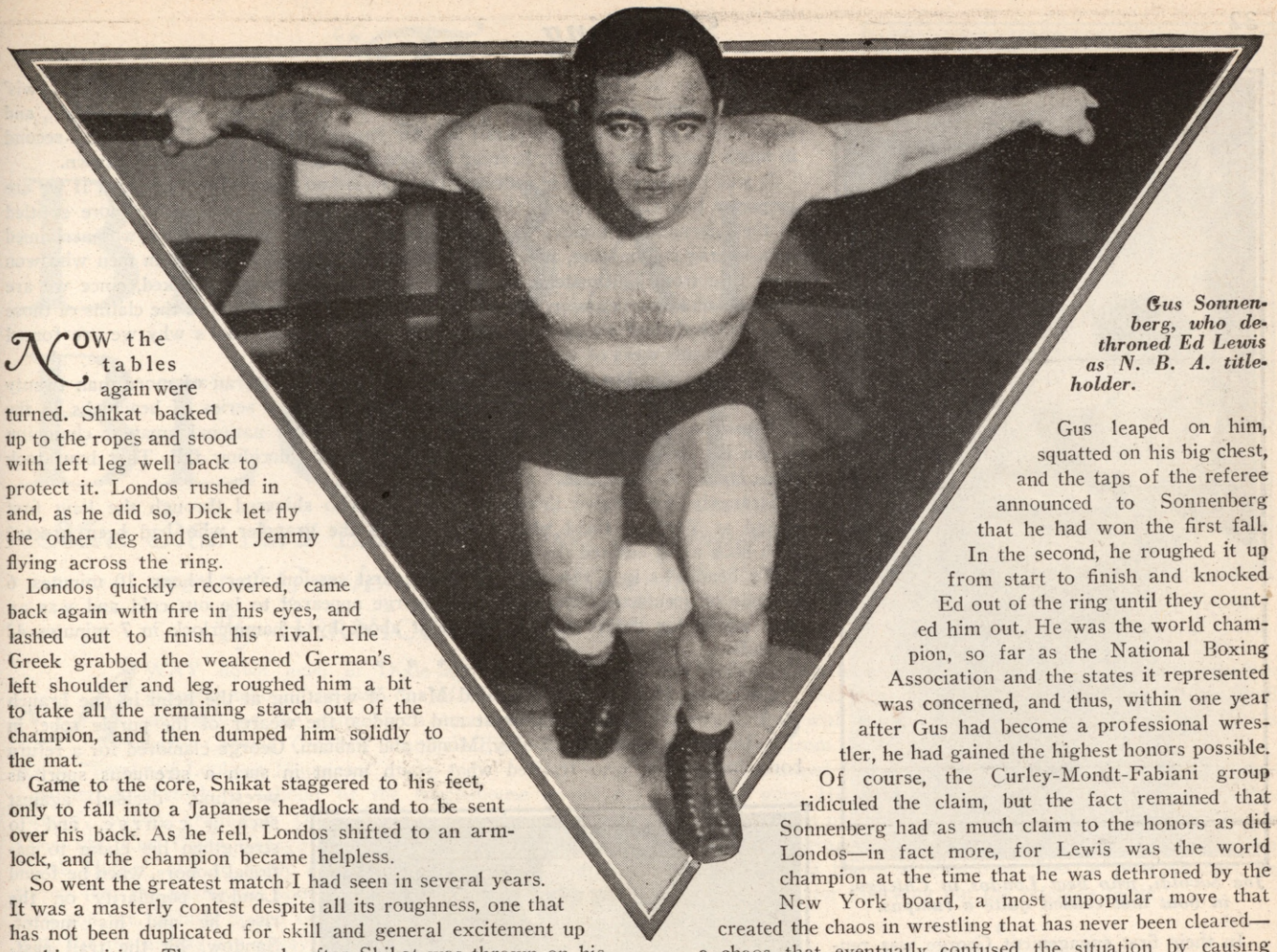


Henri De Glane, whose claim to world honors was backed by the Montreal Commission after he had won from Lewis on a foul.

Shikat was eager to end proceedings and he went after Londos with a vim as time marched on. He got a crotch and half nelson and crashed Londos to the canvas. But the Greek was a tough customer that night, and he escaped in less than a minute.

As Shikat attempted to repeat the hold after both had come to an upright position, Dick suddenly found himself embraced in a Japanese headlock and was sent across the mat. This time it was Dick who showed the stuff, for he came back with another crotch and half nelson and crashed his man to the mat.

More weakly, this time, Londos gained his feet, but he fell into a trap. Shikat rushed into him and with a headlock sent Jemmy spinning across the canvas to land on his back. As he crashed to the canvas, now so slippery from the rain that it was with difficulty either man could get a firm grip for his stance, Londos rolled over to his stomach to keep his shoulders from being pinned, and as Shikat maneuvered, Londos broke free and almost dislocated Shikat's knee before he could escape from a punishing Japanese leg hold.



Gus Sonnenberg, who dethroned Ed Lewis as N. B. A. titleholder.

NOW the tables again were turned. Shikat backed up to the ropes and stood with left leg well back to protect it. Londos rushed in and, as he did so, Dick let fly the other leg and sent Jemmy flying across the ring.

Londos quickly recovered, came back again with fire in his eyes, and lashed out to finish his rival. The Greek grabbed the weakened German's left shoulder and leg, roughed him a bit to take all the remaining starch out of the champion, and then dumped him solidly to the mat.

Game to the core, Shikat staggered to his feet, only to fall into a Japanese headlock and to be sent over his back. As he fell, Londos shifted to an armlock, and the champion became helpless.

So went the greatest match I had seen in several years. It was a masterly contest despite all its roughness, one that has not been duplicated for skill and general excitement up to this writing. Three seconds after Shikat was thrown on his back, Referee Wolf tapped the back of Londos, thus proclaiming a new king. Amid great cheering, Londos was hailed by a frenzied army of his enthusiasts. Thus, one king was supplanted by the Greek, while the rival band, headed by Sonnenberg, continued to display its champion in parts of the country where the Shikat-Londos combination was taboo.

Before going into the champion career of Londos, the time is now ripe to take up the case of Sonnenberg and Lewis in order to dovetail our story and follow the sequence. It will be recalled that in a previous chapter I called attention to the fact that up to the break between Ed Strangler Lewis and Jack Curley, things were going along pretty well in so far as succession to the wrestling throne was concerned, but it was that break that brought about the disruption which, to this day, has not been cleared. When Lewis severed relations with the so-called wrestling trust, headed by Jack Curley, he received the backing of the Illinois Boxing Commission, which proclaimed him the legitimate champion and presented him with a belt to further strengthen his claim.

* * *

THE big moment in the life of Gus Sonnenberg came on the night of January 4, 1929, when the squatty little Dartmouth gridder found himself facing Ed Lewis on the mat. Gus was spotting the champion about forty pounds in weight and about twenty years in experience, yet he came through with flying colors. He wormed his way out of numerous headlocks. He tried an occasional toe hold, but he was a novice with that grip. Lewis was too strong for Gus when a half nelson was used, yet Sonnenberg, throughout the struggle, showed the true courage of a college gridder.

Many times during the match Gus tried to use Lewis' favorite hold, the headlock, but the referee broke him from the grip because, instead of a headlock, the inexperienced Gus used a strangle hold. But Gus awaited the opening which finally came. He rushed out of his corner, gave Lewis the flying tackle, then a mighty head-on butt, and Lewis was knocked out on the mat. Gus leaped on him, squatted on his big chest, and the taps of the referee announced to Sonnenberg that he had won the first fall. In the second, he roughed it up from start to finish and knocked Ed out of the ring until they counted him out. He was the world champion, so far as the National Boxing Association and the states it represented was concerned, and thus, within one year after Gus had become a professional wrestler, he had gained the highest honors possible. Of course, the Curley-Mondt-Fabiani group ridiculed the claim, but the fact remained that Sonnenberg had as much claim to the honors as did Londos—in fact more, for Lewis was the world champion at the time that he was dethroned by the New York board, a most unpopular move that created the chaos in wrestling that has never been cleared—a chaos that eventually confused the situation by causing four champions to parade the country instead of the one who should have held sway. But since we are working under commission rules, their decision must be honored and that's why we are taking up the case of all the claimants in this historic sketch.

* * *

OLD-TIME wrestling observers were stunned with Sonnenberg's victory over Lewis. The young grappler from the college ranks became the talk of the mat sport. He went out for a tour of one-night stands as the latest hero in the sports world. Everyone wanted to see this freak of the wrestling world and he became a huge attraction. He was the originator of the flying tackle and soon that became most popular with every college athlete who had taken up pro wrestling.

That is the story of Sonnenberg's rise to fame and the introduction into the sport of two "world" champions. Lewis was far from satisfied that he had lost to a better wrestler and as the Sonnenberg affair was the first championship match in which the dreaded flying tackle was used, the Strangler demanded another match and he got it. In their first set-up they clashed at the Boston Garden, and in the second at Fenway Park, Boston, and there again Sonnenberg won.

That bout took place on July 10, 1929. About twenty-five thousand saw that rubber struggle, for each previously had won a match, and Sonnenberg's victory was acclaimed by the National Boxing Association, which crowned him world king in opposition to Shikat.

* * *

GUS didn't rule long as king, and as a result of his quick defeat the wrestling situation became more complicated. It was a few months after Shikat lost his Eastern crown to Londos that Sonnenberg was matched with Ed Don George, the former Michigan University football star, whom he had defeated in a previous meeting, and as a result of that clash George became the successor to the throne over which the Bowser group from Boston held sway.

Joe Savoldi, who beat Londos in Chicago, in bout that caused quite a rumpus.

In their first engagement George was rendered unconscious by Sonnenberg, who, likewise, was on the verge of collapse, and the thirty thousand Bostonians who saw that match clamored for another. Gus was willing and so was Don, and on December 10, 1930, they met in the Boston Garden in what proved one of the roughest battles staged in the Hub. It was one of those rare affairs in which the boys did everything but crucify themselves.

* * *

GUS took the first fall quite readily but lost the second after Don gave him a nasty crashing to the mat with a trick hold. Then Ed came back to march his way to fame and glory through the medium of a Japanese armlock after 12 minutes and 52 seconds of hard going. Thus a new king, so far as the National Boxing Association and the Bowser trust was concerned, was crowned.

The new king didn't waste any time, for he decided he would make hay while the sun shone and, contrary to the advice of his mentors, he accepted a challenge from Ed Strangler Lewis for a match in Los Angeles, where Lewis was a big drawing card. Lewis, thoroughly dissatisfied at the outcome of his bouts with Sonnenberg, had gone back to the Coast, where he placed himself under the training of head coach Jones of the Southern California football team. He conditioned himself by playing football with the scrubs, and when he thought he had conditioned himself properly he challenged George and didn't have to wait long for Don's acceptance.

By the time this match was staged, Londos had already downed Shikat to win the Eastern title. Londos had become a strong favorite and had killed the interest in Lewis' comeback, but that didn't halt the George-Lewis affair. Lewis was full of fight, and after 1.10.56 he gained the first fall in their struggle at Wrigley Field and the second in much faster time, thus dethroning George and regaining the N. B. A. crown.

It was the fourth time in a decade that Lewis had come to the top, and, if we are to go by line of succession, there can be no doubt that he was far more entitled to the international honors than was Londos because, while Londos was acclaimed by a boxing commission, Lewis had legitimately won his crown from men who won their title from legitimate holders. But, as I have already remarked, since we are working under commission rules in most states, we cannot ignore the claims of those who received their recognition from such states' boards. That's why we are forced to go into this mess of complicated data.

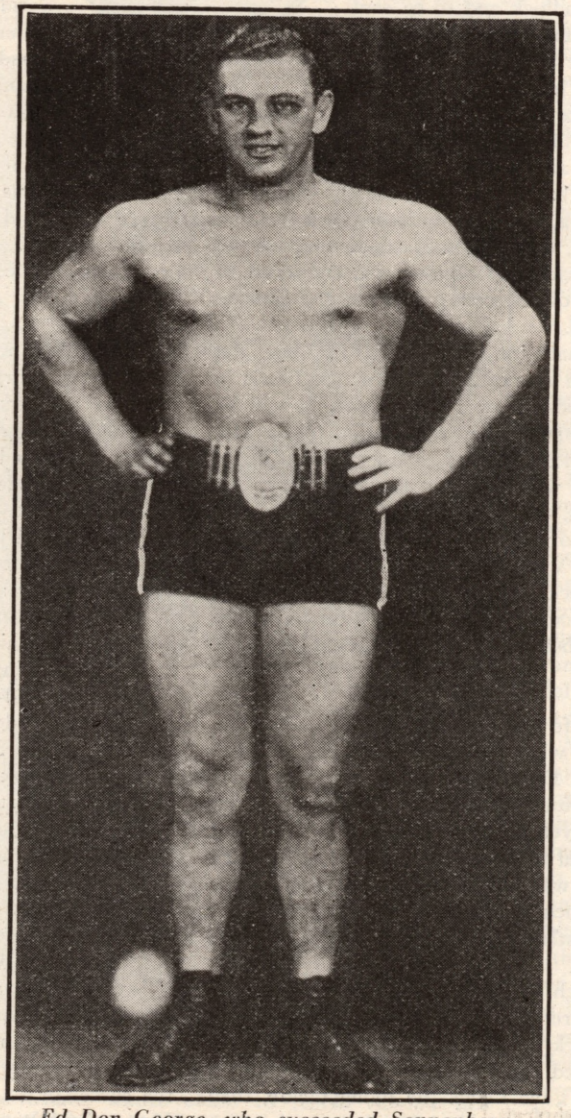
George's reign lasted only four months. Lewis, the veteran of more than twenty years of service, crushed his younger opponent with a series of headlocks in the first session and then made short work of the former national amateur champion to pin his shoulders to the mat for the second and deciding fall. That bout took place on April 14, 1931.

Strangely, the twelve thousand customers who shivered through the long first period at Wrigley Field roared approval of the grappler who had been greeted with boos as he entered the ring.

Six headlocks in a row terminated the first session after 1 hour, 10 minutes, 6 seconds of spectacular showmanship. George appeared to be out cold and was an easy victim for the second flop, brought about by a hammerlock in 7 minutes 42 seconds.

* * *

SO now we again had the "Old Man" of wrestling at the helm in one branch of America's wrestling trust and Londos, the wearer of the purple robe, in the other, headed by Curley, Mondt and Fabiani. George clamored for a return bout, but Lewis, who realized what youth meant in such a strenuous sport as wrestling, decided against such a course, and to strengthen his claim to national honors, when he found Londos' popularity on the rise, he and his mentor, Sandow, hit the trail eastward.



Ed Don George, who succeeded Sonnenberg as champion.

While Lewis headed towards the Atlantic to invade Londos' territory and stronghold, Londos went west, and in St. Louis, Kansas City and even in Chicago, Lewis's best territory outside of California, Londos packed them in. Lewis decided to take a chance on adding the prolific Canadian wrestling stronghold to his list by appearing there against Canada's best and most popular figure, Henri De Glane, and much to his regret, for it was in Canada that he dropped the title only a few weeks after winning it from George. And here is how it all happened:

Lewis had all the better of the milling when, as the 32 minutes' mark was reached, the Strangler got three headlocks on De Glane that left Henri groggy. Then, like a flash, Henri got out of his stupor, rushed Lewis against the ropes, and tossed him with a bang with a flying mare.

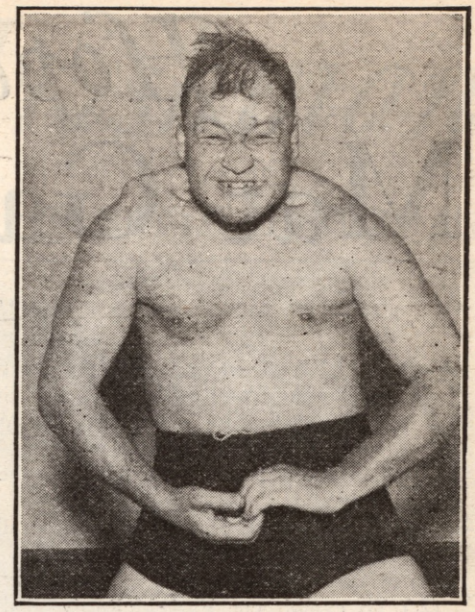
Referee Tremblay called the fall and Lewis and Sandow argued vainly against

(Continued on page 43)

"The Big Bad Blonde"

Meet Marshall Blackstock, Just a Temperamental Gentleman From Gawgia

By BERNICE SANDBOE



The "Tough 'Un's" grin after he has subdued an opponent.

AWAY down heah in Dixie-land we-all have a grappler who is sho-nuff one of the most colorful showmen of the game. He's none other than the burly Georgia Cracker, Marshall Blackstock, self-styled "Terror of Lookout Mountain."

Mister Blackstock, a scholar of the rough-house school of 'rasslin', which graduated such shining examples as Chief Chewchki, Karl Davis, George Zaharias, Rudy and Ernie Dusek, Dutch Hefner, and so forth, performs for "his public" on the theory that the louder the boos you get, the bigger the drawing card you are. Which turned out to be a pretty good theory, at that, for the arenas are always packed to the rafters with fans hoping to see Marshall get slaughtered.

To the accompaniment of resounding razzberries, this capricious roughneck cavorts about the ring, indulging in the gentle arts of kicking, kneeing, gouging, strangling, punching, hair-pulling, et cetera, et cetera. As the arena thunders with the boos of irate fans, Marshall takes time off to shake his fist menacingly at his panners and often rises in his wrath and challenges someone to engage in combat with him.

* * *

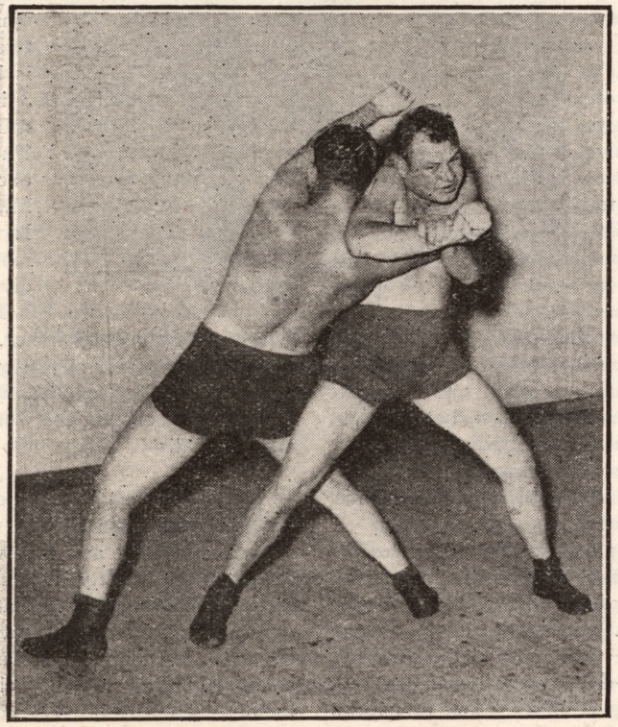
WHEN I asked "Blacky" to tell me about some of his most exciting matches, he grinned and said as how all his matches were exciting ones. Which, I suppose, is true enough. However, I think here's one that tops them all. He was wrestling down yonder in Galveston, Texas, and as usual was engaging in his unruly tactics, when suddenly a big knife whizzed down into the ring, from somewhere in the balcony, just missing the Georgia caveman. Marshall still has the knife, but needless to say, he didn't wrestle in Galveston any more. His would-be murderer was never located.

Another time, in Beaumont, Texas, Marshall was wrestling the local white-haired boy, Dorv Roche and Blacky was giving him a good roughing, when Dorv tossed him from the ring. A group of frenzied fans leaped upon the bad blonde and nearly pulled his leg off, before, with the assistance of the police, he could limp back into the ring. And then, not infrequently, wild fans hit Marshall over the head with pop bottles or any handy instrument, on his treks to and from the ring.

Marshall draws disqualifications and suspensions almost everywhere he goes. His wild tactics by no means stop with his opponent but often include the referee as well. He has an indefinite suspension hanging over him in North Carolina for hitting the referee during a match at Charlotte. Too, in New Orleans, he was suspended for knocking out the referee's teeth.

* * *

BLACKY has had more than his share of tough luck when it comes to getting hurt in the ring. He has suffered with that dreaded scourge to wrestlers, infected eyes, has had bones broken in falls from the ring, and has had many cuts and scratches. Not long ago, in New York, at Jack Curley's testimonial dinner, Marshall and Jack McArthur were booked to put on a wild brawl in the ring, to entertain the guests, and Marsh came out of it with a broken hand, a tooth missing, cut lips, black eyes and a badly injured leg.



Marshall Blackstock, who is known as the "rough man of the South." Here he is shown with a wrist lock on his training partner.

During a wild bout in New Orleans recently with Chief Chewchki, the big gypsy, Marshall's hand was cut and seven stitches had to be taken. And then a few years ago, Blacky was wrestling Rudy Dusek in a ring erected on a stage and when Dusek tossed him out of the ring Blackstock fell clear down into the orchestra pit. Although his shoulder was broken, he crawled back into the ring and wrestled for twelve minutes.

Marshall's broken shoulder, however, proved to be a "lucky break." While the shoulder was mending, Blackstock went to the Sunshine Mountain Resort, near Knoxville, Tennessee and there met the charming young woman who is now Mrs. Marshall Blackstock.

Billie Blackstock is very proud of her big, burly husband and

(Continued on page 45)

Hopes to Revive Mat Game *in* Antipodes

By "THE VETERAN REFEREE"

THREE cogent reasons are apparent—three tangible and quite important offshoots of an active mind—leading up to and bearing importantly on Walter Miller's current trip to Australia.

Listed in order, but not necessarily in the order of their importance, they are:

(1.) To revive the mat game in Australia and bring it out of a lethargic state into which it has fallen of late.

(2.) To exploit one Earl McReady of Canada as a possible champion among the heavyweights of the day.

(3.) And to recoup a tired and languishing, almost vanishing, Miller bankroll.

There may be other reasons but they are quite unimportant. You have pretty much the entire story in the foregoing few comprehensive words and phrases. But in case you don't know and feel interested, I trust and pray my eight or ten steady readers will bear with me in a few more details on two mighty interesting men.

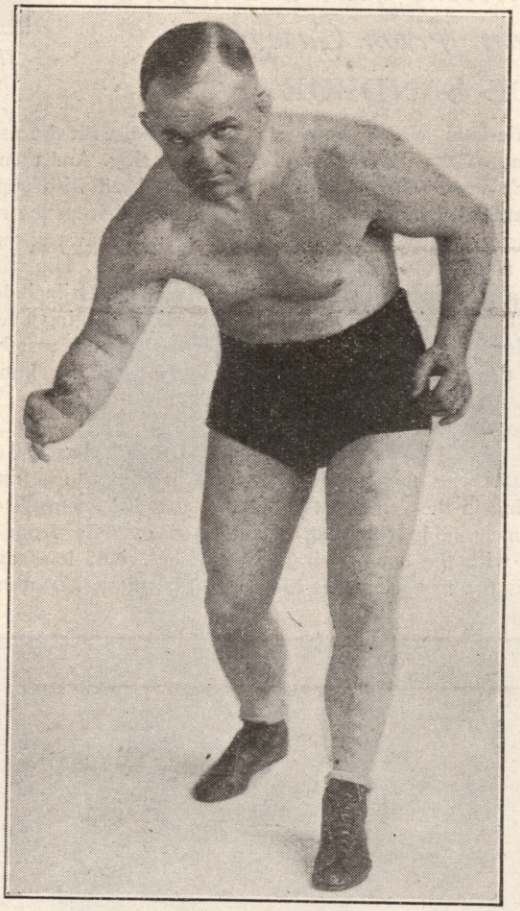
You have been hearing for years of Walter Miller, perhaps the greatest middleweight wrestler of all time. And at an age somewhere around 45, Walter is very much of a going concern mentally and physically. He's as keen as a dollar's worth of Gillettes, as bright as a child prodigy but just as interesting as a tank full of bathing beauties—almost.

* * *

PERHAPS I belittle this current tour of Walter's by speaking only of Australia. Gosh, yes, for that's only the first step on a world's jaunt. Walter aims to take in the entire world and to land back in America with a potential champion who meantime may have conquered the remainder of the globe in a wrestling way. For after slaying Australia with the mat capabilities of this McReady lad, Walter will emulate the Tennyson brook and go on and on and on—into New Zealand, South Africa, India, China and Japan and then the European nations. Walter laughed at my suggestion that he might not get beyond Australia before his handsome gladiator might be dumped on one of his hitherto untrammelled ears.

"Bosh!" squeaked Walter in that high-pitched voice of his, "they ain't nobody can lick this feller!"

This being Walter's fifth or sixth trip to the Antipodes, he wanted to make certain of his ground. He sought a man who would stand up under the toughest of conditions. He met with many discouragements in his search because there didn't seem to be any such an animal. He didn't want any part of what is generally described as the cut-and-dried stuff, whatever that may mean, because, you see, this trip is entirely and utterly an independent movement on the part of the former great middleweight champion.



Walter Miller

MILLER is entirely "on his own" and is aided by no syndicate, trust or other organization that might in the past be identified with wrestling or boxing. That's why he sought a wrestler not so highly exploited as some of the others but at the same time a man who had the goods in the way of selling points and general mat capabilities. He thinks he has such a rare bird in the pulchritudinous Earl McReady of Canada.

McReady ruled the amateur roost in Canada for three years and for two seasons was National amateur champion in this great land of the free, three cheers! Those years were 1930 and 1931. Then he flopped over into the paid-to-play class and started to mop up.

His only setback, he says, was at the hands of Jim Londos and for that matter, who hasn't the mighty Greek turned over on his back? Earl toured America and during his absence he learned that several pretenders had invaded his home domain. So he returned and quite methodically started to regain his Canadian title. Starting in Montreal he worked his way west, slashing and tearing 'em all out of his path, winding up finally in Vancouver, B. C., where he defeated Jack Forsgren to become the absolute monarch of the provinces.

All of this attracted the attention of the quite attentive Miller and he decided that McReady was the worthwhile stuff he sought. McReady is twenty-seven now and his 230 pounds is beautifully distributed over a 6 foot 3 inch frame in such a manner as to delight those who study such things. Though born in Winnipeg, he got an excellent education at Oklahoma A. and M., in which college he spent four years. Incidentally this school has turned out more great wrestling champs in all divisions than any other in the world.

That much for the wrestler's intelligence. He's a good boxer, too, so Miller's statement that he is well fortified for anything that may befall seems to have good foundation. They expect many strange challenges before they are half way around the world but will be well equipped to meet any of such.

* * *

ASK any of the wrestlers who have been in the business for a few years who is the embodiment of all that is great in mat knowledge and they will tell you that none equals Walter Miller. This doughty little chap, seldom if ever over 154 pounds in weight, took on the greatest of the great over a long period of years and left a wide swath of beaten men, big and little, in his path. He started his career on the mat 'way back in 1908 and in point of service probably has the best record of any of them.

And Miller can impart his tremendous store of knowledge to young men, a knack possessed *(Continued on page 42)*

The Fighting Irishman

By BETTE HARDEMAN

MEET Mrs. O'Connor's boy Dan, folks; he's a regular Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One of the cleanest and most scientific wrestlers in the game ordinarily, he cut loose down south several weeks ago and declared war on the world in general.

It was in a bout between O'Connor and Orville Brown. Brown repeatedly tossed Dan out of the ring. Seeing that the referee intended to do nothing about it, the fiery Irishman crawled back into the roped square and took matters into his own hands.

The first victim to bite the dust was referee Jack League. Next to go down was Brown. Brown came up for a brief period, and another right connected, and he went down again like a poled ox. From then on, just as fast as would-be helpers would enter the ring, they would go hurtling through the air to the mat.

Dick Raines, Dallas grappler who had appeared on one of the prelims, rushed to the scene, and he, too, went to the canvas in record time. O'Connor surveyed the six vanquished warriors, and then looked around for fresh victims. By this time, practically everyone was loath to interfere. The mêlée ended when several officers stepped in, and with the help of Raines, and several others who were recovering, quieted the irate Irishman.

Dan seldom resorts to this type of wrestling, however. He prefers scientific grappling and is, ordinarily, one of the cleanest in the game. His pet holds are the drop kick and the rocking chair scissors.

* * *

O'CONNOR'S dad came over from Ireland at the age of twenty-six. He married a girl from his own country and they settled down on a farm near Venita, Oklahoma, and there Dan was born and spent his early boyhood.

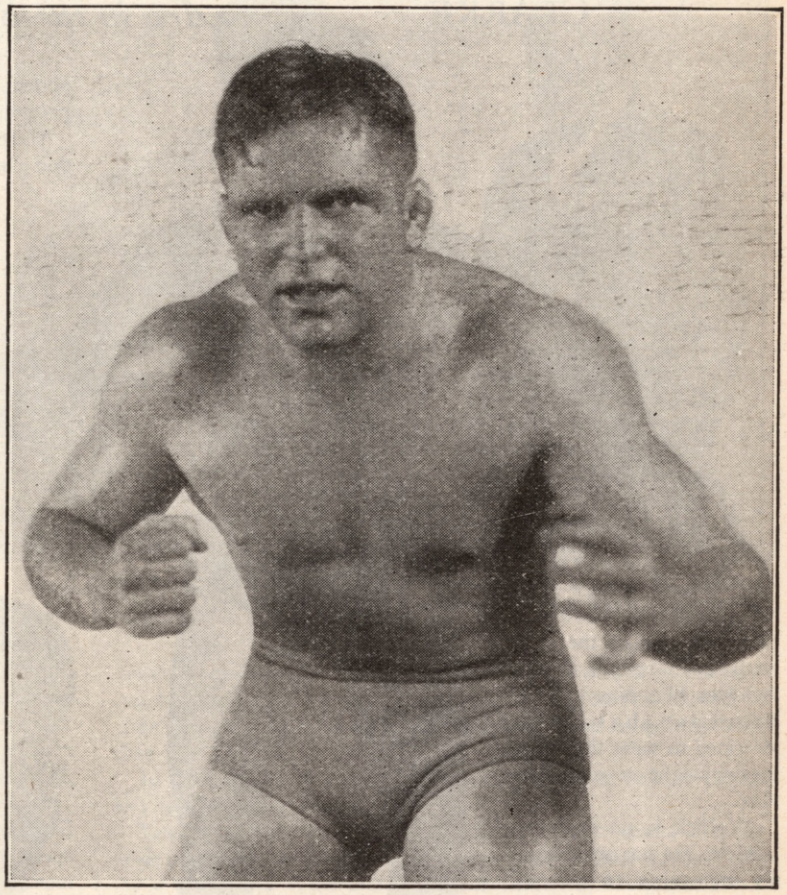
Being a product of the farm, Dan loved outdoor life. John McCollom, the principal of the school he attended, was a devotee of wrestling, and it was he who taught Dan during noon hour each day how to wrestle. He would arrange matches between the different boys and referee them, and sometimes could be coaxed into wrestling some of the larger boys himself. A lot of his present knowledge of wrestling, O'Connor owes to McCollom.

Dan was just twelve when he learned that, although peaceful by nature, a man must fight. He had just moved to a new town and found that all the boys there regarded anyone who didn't fight as something below contempt. One particular boy singled out Dan and proceeded to make his life miserable for him. By chance, this boy, Merle Tate, bore a remarkable resemblance to him and was often mistaken for Dan, even by relatives. Dan finally challenged Merle to a wrestling match and threw him in a minute. Merle insisted that it was just an accident, so Dan did it again just to prove it wasn't. From that time on, Dan had no more trouble with the boys.

* * *

WHEN Dan was fourteen, the O'Connors moved to California. During his senior year at Lindsay High School, he was voted the best all-around football player on the team.

After four years of California, the senior O'Connors returned to Oklahoma. College out of the question due to financial difficulties, Dan decided to remain in the west. He got a job as linesman with a power company. This outdoor work was hard but healthy, and developed him into the fine specimen of manhood he is today. The locale of much of this work was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He also worked for a while as a stevedore on the waterfront at San Francisco.



Dan O'Connor, the California Irishman

Wrestling always his pet hobby, Dan never neglected it. He had quite a reputation as an amateur grappler and as a semi-professional football player. When the power company announced its intentions to lay off all the unmarried men in its employ, O'Connor turned to the mat sport for a living.

Having been thoroughly coached by his friend Ad Santell, former light-heavyweight champion, Dan looked up the local promoter and got a booking. He took his first match from Ray Castle in twelve minutes. From that time on, he has been a great hit with the fans and has worked himself up from the bottom of the heap to where he is meeting the best in the game.

He has been wrestling for four years now—two years on the west coast and two years in the east. He likes it far too well to even think of quitting. He hopes to be champion some day and is already considered all over the country as one of the most colorful grapplers in the game.

As to looks, Dan is a real Irishman: red headed and freckled, with a fiery temperament to match that hair. He is six feet one, weighs 218, and is twenty-six years old.

He's single, gals, here's your chance!

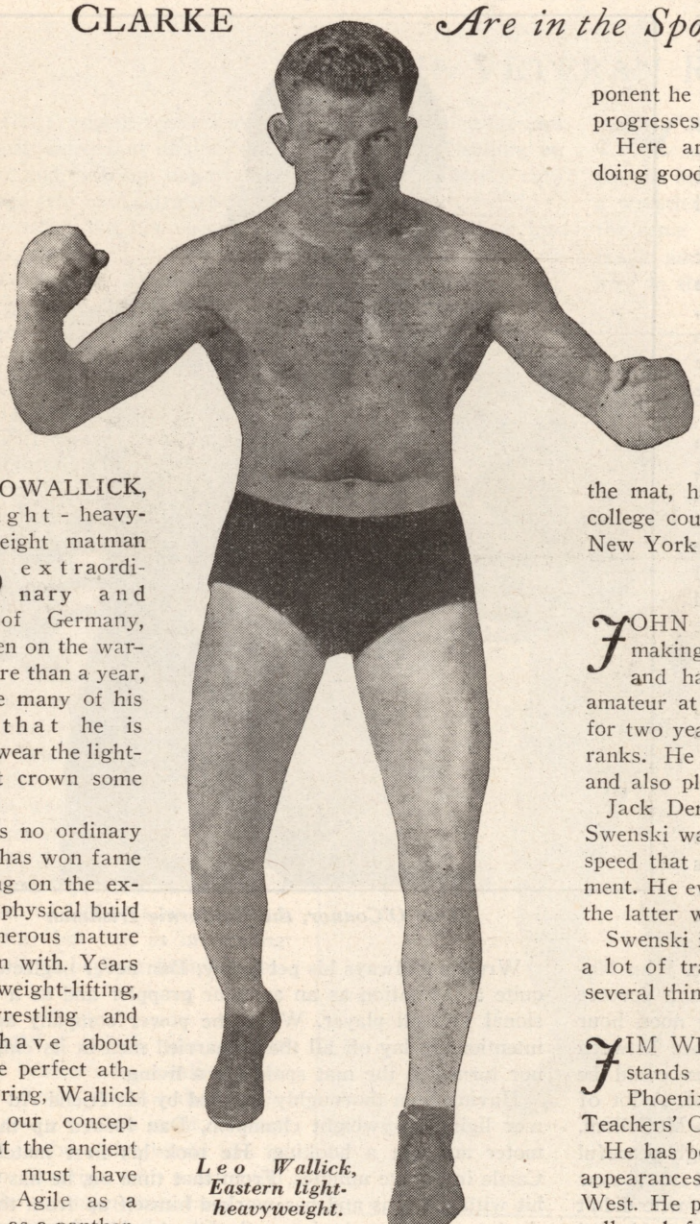
He has wrestled such topnotchers as Jim Browning, Gus Sonnenberg, Everette Marshall, Henri De Glane, Ed Don George, Jim McMillan, Vic Christy, Joe Malciwitz, Earl McReady, Orville Brown and Bibber McCoy, and has held some of them to a draw.

Among his victims are Doctor Karl Sarpolis, Chief Chewchki, Tommy Marvin, Dick Raines, Karl Davis, Lou Plummer, Hal Rumberg, Hank Oswald, Bob Wagner, Bull Komore, Charlie Strack, Tiny Roebuck, Pete Schuh, Jules Strongbow, Joe Cox, Jack Wagner, Sid Nabors, and Yvon Robert.

GETTING

By EMERY CLARKE

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions



Leo Wallick, Eastern light-heavyweight.

LEO WALLICK, light-heavyweight matman extraordinary and champion of Germany, who has been on the war-path for more than a year, believes like many of his adherents, that he is destined to wear the light-heavyweight crown some day.

Wallick is no ordinary athlete. He has won fame by improving on the extraordinary physical build which a generous nature endowed him with. Years of training, weight-lifting, running, wrestling and swimming have about produced the perfect athlete. In the ring, Wallick looks like our conception of what the ancient Greek gods must have looked like. Agile as a cat and lithe as a panther, his every movement on the mat is a picture of grace and rhythmic co-ordination.

Wallack is a splendid physical specimen. He is fast, he knows many holds and applies them with telling effect.

Not a day passes but that Wallick puts in at least two hours' work in the gymnasium. He works at the pullies, lifting weights to broaden out his shoulders and at wrestling and studies hold after hold until he masters each. Besides this strenuous work, there is the early morning road work to improve stamina. Wallick in his method of training, employs many of the methods introduced by boxers.

Leo is not a contortionist nor an acrobat, but he has developed his legs so that they react as springs. He can kick easily a foot above his head, can vault and fall back on his legs like a cat might do, and all of these tricks help his mat success.

Leo's best asset is that he has wrestling reflexes—in other words, his work is seldom the same twice in succession. To see him on the mat once or twice is merely to see one side of what he really can do, because he adopts methods best suited to the opponent he is meeting and develops his plan of battle as the match progresses. Because of this great ability, he has advanced rapidly.

Here are short biographical sketches of wrestlers who are doing good work in various parts of the country:

* * *

STAN "SOCK" SOKOLIS was captain of the University of Pennsylvania football team in 1932, playing a star game at tackle. It was only a year ago that he graduated, having taken a post-graduate course in physical culture. He weighs 214 pounds and stands six feet two inches.

Sokolis was born of poor parents in Philadelphia. He had to pay his way through college, being the locker man in the gym. He has made rapid progress on the mat, having started his career long before he finished his college course. He is of Polish descent and is making good in New York and other states.

* * *

JOHN SWENSKI is one of the new young wrestlers now making good around New York. He is of Polish descent, and hails from Lynn, Mass. John began wrestling as an amateur at his local Y.M.C.A. He was among the Simon-pures for two years and for the last three years has been in the money ranks. He played guard on the Boston College High eleven and also played semi-pro football in New England.

Jack Dempsey refereed several bouts in the West in which Swenski was one of the principals and was so impressed with his speed that he asked him to become a fighter under his management. He even asked him to join Max Baer's training camp when the latter was training for Primo Carnera.

Swenski is 23, weighs 200 lbs. and stands six feet. He has done a lot of training with Count Zarynoff, from whom he learned several things.

* * *

JIM WRIGHT is an Irish-American, twenty-two years old, stands six feet three and weighs 235 pounds. He hails from Phoenix, Ariz. where he went a year to the Arizona State Teachers' College.

He has been wrestling professionally only a year. Most of his appearances have been on the Pacific Coast and in the North-West. He played guard on his college eleven, but he had to quit college before graduating because he didn't have the money to continue. He only lost three of the twenty-five bouts he has had.

* * *

ANDY RASCHER'S real first name is Ambrose, but he didn't like it and he was glad when the promoters and press agents changed it to Andy. He was an All-American tackle for Indiana for three years. He won nine major letters, three apiece in baseball, football and wrestling. He earned thirteen sweater awards.

After graduating from college he played for the Portsmouth, Ohio team, which tied the Chicago Bears for the National League pro title in 1932.

This is Andy's third year as a pro matman. He started with Al Haft, Columbus, Ohio, promoter and Tom Packs of St. Louis. He is a pal of Ernie Zeller, another Indiana boy now making good in wrestling circles.

Rascher's special hold is the flying head scissors and they say he executes it better than any wrestler who ever dared try this dangerous hold.

ACQUAINTED

Andy has German, Irish and American blood in him. He is only twenty-five, weighs 210 pounds and stands six feet one inch.

Rascher was never beaten on the mat during his entire three years at the University of Indiana. He caught on the nine, which won the Big Ten championship in 1930.

* * *

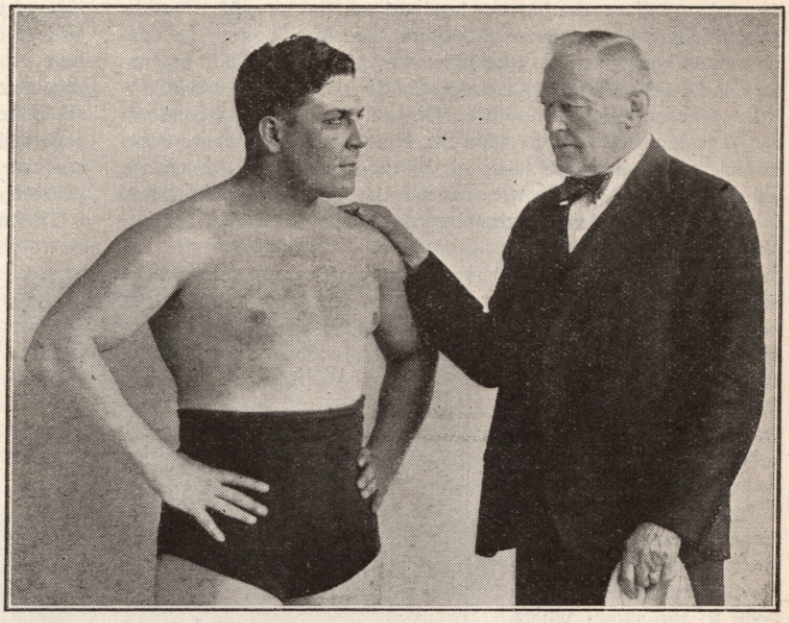
JOHN MALMBERG—If his protege is anywhere near as good as he was in his prime, then Hjalmar Lundin has a champion in the making. Lundin was the heavyweight wrestling champion and idol of Sweden in the days when Frank Gotch ruled the sport. Lundin wrestled all the famous heavies of Gotch's day and was rated among the greatest of them. His protege, John Malmberg of Worcester, Mass., recently held Don George, claimant to the title and recognized in the New England states as such, to a draw in 90 minutes.

* * *

RUBE "TEX" WRIGHT—Although he was born in Texas at Brownwood, Rube "Tex" Wright, now in the East, has done most of his wrestling along the Pacific Coast and in California. He has just come from Boston where he had about twenty-five bouts without suffering defeat. Before turning pro he won the Pacific Coast heavyweight amateur title.

Wright stands six feet two and a half inches and weighs 232 pounds. He is of German-Irish extraction.

Tex went three years to the Arizona State Teachers' College, but a need of funds compelled him to go to work, his first and only job having been in a bakery. However, later, he rode in rodeos, but he didn't think that work—nor does he look upon wrestling other than a pleasure.



Hjalmar Lundin, former heavyweight champion of Sweden (right), and his pupil, John Malmberg, who has the earmarks of a great wrestler.

In high school Wright played baseball, and in college played left tackle on the eleven.

Tex has been wrestling professionally four years, and he prides himself on the fact that he has pinned Chief Little Wolf three times and Wolf is famous for throwing Mountain Dean just before the bewhiskered grappler was scheduled to meet Jim Londos in Los Angeles. He specializes in the airplane head scissors.

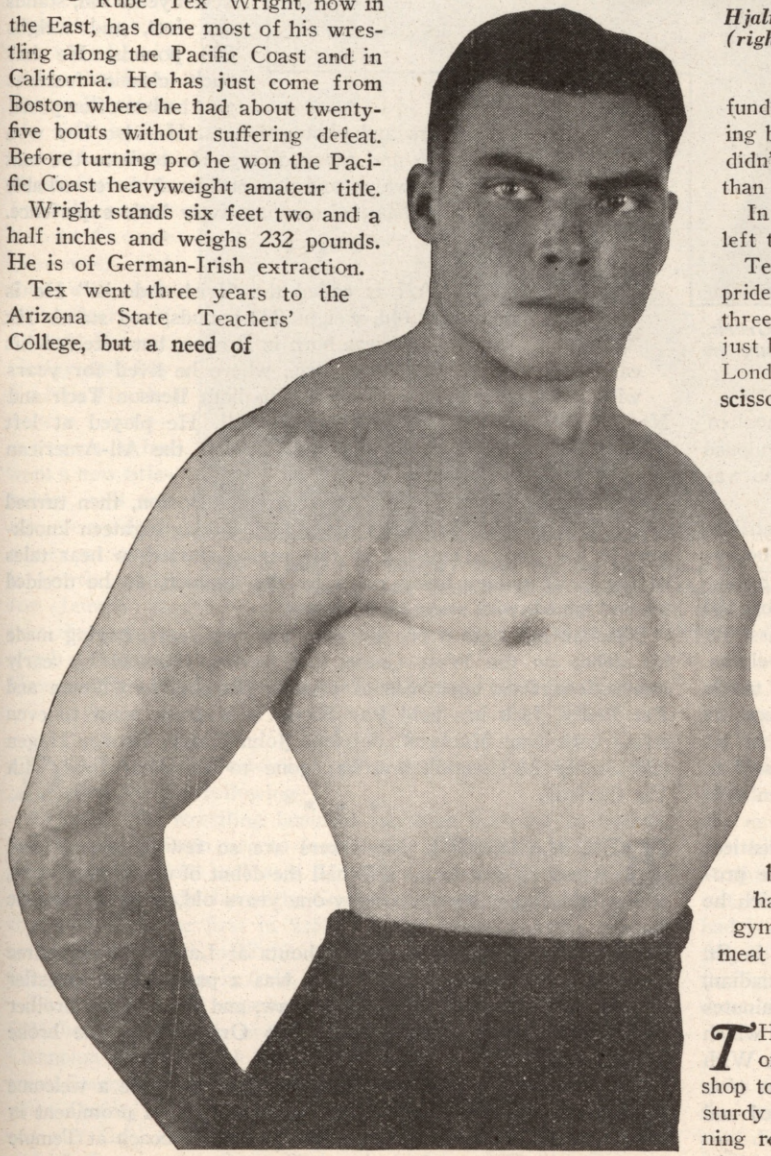
* * *

ABOUT a year ago, Dave Levin worked for his daily bread in a butcher shop in Jamaica, Long Island. There he wielded his meat cleaver, chopping off legs of mutton, prime ribs of beef, pork chops, lamb chops, or whatever happened to suit the customer's fancy. He went about his work casually, just putting in a day's toll for a pittance to keep body and soul together. He was an athlete in his youth and he continued to keep himself in perfect physical condition by daily training in the gymnasium. Wrestling is what he liked most and it was that sport which he practiced after hours in a Jamaica club.

Dave was anxious to become a wrestler, and to learn the intricacies of the sport and become proficient, he took on fellows, who like himself, didn't know much but were adept in the use of a few of the better known holds and were fast. If Dave had shown half the ambition in his butcher shop that he did in the gymnasium, he might to-day have been an expert carver of meat instead of an expert handler of human beef on a dusty mat.

* * *

THE story of Dave's entrance into wrestling is the usual one of a woman in the case. One day a young lady visited his shop to do the shopping. She eyed Dave intensely and noted his sturdy build and that evening, when the table was set for the evening repast, she told her husband about the fine young athlete who served her at the butcher shop. Her hubby chanced to be



Dave Levin, the Jamaica Butcher Boy.

none other than Lou Rose, owner and promoter of the Jamaica Arena, where the Ridgewood, Jamaica and Woodhaven folk spent their evening watching boxing or wrestling shows.

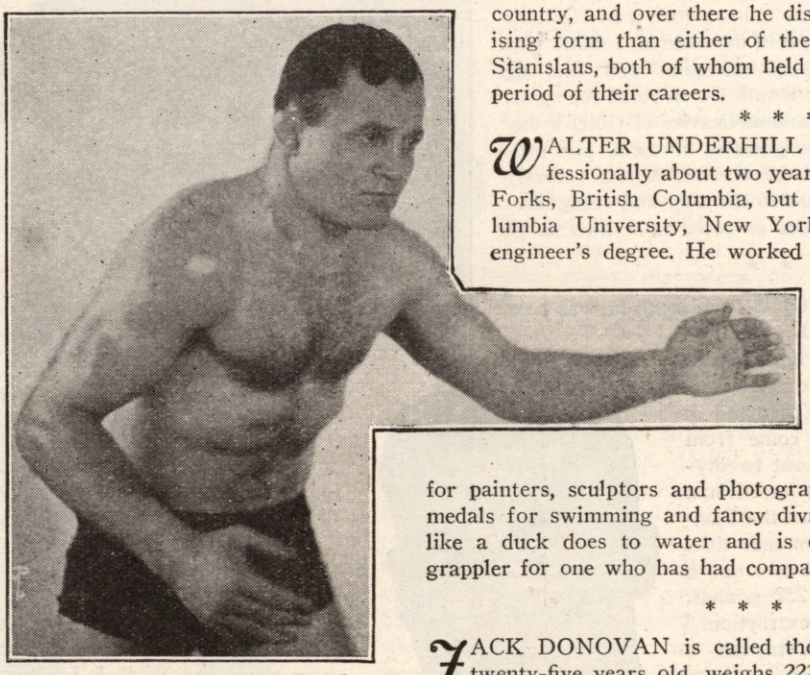
She told him she thought that the young man would make an ideal wrestler, and with an eye towards local business, Mr. Rose decided to call on the butcher boy and see for himself what the young fellow was made of. It didn't take him long to be convinced, as was his wife, that Dave Levin could be built up into a splendid neighborhood attraction and he got busy on Levin.

Rose brought Levin down to George Bothner, who conducts a gymnasium in 226 West 42nd St., New York City, where every grappler of prominence takes his workout, and there, under the able supervision of George, one of the greatest of American instructors, Dave learned the wrestling technique which he now places on display nightly during the wrestling season. It didn't take long before Levin was pitting his skill against some of the best boys his weight in New York, and his rise was spectacular.

In less than six months he was a headliner and now the folks out in the locality where he made his start as a butcher boy, are his greatest admirers. They flock to the shows where he is carded and regard him as their hero.

* * *

STEVE PASSAS, former Greek light-heavyweight champion, is an athlete par excellence. Steve took up professional wrestling seriously a few years ago and from the start, with him, it was a profession to be learned from the bottom up, to be studied in every phase. In fact, it may be said that he went through the school of wrestling until he graduated and emerged ready and equipped to compete with the best professionals. For seven years he was an amateur, an exceptionally long time.



Steve Passas, a 200-pound Greek, who is cutting quite a figure in American wrestling.

In seven years of amateur work and tournament competition, he won practically every title from welterweight to light-heavyweight, and the only reason he did not try for the amateur heavyweight championship was because his natural weight of 180 pounds did not permit him to compete in the heavier class. By this it must not be inferred that he cannot tackle the heavyweights. On the contrary, he has the build, weight and speed to tackle any man outweighing him many pounds. In this respect, he greatly resembles the ideal athlete, Jack Dempsey, who in his best days as heavyweight boxing champion of the world seldom exceeded 185 pounds, at which poundage he defeated men outweighing him more than thirty pounds.

That he used good judgment in serving long years of apprenticeship was proved when in less than three years of active professional wrestling he won the light-heavyweight title, which he held for four years.

His toughest match? Steve will tell you it took place in St. Petersburg, Florida, and that his opponent was the Canadian, George Dusette, and that it lasted three hours and twenty minutes to a draw. The match was for the world's title. The crowd which packed the arena finally became the arbiters of the match. With both men practically exhausted from their efforts, the fans took matters in their own hands, insisted the contest be stopped and that the verdict be a draw.

Steve Passas is now actively competing with all comers in a strenuous campaign he has set for himself to regain the title.

* * *

WALTER PODOLAK, the Polish Apollo, is considered one of the most promising grapplers in the world. He is considered the strongest man now appearing on the mat. He recently arrived from California, where he defeated everyone pitted against him. Not only does Podolak look the part of a perfect physical specimen, but he has the strength that few men have possessed since the days of Samson. Even Milo Steinborn, for a long time regarded the strongest of matmen, says that Podolak is much stronger than he was in his heyday—and furthermore, is more perfectly developed.

This modern Samson is six feet tall and weighs 205 pounds. He was the champion of Poland before coming to this country, and over there he displayed even more promising form than either of the Zbyszkos, Wladek and Stanislaus, both of whom held titles, at a corresponding period of their careers.

* * *

WALTER UNDERHILL has been wrestling professionally about two years. He comes from Grand Forks, British Columbia, but graduated from the Columbia University, New York City. He has a civil engineer's degree. He worked his way through college by serving one of the stations as a radio engineer. He is twenty-seven years old, stands six feet, and weighs 200 pounds. He has such classic features that he has often posed for painters, sculptors and photographers. He also has won medals for swimming and fancy diving. He took to the mat like a duck does to water and is considered a remarkable grappler for one who has had comparatively little experience.

* * *

JACK DONOVAN is called the "Irish Adonis." He is twenty-five years old, weighs 222 pounds, and stands six feet two inches. He was born in Boston, but received his early schooling in Portland, Ore., where he lived for years with an aunt and uncle. He went to both Benson Tech and Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. He played at left halfback, being an alternate for Reb Russell, the All-American star.

Jack started as an amateur boxer around Boston, then turned pro, and in twenty-four bouts never lost, having eighteen knockouts to his credit. Donovan at this period started to hear tales of the great money being made by the matmen, so he decided to cast his lot with them.

Donovan has been a pro wrestler for two years, having made his début on the West Coast, and having received his early instructions from such men as Charlie Hanson, Leo Numa and Pat Reilly. Jack has held Ray Steele to a draw, went to even terms with Ivan Manigoff, defeated John Katan, George Hagen and Scotty McDougall, and has gone to an hour draw with Vic Christie.

* * *

BEN MARFUGGI. Newarkers are so few in professional wrestling that locals will hail the début of one of their own, Benny Marfuggi. Benny, twenty-one years old, is of an athletic family.

His father promoted wrestling bouts at Laurel Garden three years ago, his older brother, Phil, was a professional wrestler of note until he turned to practising law, and his younger brother was a great football player at East Orange until he broke a leg.

Now Benny is prepared to turn pro and should be a welcome figure in the list of out-of-towners who have been prominent in the Laurel mat shows. Marfuggi was wrestling coach at Temple University.

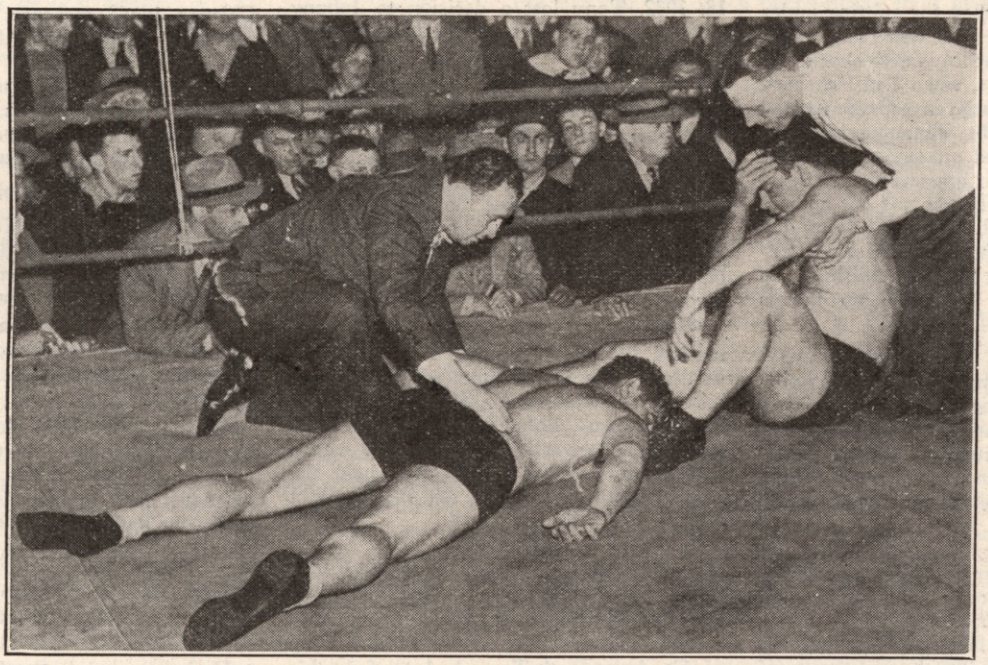
NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE defeat of Orville Brown by Jim Londos in St. Louis recently, the third victory for Jemmy in their series, spiked the report that had emanated from New York that Londos had decided to drop the St. Louis match to Orville and make him the champion, in which event the Greek Adonis would retire and manage Brown. The report was broadcast as a result of the failure of the Eastern promoters to play ball with Londos by putting up $100,000 for him, as per their agreement, in order to have a new champion crowned.

Londos' change of heart apparently had come, according to my informant, when he learned that Chief Little Wolf, who was to have been crowned champion by Lou Daro and Toots Mondt in the California tournament, was defeated in jig time. That made Londos still the outstanding figure and as a result, it was decided by Jack Curley to pit Londos against Wolf in a Milk Fund wrestling bout in New York in July, the winner to be matched with Ed Don George in another championship match in August.

If that programme goes through, it means that Londos will retain his title in his match with Wolf, for which he will receive a handsome guarantee, and then will clash with George if Paul Bowser, Curley and Ray Fabiani, the eastern promoters who want a new title-holder, will put up enough money to make it worth while for Jemmy to take the gamble with George. However, it won't be any easy task for George to depose Londos.



This is called wrestling! Here we see the result of some butting, kicking, punching, biting and what not in the bout between George Zaharias and Gino Garibaldi during their recent match. Both were completely knocked out. Zaharias is holding his head and Gino is fast asleep on the mat.

* * *

DOC ALMY, Boston's leading fistic and wrestling light, sends us the following:

As usual, the wrestling business has been booming in Boston, the city seeing from two to four shows a week, the majority of them being financial successes. May 14, Champion Ed Don George settled George Zaharias at the Garden, two out of three falls. The champion took the first in 9:53, lift and slam, and the second, really the third fall, in 12 minutes with the same hold. The second fall went to Zaharias in 6:34, body press.

The big blow-off came at the Garden, May 25, when Danno O'Mahoney, the Irish matman, being groomed for a "shot" at Champion George, took Gus Sonnenberg in 27:17 with a body press. Sonny was trying his flying tackle stuff and guessed wrong when Danno, seeing him coming, dropped on to his own back and met Gus' rush with a mighty kick with both feet to the midriff. Sonny was shot into the air and came down with such a thud as to shake most of the fight out of him. In the second round Gus lasted but 1 min. 38 sec., the referee stopping the affair and giving the fall and match to O'Mahoney. It was a clean win for the Irish boy who, during the long first round, the greatest distance he has yet travelled, had all the better of the going. Gus was clearly licked, and no fooling about it. O'Mahoney's next will be Henri DeGlane of France, who is expected to give the Celt a harder tussle. Danno, however, who has wonderfully improved since his first appearance here, is liked as the probable winner.

* * *

A few weeks ago, as set forth in the last issue of THE RING, Ted Germaine, a South Boston light-heavyweight wrestler, took all kinds of liberties with Jack Dempsey, referee of a "royal" at the Mechanics Building, dumping him into the resin with a lift and slam, and then shoving him out of the ring. Though Dempsey received more money than did the sixteen matmen in the show lumped together, he promptly resigned, so for his next "royal" the promoter—Charley Gordon—had to find someone else for the next job. He secured Jack Sharkey, and on May 21 the "Squire" took his chance in a "royal," one of the combatants being Germaine. Such affairs in Boston being staged by rounds, everything went along O. K. for the first two stanzas. In the third, with Germaine and another left in the field, Ted had his man down and was throttling him when Sharkey rushed in and pulled him off. True to his word—an announcement made prior to the bout, if Sharkey put his hands on him he would serve him as he did Dempsey—Germaine sprang to his feet and immediately launched a flying tackle. It took Sharkey off his feet. Both up, Ted fed him a second, again downing the ex-champion. The wrestler tried a third, but this time Jack met him with a right-hand uppercut that took him in the chest. It shunted Germaine into a ring corner, but failed to put him out. As Ted came to his feet, Jack closed in on him and the pair had it rough and tumble all over the ring, the going being about fifty-fifty. Seconds, ushers and police poured into the ring and finally, after a heavy steel ring buckle had been smashed, letting down the ropes, peace was restored for the moment.

* * *

As Germaine was being assisted, escorted and pulled out of the ring, he turned on Sharkey and remarked, "Well, I downed you, didn't I, you big bum!" That was as a match to powder. Jack leaped from the platform, got *(Continued on page 62)*

Tony, the Miracle Man

(Continued from page 21)

crowd might have voted the whole thing a cheat, on the impulse of the moment. But there was no room for argument as to the genuine nature of the knockout. Singer staggered to his feet just after the fatal "ten" had been uttered, collapsed again, and was carried, a limp heap, to his corner.

Benny Leonard, who was at the ringside, expressed his belief that Singer had never recovered entirely from McLarnin's bombardment of his chin, and this opinion was freely shared by the newspaper critics. Even Tony himself was astonished at the ease with which he had dropped the champ.

Yet, setting aside the argument regarding the "softening" of Singer by McLarnin, it should not be forgotten that a seemingly light punch to the jaw may have devastating effects on the receiver, supposing that it lands directly on the nerve "button." Many a boxer has been blamed for quitting under such conditions, when he was really helpless as a result of that tiny nerve shock.

Back in the nineties, when Ted Pritchard knocked out Dick Burge in a match for the English middleweight championship, the latter went down and out under a crossed right to the chin that apparently had little force behind it. Yet Burge was out as cold as a frozen mackerel, and to his dying day maintained that he never knew what happened after receiving the light finishing rap on the point—until he woke up in his corner.

* * *

ANOTHER singular affair was witnessed by the writer in Chicago years ago, which started the fight fans off on an altogether unjustified "did he quit?" controversy. The principals were Young Kenny, whose real name was Konnepaski, and Perry Queenan. Neither ever attained title honors, but were listed in the first flight of lightweight championship contenders. Noted for his powers of endurance and infinite capacity for standing up under punishment, Kenny had been endowed by the sport writers with the sobriquet of "the Iron Pole."

His record was a long and formidable one, thickly studded with victories gained via the knockout route. Queenan classed as a smart boxer and good ring general, without any particular prowess, so far as hitting went. John Hertz, the present financial magnate, then a Chicago promoter, matched Kenny and Queenan for a wind-up bout at his American Athletic Club.

Kenny started out in his usual aggressive fashion during the first round, with Queenan on the defensive. Early in the second, as Kenny rushed in, Queenan sidestepped and drove a left hook to the jaw. The blow looked like a mere tap on the chip, but—down went the Iron Pole, and he lay on the floor, with glazed eyes, until counted out.

The crowd yelled its disapprobation, believing Kenny had quit. But he had done nothing of the sort. Queenan's hook had simply located the "button" and pulled down the curtains for his opponent.

But Kenny kept right on scrapping despite this setback, and turned the tables on Queenan by whipping his former conqueror decisively, and was a leading box-office attraction for many years.

How tough he was may be guessed from the fact that, when warned by physicians that he was ruptured, he went into the ring two days later and kayoed Jack Sullivan. He underwent an operation, retired, did a successful comeback a year later, retired again in 1910, and in 1920 was back in the ring. He fought for two years, scoring nine victories, four by the kayo route, and then hung up the gloves and called it a day.

Yet this abnormally hard physical wonder failed to rally on at least one occasion during his spectacular milling service from the effects of a blow that only seemed to brush his jaw!

* * *

LESS than a year after his victory over Singer, Canzoneri flattened Jack (Kid) Berg at Chicago in a battle for the junior welter championship of the world, then held by the Briton. On July 18, 1932, Tony lost a decision to Johnny Jaddick, and with it went the junior welter crown.

This last acquirement was rather on the mythical diadem order at best, and Canzoneri cared little about it, so little, indeed, that it may be deduced from a statement made in a press interview published shortly after he beat Berg, that Tony was glad to get rid of it. For he said frankly to the reporter that he wanted to lose it, as he was only interested in retaining his lightweight throne.

Still, his brief reign as junior welter king marked him down as the rare possessor of three titles in his time, when added to his feats of winning the feather and lightweight crowns. Bob Fitzsimmons ranks as the only fighter who could boast of such a distinction, as Bob in his day held the middleweight, light-heavy, and heavyweight titles.

* * *

CANZONERI'S first lightweight title defense took place in 1931, when he defeated Kid Chocolate in fifteen sizzling rounds. The Bon Bon was then at the top of his form, and Tony had to fight his prettiest every inch of the way, but finally slowed down the Havana Flash, and was awarded a clean-cut victory. In the same year Jack Berg faced Canzoneri in a lightweight title combat, but was beaten after fifteen rounds of strenuous battling.

Chocolate again tried his luck with him in 1933, but on this occasion Tony cut the combat short by kayoing the Kid in the second round.

Despite his asserted indifference to the junior welter title, Canzoneri took another fling in that direction shortly after kayoing Chocolate, and regained it by whipping the then holder, Battling Shaw. He ran up a brilliant list of victories in this year, yet it was on June 23, 1933, that his highly-prized lightweight title passed from his possession to that of Barney Ross, the spectacular young Chicagoan.

It was a ten-round affair, and so close that the referee picked Canzoneri as winner, while the two judges voted for Ross. Chicago being Ross's home town, it was no wonder that, taking the referee's preference into consideration, Canzoneri's numerous Eastern admirers should conclude that their favorite had been cheated.

Nearly three months later they met in a return match at the Polo Grounds here, and again victory perched upon the Ross standards, after a give-and-take gruelling mill that was all furious action from bell to bell. This time a referee and one judge pronounced Ross winner, with the other judge dissenting.

But even Tony's admirers admitted that the Chicagoan was all that his Western cohorts claimed for him, though even then some of them insisted that Canzoneri had won. When later the Gotham sports saw Ross deprive McLarnin of his welter crown, and lose it to Jimmy by a narrow margin in a return trial, they agreed that Barney was worthy to rank with the great champions of the past.

Canzoneri, of course, has never lost faith in his ability to ultimately defeat Ross, and having reascended the lightweight throne by virtue of his Ambers victory, is more confident than ever that he can take the Chicago boy's measure. When Ross resigned the lightweight title on the plea that he could no longer make the weight and do himself justice, his action was regarded by many fight followers as merely a subterfuge to clear the way for the third welter title bout with McLarnin.

* * *

WIN or lose with McLarnin, it seems certain that Ross will again fight Tony for the lightweight crown. What would be the outcome of such a bout?

A difficult prophecy that! Logically, Ross should repeat. But logic was all against Canzoneri beating Ambers—and see what happened!

A truly great little gladiator, this Tony Canzoneri, a fighter to the backbone, and a man every inch of him in private as well as public life. He is one of the none too numerous members of the pugilistic brigade who has lived discreetly, saved his money, looked after the welfare of parents and family, and has no reason to fear that the wolf of poverty will ever come snarling to his door.

He is a constant attendant at boys' clubs, takes a great interest in the doings of the amateurs, having thought to the bygone days in New Orleans when, as a kid, he received the warm encouragement and good advice from bantam champ Pete Herman which started him on the road to fame and fortune.

And do these young New Yorkers like Tony? Like isn't the word. They just worship him, not only for his ring achievements, but because of his kindliness, his readiness to help and tutor them, and his general Good-Samaritan attitude toward the world of boyhood, whose inhabitants are the most sensitive people on earth in their reaction to praise or criticism.

WE have decorated all the walls of Jack Dempsey's new restaurant with photographs of all the famous fighters, past and present. Let us do that for your restaurant or club house, either in sizes 8 by 10 inches or 11 by 14, the latter being the size bought by Dempsey.
Let us know your needs. We will send you an estimate. Any fighter, past or present, champion or topnotcher, in our vast collection. Address
Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden
New York City

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WELL, you asked for it, so here goes. Are fighters sissies? Are they killers?

First of all, what do we mean by killers? Do we mean they actually, to the best of their ability, try to kill a man? I think not. Why? Because the success of the pugilist does not depend on the death of his opponent. If it did, and these contests were permissible, then I would say, yes, they would be killers, because then it would become a case of "Do or be done by."

Don't think for a moment that Dempsey did not want to hurt his opponents. I don't mean in a sense to maim him—but he wanted to incapacitate his man to the extent of making him quit.

His livelihood depended on winning, and he did this in the best way he knew how. His tears for Miske? He says in the first place he liked Miske. Well, isn't that enough to bring tears when you realize that Miske was doomed and that his fight with Dempsey may even have hastened the end! I'm not blaming Dempsey. If Miske was too ill, he should not have fought. I don't think, on the other hand, that Miske's deed was any more heroic than the man who insures himself for, say, twenty thousand dollars and then jumps out of a window so that his family is provided for because he believes he is a failure.

Letting Brennan stay around awhile before being human and then putting the finishing touches, is another story. Don't make me believe that one. Dempsey wasn't in any too good shape for that scrap and Brennan was not figured to give him much of a tussle. Yet he did, and when old, decrepit Brennan began to tire, Dempsey knocked him out. I also think the bum ear that Brennan gave to Dempsey may have hastened the appearance of the killer instinct.

Willard? Well the puffed face of Willard that Mr. Daniels describes was not inflicted by any soft-hearted human. Dempsey was a highly-trained, nervous, fierce-fighting machine. He was tied to his corner, so to speak, and when that bell rang, Jack was hell turned loose. In the opposite corner stood the object between him and riches, fame, his career. It was his opportunity.

Dempsey thought of nothing else than to batter Willard to the canvas. The handiest means was the best.

Have a look at the picture illustrating the article. Does Dempsey look like he's going to tap the big boy! No, sirree. Look at the momentum being picked up in Dempsey's legs, his arms!

The left is about to crash against Willard's jaw. The right will arc around for another, and so on. A man in action does not think of circumstances nor does he feel the hurts he is suffering. A few hours later, perhaps, the jaws get stiff and the eye may puff. Only after he has had time to think and feel does he find out just what happened.

Next Mr. Daniel wants to know if this is any worse than the widow thrown out on the sidewalk. The savings bank management. The cornering of wheat to raise the price and hence the price of bread. My answer is, not a bit.

But what business is not run just like that? Why is it that a man can see a boxing show at four dollars tops and next week find that the price of admission is as much as the tops of last week? See what I mean? Supply and demand. Any dealer will tell you that the customer makes the price.

You see it's all a matter of how one looks at it. If one believes he is right and justified, he can develop the killer instinct.

Look at the last world's unpleasantness. Do you suppose that any of the nations thought they were in the wrong? Do you suppose they thought for a minute that they were killers?

Would you believe that the war lords could develop ten million of them? Yet they did!

Look at the world today. Hitler has a purge and kills off the people who do not agree with him. The communist is outraged, yet several months later they have the same kind of a purge. How come? It's justified, it's to save the cause. I'm an innocent bystander, and therefore can say in my opinion both were killers.

We are all killers and must be, to survive. We become killers in a sense when we eat the string beans Mr. Daniel talks about. How about the feelings of a string bean? Mr. Daniel says that Dempsey would probably faint if he had to cut off a steak. That may be so, but Dempsey never hung his two hundred pounds of beef on his bones with puffed wheat. Put the steak on Dempsey's plate in attractive form and I'll wager Jack will do all right by himself.

Make Jack hungry enough and he will dispense with his knife. We can go a step farther and say that if Jack were terribly hungry, he might even eat raw meat.

Why is it that hungry fighters always make the best fighters and are the killers? Because they are hungry and have to eat. Simple. Once they become well fed and bloated, they become the meat for the killers who are hungry. This killing thing goes back a long way. Darwin's survival of the fittest. Nietzsche's Superman. Plato's Republic. And they were all right. Yes, sir, big fish always eat little fish.

Mr. Daniel says he does not like to see the punch-drunk hulks. Who does? I am glad with Mr. Daniel that this state of affairs is being eliminated. The pugs do not have to go to the post as often as they did and they get better purses, all of which helps. But did you ever see a punch-drunk fight manager? Now there is something that I for one would like to see. Yes, sir, they are the boys who make punch-drunk fighters. Who killed Joe Gans? He who wouldn't hurt a fly.

I don't want to be misunderstood, but Dempsey's restaurant, due to his name, his popularity, etc., will kill off other restaurants. I don't blame Dempsey—that's plain business.

THE RING has prospered many years. It must have public appeal. It must have been a killer, for it killed off other publications of its kind which weren't as good and didn't know how to kill as did THE RING.

It's a great world, and when we say killer instinct we don't mean actual death. There is a difference. For one it means obscurity or, pugilistically speaking, death. For the victor gets the spoils. After all it would be a hell of a place to live in if everyone said, "After you, my dear Alphonse."

OTTO R. DEMPEWOLF,
Brooklyn, New York.

* * *

IN reading your May edition I read where M. Balkind shows that he knows something about boxing when he picked Bob Fitzsimmons as the pick of them all. I have written over two hundred articles about boxing in newspapers and magazines. I will give my pick of the ten best heavyweights: (1) Bob Fitzsimmons, (2) Jim Corbett, (3) Jim Jeffries, (4) Tom Sharkey, (5) Jack Dempsey, (6) Gene Tunney, (7) Peter Jackson, (8) Jack Johnson, (9) John L. Sullivan, (10) Sam Langford.

Bob Fitzsimmons was the hardest hitter, gamest, coolest, trickiest and the most gentlemanly of them all. He gave away weight and youth to his opponents, only to win in the end. He outslugged sluggers and outboxed boxers. Fitz is the only fighter to win three world's championships.

Fitzsimmons was idle two years before he fought Jim Jeffries and hadn't taken, even then, his training seriously. He was thirty-seven years old, weighed 162 pounds to Jeffries' 220. Yet Fitz battered Jeffries around the head until he busted both hands. And he fought him the second time at the age of forty-one and again battered the hulk of Jeffries and defeated himself through his own superhuman efforts. A great fighter, but lived too early.

TOM BEVAN,
Wilkes-Barre Twp., Pa.

* * *

OUT here in South Africa it takes a long time for THE RING from America to arrive. I have just received December's number, and I notice you have included Laurie Stevens in your lightweight list, which I think he fully justifies. He severely thrashed Wesley Ramey here.

GIVIN ROWE, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Ring's Game Cock

(Continued from page 26)

So the match was made for the big civic auditorium and a packed house greeted the kids.

Milwaukee, always a German city, which had gone strong for Ad Wolgast, a Teuton, and now went even stronger for the Austrian boy, bet the limit on Ertle, the forces being led by John Morganroth, who never did quit taking the Burman money that poured into the town from Chicago and elsewhere. John was the town's biggest bookmaker then, and always had a big blackboard with the bets posted.

Outside of the first round, in which Burman made a fine showing, it was Ertle's easiest fight and he fairly galloped home with the money.

Johnny was always the source of much wonder, not alone to the ring critics, but to the general public as well. He was only 4 feet 11 inches in height, seldom went over 112 pounds in weight, yet had a chest measurement of 38 inches, a 16-inch neck and a waist of 23. While he liked to wear expensive clothes, he could always be fitted in the boys' department of any clothing store. He liked to spend money but was a bit frugal withal. His favorite trick was to get on a street-car with his manager and suddenly seize Mike's hat and toss it out of the window.

One day on Sixth Avenue in New York City he found a young chap of about his own age who didn't have enough clothing on to protect him from the chilly wind. Without bothering to find out who the lad might be, he had him barbered, took him into a nearby store and outfitted him completely. He wound up that jaunt by sending the boy home with a five-dollar bill in his pocket. That was one of Johnny's favorite stunts.

* * *

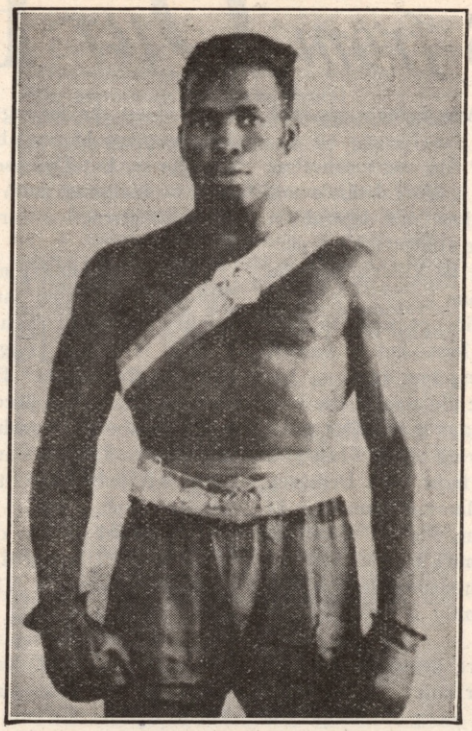
WHILE Johnny had some expensive jewelry, he was never loud in his tastes and dressed modestly. He was a bit touchy about his size but while boxing in Philadelphia and being much exploited by the papers, he thought it a lot of fun when fond parents brought their offspring around to his hotel and compared them in size with this grand little fighting chap.

And nothing seemed to amuse him more than to find that often children of 12 and 13 years of age were brought in who measured up considerably bigger than did this little bunch of ring dynamite. He was delighted to note the pleasure of the parents at this but didn't want the public at large laughing at him and his pint size.

Now Johnny has a fine farm near Watertown, Minn., fifty miles from his old home town of St. Paul, which is well fitted with buildings, in one of the richest dairy countries of the land. This was the place he bought for his parents after his first big trip East. But Johnny is in business in Stillwater, Minn., with a big billiard room and a fine bar, and is one of the most popular figures of that sector.

* * *

JOHNNY was thirty-eight years old March 21, weighs 170 pounds now and is married and has a fine family of two children. He makes a hobby of raising game



Young Herrera, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of Cuba.

cocks and can talk pedigrees of his birds as long as anyone will listen. But he is still the same dressy little chap he always was but can no longer be fitted in the boys' department.

He still likes to go to boxing shows and makes it a point to mingle with "the gang" whenever the opportunity offers. Despite his long record of battling with the greatest of a great day of little chaps, he is not punched up noticeably, has no tin ears and is totally scarless. There were no headgears or mouth-pieces of a protective nature in his day and they didn't use anything but an ordinary cup. But they did use bicycle tape in those days and a fighter went into the ring with weapons that were little short of brass knuckles in effectiveness.

In a recent chat Johnny expressed the opinion that this is too "soft" an age to develop great fighters. "It's either too hot or it's too cold for 'em now," he said. "We trained better and harder than they do now. It was nothing at all to do ten or twelve miles on the road and we worked at times with about twenty pounds of clothing on, too. And we put in at least eight rounds at gymnasium work before we got to the boxing routine of six or eight rounds a day.

"And in a gymnasium a good fighter picked out the best he could find to work with. The present day boy wants 'mugs' to work with. Often I put in some hot afternoon boxing with Jock Malone, Johnny Dundee, Leach Cross, Willie Ritchie and such good fighters. You could learn a little something from each of them. And they didn't aim to knock your head off, either."

Johnny is not a speed maniac on the road but he likes to drive good automobiles and is in such financial independence that he can afford them. But he has to have a stilt-like arrangement fitted to the machines so that his stubby little legs can reach the attachments.

Here's one fighter at least who wound up well.

Hopes to Revive Mat Game

(Continued from page 34)

by mighty few. He was with the Los Angeles A.A. for twelve years and turned out more champions that all the other clubs put together. Not a single season went by that one of Walter's pupils wasn't right in there battling successfully for a National title. Often he had two and three, and in 1924 his men won the team title when his middleweight and welterweight finished first and another middleweight and a featherweight finished second.

He is proud of having turned out Russell Vis, now with a big real estate organization in Los Angeles. Vis won the Olympics in Paris in 1924 when George Blake took an astonishingly good boxing team to Europe and cleaned up, some of his stars turning out to be professional champions, notably Jackie Fields and Fidel La Barba. Vis was National welterweight champion for four years and might have held it indefinitely if he hadn't tired of competition and decided to go into business seriously.

* * *

AND it wasn't in wrestling alone that Walter Miller got an athletic education. He came originally from around the Twin Cities district and when he was sprouting out in St. Paul, a young feller had to fight or he couldn't live there. St. Paul has turned out an astonishing number of great boxing men. So it is not surprising to learn that in 1907 Miller was matched to fight Mike Gibbons, who was then also just coming into his own as a great fighter.

They went into the woods once to do battle but sheriffs chased them to cover. Later a similar match on a river boat also fell through for like reason. Ol' John Law was severe in those days of no commissions. So they never met but just the same Miller had the reputation of being a pretty fair sort of a country fighter.

Talk about your gameness! When Walter was a kid he had a shipping clerk job in St. Paul that called for his attention at 7 every morning. Yet before he went to work he took to the road for a few miles of running, then without a change of clothing, put in a day in a stuffy shipping room. When he got through there, he went into a gymnasium for a couple of hours.

Fancy the fighters or any other athletes of this soft age doing any such a routine! They would think such a thing utterly unbelievable.

Miller is not unfamiliar with the business of managing fighters, too. In 1929 and 1930 he had Don McCorkindale and Joe Woods, heavyweights, on a tour of England and South Africa and did well with them. They were not champions in any sense of the word, but Miller had them up where it took champions to lick 'em. And that's something to talk about.

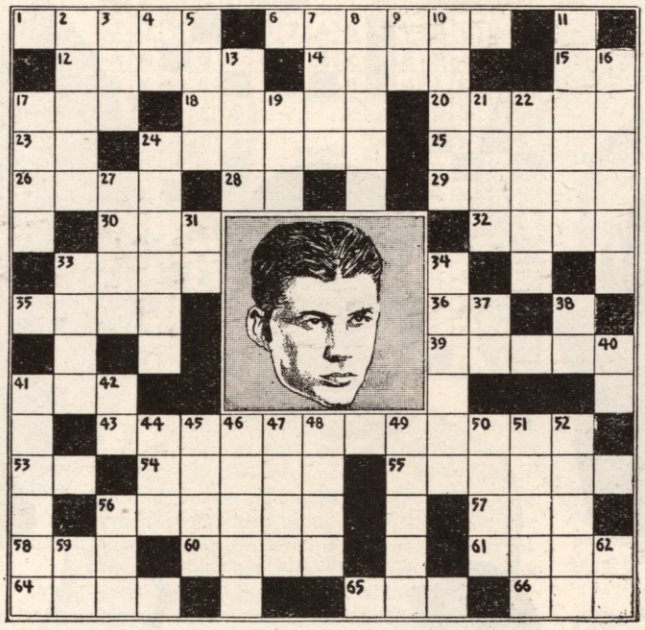
So, all and all, Miller is pretty well equipped for such a comprehensive and ambitious jaunt as he has picked out for himself. He's a likable little chap and can get along anywhere. You'll very likely be hearing a lot of him within the next couple of years.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. He is popularly called . . . . . .
2. His last name.
12. A brush.
14. Sneer.
15. Old Mexico (Abbr.).
17. Glee.
18. Fighter who was known as the Romeo.
20. Worth.
23. An article.
24. This city now claims Vince Dundee.
25. Let out (Pl.)
26. A unit of force.
28. Slow Boxers (Abbr.)
29. It's usually the last inning in a ball game.
30. Note of Guido's scale.
32. Quantity of medicine.
33. When Eddie Kid Wolfe beat him it was his first . . . . . .
35. Place where the Jeffries-Johnson bout took place.
36. Texas Ranger.
39. Globe trotting lightweight from Michigan.
41. Dollings was his last name.
43. This man is the champ of this division.
53. Refusal.
54. Grecian architecture.
55. Thoroughfare.
56. This fighter is . . . . . by birth.
57. Mistake.
58. Australian bird.
60. Junior welter from Connecticut.
61. To auger.
64. Famous Swiss lightweight.
65. This man trains in one.
66. Symbol (Abbr.).



Answers on page 45

VERTICAL

2. Dark hardwood.
3. Arid.
4. To work at.
5. Long time.
7. Partly open; as a door.
8. This "Babe" scored an upset when he beat Ted.
10. Number of rounds it took Brouillard to K.O. Jeby in 1933.
11. Manager of this fistic star.
13. Cut down (Pl.).
16. Spaces between threads.
17. Shade of green.
19. Short punch.
21. Among.
22. Oldtime Russian wrestler.
24. Battling . . . . . .
27. Kind of gas.
31. Like.
33. . . . . Levinsky, manager of the Kingfish.
34. Confined.
37. Sun god.
38. Part of the verb To be.
40. You (Old form).
41. He lost the crown to the man in the sketch.
42. I am.
44. International Doctors Order (Abbr.).
45. Child's puppet.
46. Without moisture (P.T.)
47. A roll.
48. Repeated sound.
49. Short treatise.
50. This man is often compared with the other great Pittsburgh star.
51. Men rewarded for bravery.
52. . . . . McGovern.
56. Play on words.
59. Master (Abbr.)
62. Printer's measure.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 32)

it. So persistent had the argument become that police were called into the ring to remove Lewis' manager on the grounds that he had no license, and it was only after considerable persuasion that Lewis consented to go on with the match for the second fall.

They wrestled for nine minutes, when Lewis scored a fall. Then there was a confused tangle and De Glane was found underneath Lewis, sadly crushed, but his shoulders pinned securely. Referee Tremblay didn't hesitate to give Lewis that fall, thus evening the match. Then came the climax.

De Glane rose to his feet, holding his right arm. He insisted that while he was down, Lewis had bitten him several times. The referee examined the wrist and then the doctor did likewise, and that was followed by a consultation of boxing commissioners, who, quick to take advantage of the situation, declared that Lewis was guilty of foul tactics and disqualified the Strangler. That action enabled the commission to rule De Glane its champion, the world title-holder, and added fuel to the wrestling fire by complicating the championship situation still more.

Needless to say, Lewis and Sandow refused to accept the verdict, and as Lewis had the backing of the National Boxing Commission, there were now three "world champions" in Londos, representing the East; De Glane, "world champion" in Canada only, and Lewis, the N. B. A. title-holder.

Don George soon came back into the championship picture when he took on De Glane in what was advertised as a world match, and when De Glane broke his collar bone George again became the standard bearer. His mentor, Paul Bowser, took full advantage of the new turn of affairs by proclaiming to the world that George was the world, Canadian and New England crown wearer, and thus we had the kaleidoscopic changes in the wrestling horizon. Up to this writing, George has held on to those titles so far as Bowser is concerned.

Now to go back to Lewis and Londos to complete our chain.

In our next chapter, we will discuss the break between Londos and Curley, the return of Lewis into the Eastern Trust fold, and the defeat of Londos by Savoldi.

Bolo Boys Keep Coast Game Going

(Continued from page 27)

here doesn't matter in the least. They tell me he's been fighting for a number of years—seven at least—and that he must be at least twenty-six years old! And to the Filipino mind, this evidently is real old age from the tone of horror with which they speak of it!

Anyway, Jimmy Murray, who despite his Hibernian name is a clever Yiddish lad of vast fighting experience, has him at the moment and is exploiting him skilfully and with vast tact. Jimmy has an office in a Los Angeles business building along with Johnny Samson, who himself is a great importer of these little brown lads. Johnny is one of them himself and thus has an inside track on any American who might want to go to the Islands and take his pick among the many good ones said to be over there, a number that is growing, they claim, by leaps and bounds.

* * *

JOHNNY SAMSON worked with or under Frank Churchill at one time, it is asserted, and through that astute showman came to know something of the high-powered tactics necessary to put over things in the boxing way. At any rate, Johnny stands aces and eights with his own people apparently, for he makes a pilgrimage over the Pacific every so often, looks them over and comes back with the pick of the crop. So he must have something on the rest of those who would try the same thing.

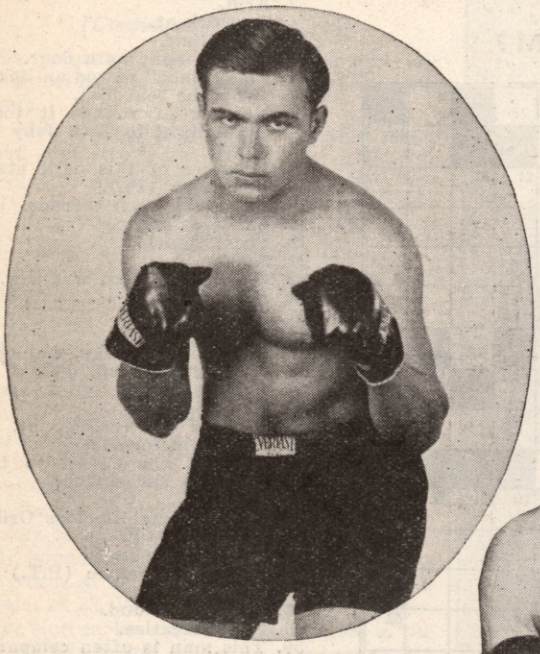
Both Murray and Samson have had some strong talent in their different stables at times and it is said that an occasional contract transfer, often not at all by mutual consent, has created no little discord in the office which they occupy jointly. But such a condition is not apparent on the surface, so it may not be so.

Samson has made a chunk of dough out of these little chaps, but at the same time the little fellows have done the same thing, all of them in the main having been expertly handled.

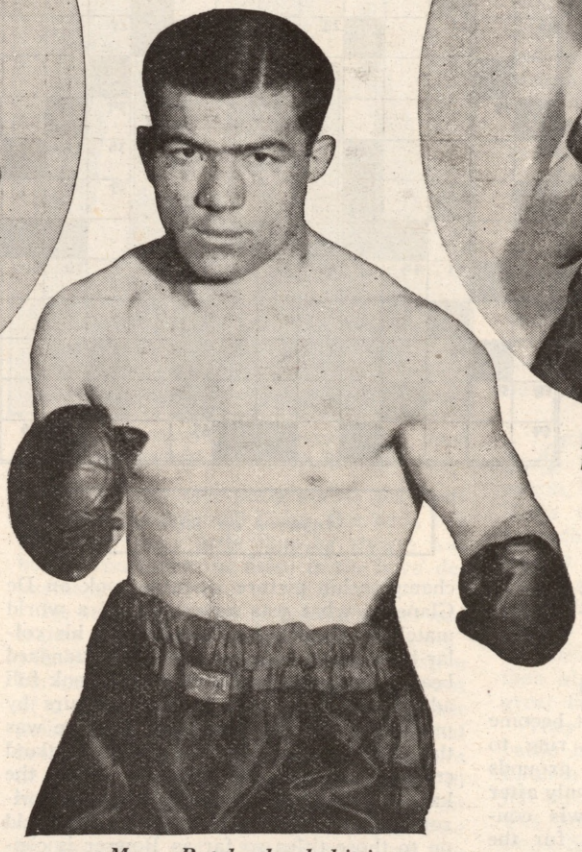
When other cards are sadly lacking there is generally a good Filipino match that can be cooked up and put over to the general joy of the promoter and the boxing fan as well.

In the glorious Southland the Mexicans generally have been accorded top cabin as the staunchest of fight followers, but since the passing of their beloved Bert Colima, they have but a scattered few that they would care to root for, and pay for the privilege.

Fast Stepping Fighters

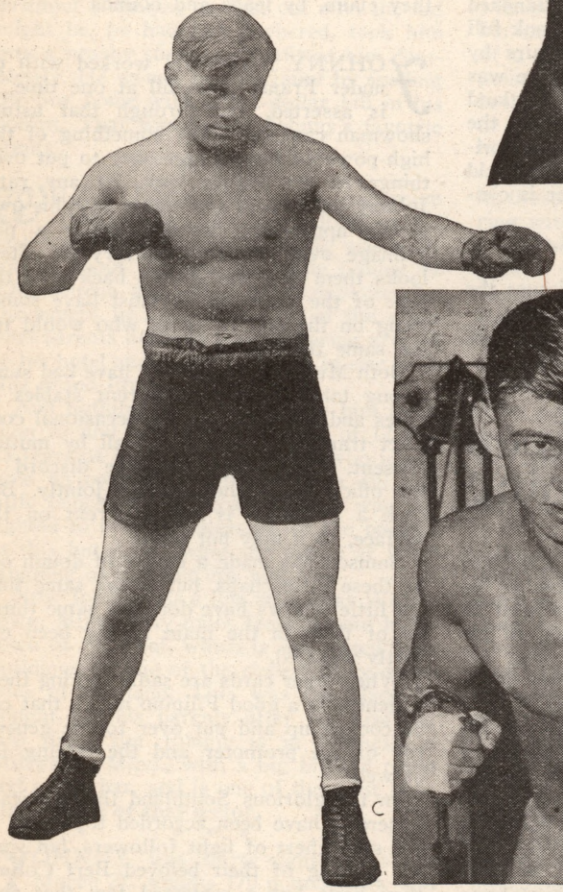


Al Boros, slam-bang heavyweight from Bridgeport, Ct.

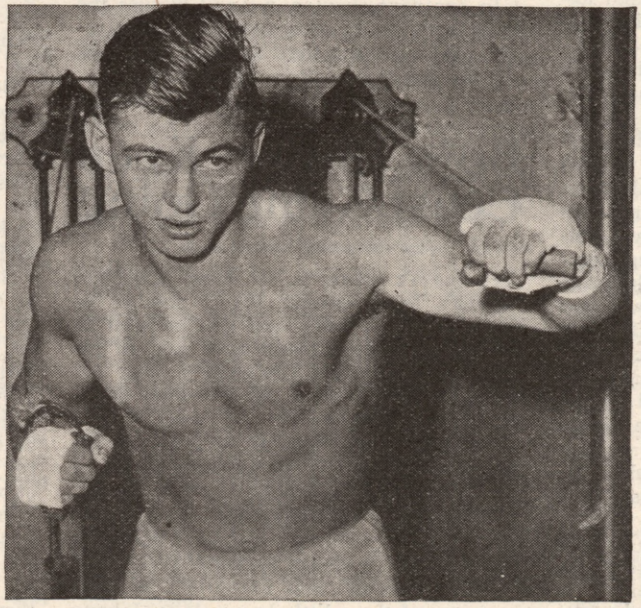


Mose Butch, hard hitting, aggressive featherweight from Pittsburgh.

Buddy McArthur, rugged heavyweight from McKeesport, Pa.



Billy Ketchell, slashing light-heavyweight from Millville, N.J.



Young Rightmire, from Sioux City, Iowa, rapidly climbing the ladder to success in the featherweight ranks.

Al Hamilton, classy Cincinnati featherweight.

The Forgotten Man

(Continued from page 23)

USUALLY, these brawny lads of swat are so accustomed to absorbing punches that they are unable to dole 'em out. Some of 'em look like a million dollars in the gym, but put 'em in when they're playing for keeps, and they blow up higher than a stratosphere balloon.

Two notable cases of this kind were Al Reich and Jack McAuliffe II. There were two guys who looked like they couldn't possibly miss becoming champions. But it would be hard to find two fellows who missed a title farther than they. McAuliffe first broke into the headlines when he was helping Jess Willard prepare for the Floyd Johnson battle.

Sports writers went to see Jess, but came away singing the praises of the Detroit heavy. Came the battle, and McAuliffe was matched in the semi-final against Luis Firpo. Experts were agreed that McAuliffe would cut and slash the crude Argentine product to ribbons. But when tossed in there on his own hook, he was completely at sea.

Firpo bounced him off the boards a few times and had an easy evening scoring a kayo. But put the pair in a gymnasium some place, and Firpo couldn't have touched him with a handful of shot. McAuliffe's future battles were pretty much the same. But as a sparring partner the Detroit heavy was "tops."

Reich's case a few years before was almost identically the same—a champion in the gym, but a third-rater in the ring. I've often wondered why. Both of 'em were marvels of physical perfection, splendid boxers and crackerjack hitters and knew what it was all about, yet were complete failures when thrown in on their own resources.

* * *

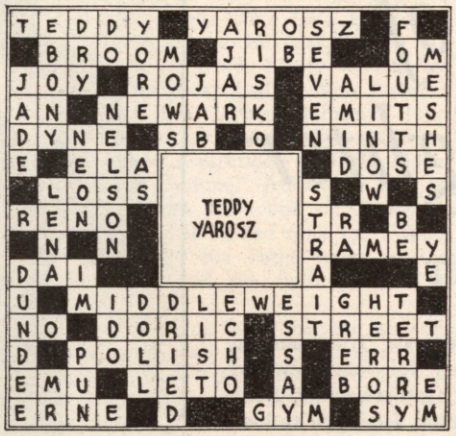
MOST of the "big money" guys of the 24-carat era had their favorite spar mates. Dempsey had the aforementioned Burke and Tate. Tunney's favorite was Harold Mays, a good-looking fellow from Newark. Gene must have paid him liberally because he always turned up when the marine had a battle in the offing.

Sharkey's "good man Friday" was poor unfortunate Johnny Grosso who was murdered in a gang fight a few years back. Sharkey paid him $2,500, traveling expenses and board and room for twenty-two days' work when getting in shape for the Stribling battle. I can name you several fellows that don't make that much in a year.

It's not a bad life for a simple soul whose main stock-in-trade is an ability to "take it" and like it, but it all simmers down to the point where this line from an old railroad songs hits the point exactly: The hours ain't long, the pay ain't bad, but the work is Hell."

Yessir! These human shock-absorbers were, and still are, a great old gang. Most of 'em never won any prize for manly beauty and, as a general rule, their knowledge of Shakespeare was decidedly limited, but for a bunch of happy-go-lucky, free-hearted fellows, a champion's training staff retinue will usually furnish more than its quota.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 43



JOE LOUIS, the Detroit Black Demon, is about as hard on his sparring mates as was Dempsey. In fact, no fighter in recent years pummeled and manhandled his training camp aides as did Louis for the Carnera fight. Perhaps it was all part of the ballyhoo but, publicity stunt or not, the fact remains that almost all of Joe's sparring partners were so roughed that Lou Brix, former assistant trainer of Gene Tunney, had a tough job keeping up the proper supply of help at Pompton Lakes.

There was Larry Johnson, a Negro who used to be quite a belter himself. He faced Louis one day in camp and it didn't take long before he found his legs going rubbery and he had to call it a day after Louis socked him with a terrific right to the body and a short right-hand uppercut landed on the chin. Then they brought out Tiger Henderson of Hartford, Conn., to give Louis a workout, and the Tiger soon found himself sprawling on all fours. A right, darting curve collided with the left side of Henderson's face near the mouth, and tossed him clear across the ring. Then followed a quick right to the jaw and the poor Tiger pitched over on his ear and cried quits.

Of course that kind of manhandling of a sparring partner is repulsive to most fighters, especially if they have any standing in the fistic community, but in the case of Dempsey, Louis and others whose socking powers must be advertised for purposes of gathering in the shekels at the gate, there is some excuse.

* * *

I HAD a talk not long ago with a fellow who travelled around the country with Jack Dempsey when the Manassa Mauler was a swashbuckling warrior, fighting and eating when the opportunity presented itself. The old boy, now a bruised and battered fellow with his days of usefulness far behind him, still grins and his chest swells with pardonable pride as he tells how Jack used to hammer and batter him about in training camp jousts. So in addition to being a dutiful, plodding and patient soul, I'd say that there is hardly a more loyal fellow in the world than some guy who earned his meat and bread by the sweat of his brow and the blood of his nose in some pugilistic champion's training camp arena.

Almost without fail, their fondest memory is their lacings that they took at the hands of "de champ."

More power to 'em, these bruised, forgotten men of boxing—the humble sparring partner.

The Big Bad Blonde

(Continued from page 33)

travels around with him, taking an avid interest in all his matches. Once, Billie confesses, she became so wrought up during a match that she hit one of Marshall's panners over the head with a pop bottle in her excitement!

Marshall and Billy have an adorable little golden headed boy, named Marshall, Jr. The young heir, who is an undisputed idol wherever he goes, is just 20 months old but he is a little man who has had a busy life. Marshall and Billie take him with them everywhere they go and Master Blackstock can boast of having been even to night clubs in various cities all over the country. Billie says little Marshall won't be a wrestler, but Marshall, Senior says he will.

* * *

BLACKSTOCK hails from Atlanta, Georgia. He was a professional football player and a boxer before he entered the wrestling game. He started his boxing career at the age of 13, but when he was knocked out by the late Young Stribling, he decided boxing wasn't his line and he turned to wrestling. During his wrestling career he has met all the topnotchers and has given them all a merry show.

Marshall is a restless person. He always likes to be on the go. He often wrestles five times a week, and travels from 1500 to 1800 miles some weeks. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing. Like the majority of grapplers he nominates that grand old man of wrestling, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, as the greatest wrestler in the game since Gotch.

He's a swell fellow, Marshall Blackstock. If all his booers knew him as he is out of the arena, I feel sure that their boos and hisses wouldn't ring so loud and long, for Blackstock is the genial sort of person that everyone should like. He's good-natured, has a keen sense of humor, is devoted to his wife and little boy and is an all-round good scout, even is he is, in the squared circle, just a great big meanie from the South.

A CORRECTION

Angelo Musso, of Texas, writes to inform THE RING that he never fought George Murla, hence could not have been stopped by him.

A New Group

Owing to many requests from wrestling readers of **The Ring**, we have decided to place seven current stars in an extra group and these are now ready at the low price of 7 for $2.00. This added group to our photographs includes **the Irish Free State star, Danno O'Mahoney; the great Indian wrestler, Little Chief Wolf; the Afghan stars, Ghoofar Khan and his brother Ayub; Dr. Henry Fields; Hans Kampfer, the German strong man, and Alphone Bisignano, the leading Italian heavyweight.**

Send a money order for $2.00 to **THE RING BOOK SHOP, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Ave., N. Y. City** and we will send these seven pictures, size 6 by 8 inches on fine, glossy paper.

Veteran Recalls Deeds of Great Fighter

By ED W. SMITH

HAVING received several requests from mutual friends in the Eastern territory for some news of that famous old-timer of the featherweights, Solly Smith, within the last six months, I decided to look up that old-timer at the first good opportunity. During my sojourn in the southland of California, I had never happened to run upon Solly, but I was much interested in him and his present condition because I had seen him whip Johnny Griffin in Roby, Ind., one night 'way back in 1893 in what stuck out in my mind as one of the most sensational victories of ring history.

Though Solly was born in Los Angeles, few of the present-day fans remembered him, and even of those interested in the boxing game, indeed, but few even recalled the name. But I finally learned that he had been living in Culver City, a close-in suburb of the City of Angels. Tommy Ryan, famous old-time middleweight and one of the world's greatest fighters, had lived in Palms, immediately adjacent, up to a short time ago, so when it happened that I was in that neighborhood to pay a visit to Tommy, I made inquiries about Solly.

To my astonishment, I learned that Solly Smith had passed on in August of 1933 and, although he was one of the greatest boxers ever turned out of the Golden State and at one time was recognized as having won the featherweight title through a twenty-round victory over George Dixon in San Francisco in 1907, there had been scarcely a mention of his death in any of the newspapers.

This I considered a remarkable thing considering the brilliance of the record the young battler had hung up almost from the start of his career. He and Tommy Ryan were warm friends and spent a great deal of time together. Ryan's hobby was raising roses and his little estate in Palms was one of the show places of the district. Culver City is where the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are located and in which thousands of persons are employed in the various lines in the movie industry.

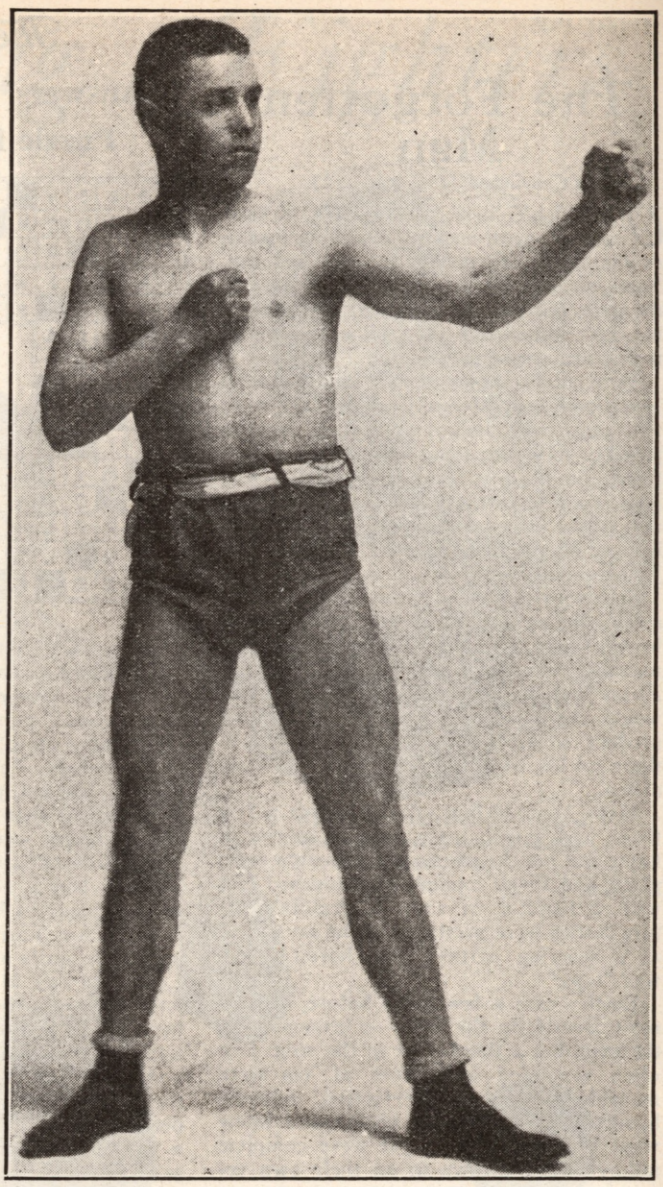
* * *

SOLLY G. SMITH came of a large family and was survived by his mother of ninety-one, five sisters, all of them married, and four brothers, Alonzo, Seward, Isaiah and Charles, all of them in comfortable circumstances. One of the brothers married into the "Lucky" Baldwin family and during his pleasant life after he had quit the ring in 1899, Solly wanted for nothing, being always a hard and willing worker around his brother's various and far-flung properties.

He was fifty-eight when he passed on and died in his sleep from a heart ailment from which he had suffered for several years and which finally brought about his absolute retirement.

If you think they don't start them young out on the Pacific Coast, or did in those days, it may be mentioned that Solly was only fourteen when he had his first real ring engagement. This was in 1891 with Dan Mahoney in Los Angeles, and he knocked his man out in fifteen rounds.

It was then that he attracted the attention of Zick Abrams, a San Francisco sportsman who assumed his management. So highly did Zick regard his young charge that he drew no lines



Solly Smith, great featherweight of thirty years ago.

at all but immediately matched him with the best that could be found at that time. He knocked out that terrific puncher, Dal Hawkins, in fifteen rounds in 1892, settled the fate of Dan Daly in three rounds, drew with that ancient little gladiator, George ("Deacon") Siddons, in a terrific battle of fifty-six rounds at the old California club where so many great battles of years ago were waged, and then slew that tremendous little giant, Johnny Van Heest, in fourteen rounds.

All of these battles were fought in San Francisco and Smith was at once hailed as the coming lad of the smaller divisions. He weighed only 118 pounds then and, strangely, never got much bigger, although in his latter years of fighting he got up as high as 124, but never beyond that.

* * *

IT was World's Fair year in Chicago, 1893, that Abrams brought Solly to Chicago on the trail of a fight for the title with George Dixon, the "Little Chocolate" of boxing, who generally was regarded as practically unbeatable. He boxed a six-round no-decision bout with Frankie McHugh in Chicago and finished far ahead of this local opponent. The late Dominick O'Malley, a sort of stormy petrel from New Orleans and a gambler of high courage, was running the Roby A. C. at the time. This was a rambling big arena just over the Indiana state line and but a few miles from Chicago.

There, in defiance of the Indiana governor's wishes, he ran a number of finish fights, but Dominick was safe for a long time inasmuch as the state had no laws that could be brought to bear.

But late in 1893, when George Lavigne and Young Griffo were slated for a finish battle that attracted international attention, the exasperated Governor called out the militia and that was the last of the Roby A. C.

Anyway, in July of that year, Smith was matched with Johnny Griffin, known as the "Braintree Lad" and regarded as one of the very best feathers of that day and age—a great little fellow. Perhaps it was because I was just breaking into the game at the time and was impressionable, that I always regarded that battle as one of the greatest I ever saw. It went only six rounds and was, if I remember correctly, a semi-windup to the battle between Peter Maher and Val Flood, an Australian heavyweight.

During the first five rounds the clever Griffin had fairly and squarely picked the hard-hitting Solly to bits and pieces. Solly was a bloody smear going into the sixth round and his chances looked to be about one in a hundred of ever pulling that contest out of a mighty hot fire.

But Solly was one of the gamest kids ever known and, early in the sixth round, slashed over Griffin's guard with a sweeping right. The blow caught Griffin on the mouth and, like a butcher's cleaver, seemed to smash its way right through into Griffin's body. Sensational, no less!

Johnny fell forward on his face and never moved a muscle during Referee George Siler's count. Indeed, it was several hours afterwards before Griffin knew exactly what had happened. But it was the turning point of his career and, though he fought some afterwards, never was the same old "Braintree Lad."

* * *

THAT victory gave Solly Smith and Zick Abrams entry into the East, and in September of the same 1893, he battled George Dixon, then at his peak. Dixon had just knocked out Jack Skelly in the big three-night fistic carnival in New Orleans during which Jim Corbett dethroned John L. Sullivan and Jack McAuliffe wiped out the lightweight aspirations of Billy Myer, the "Streator Cyclone." Abrams is said to have bet a chunk of dough on Smith to beat Dixon, and it looked rosy for a time, but Solly broke his right wrist in the seventh round and the fight had to be called off.

Solly went along with varying success but undefeated until 1897. He took a flyer across the Big Pond in 1896 to get an eight-round victory over Willie Smith, then one of the best of the British aspirants. He returned and ran into his first serious snag, a twenty-five-round draw with one of the fastest and smoothest workers of the age, Tommy White of Chicago. Tommy dazzled Solly with his speed and peppery punching and the Los Angeles boy was lucky to pull out with an even break.

A short time after that, however, he redeemed himself with a twenty-five-round victory over the hardy Oscar Gardner and then returned to San Francisco and boxed there, in 1897, for the first time since his departure five years before. He trimmed Johnny Griffin in seven rounds and then got a clean-cut victory over George Dixon in twenty rounds.

They boxed at 120 pounds and Smith's people immediately claimed the featherweight title for him but the Dixon-Tom O'Rourke party insisted that the true poundage for the class was 118 and there the matter rested. In 1898, Solly returned East and again ran into that terrible Tommy White snag, another twenty-five-round draw resulting at Coney Island after another desperate encounter.

* * *

SOON after that Solly met up with that tough little Irisher, Dave Sullivan, in the same ring, and this time snapped a bone in his right arm. That seemed to settle Solly's career, for although he fought for a year or so after that, he had lost the best that was in him, finally deciding that he would hang them up.

Tommy Ryan, who was Solly's pal and who helped him in many's the corner during some of the Los Angeles boy's hardest battles, paid him a great tribute when I talked with him.

"Solly never was accorded his true place in the boxing world," Tommy told me. "Not only was he one of those rarities of the game, a great boxer who was a great hitter, but he was well-mannered and entirely unassuming, and a chap who never let his climb to fame interfere in any way with his cordial relationship with those he knew before that. In a boxing way, he had everything that a real champion could be called upon to show, and was especially keen with his brain in tight spots, a mighty fast thinker and a great executor of every trick known to the game."

Chief Little Wolf's Defeat

THE California wrestling tournament which was to have crowned a champion to take the place of Jim Londos, who was suspended by the Coast Commission and likewise by the New York Board in conformity with their mutual understanding, has come to an end. And all because the man who was scheduled to win the California crown, Chief Little Wolf, killed his own goose by taking a tumble out of the ring on Decoration Day in Los Angeles, a fall that not only cost him probable victory but also the chance to come East and to force the issue with Londos in a world heavyweight championship bout.

Fortunately, however, the victim's mentors were able to prove to Londos that it would be to his advantage to tackle the Chief in New York rather than to remain under New York suspension, and as a result, the tournament which ended so abruptly, will be shifted to New York next month, with Londos and Chief Little Wolf as the rivals in what is to be billed as for the world title. Thus the Chief, who was the cause for Londos' suspension in two states, is the cause for bringing peace again into the Curley-Daro-Bowser-Mondt-Fabiani-family.

Strange things have happened in the wrestling game, but none to equal the six minutes defeat of the Chief in Los Angeles. In fact, it was expected that he would turn the tables in jig time on his opponent, Vincent Lopez, the Mexican, who hurled a thunderbolt into the camp of the Daro brothers by doing the unexpected. And here is how it happened:

The boys got into the ring and immediately began to rough it. For three minutes the fans were in an uproar as everything known to the present day wrestling crews was used by each of the opponents.

As bouts go, the contest was a humdinger and all because Lopez decided that he would not be the fall guy for anyone. The trouble all began with a series of tackles by the Mexican, who is one of the best at that line in captivity.

For a head, he has some ram-rod. He simply went head on into his rival, and butted like a billygoat. Out of the ring went Mr. Chief Little Wolf and crashed his head against a seat and lay motionless.

But before the count of twenty was completed, the Chief returned to the mat and before the Idaho-schooled Mexican could deliver another attack, Chief Little Wolf clamped on his famous "Indian death grip." The crowd went wild with excitement. For all intents and purposes, the match was over, for seldom is one able to get out of that hold. But not so with Mr. Lopez.

He kept edging towards the ropes and when he finally got to his post, he stuck his head under the ropes and thus forced the Indian to break the grip. That was just too bad for Chief Little Wolf, for it meant his undoing.

So riled was he to think that he was tricked, that he lost his temper and flew in a rage at Lopez. As Lopez came towards him, Chief Little Wolf started a flying tackle which the Mexican sidestepped and the Indian flew through the air like a student pilot, trying to pull himself out of a spin.

The crash that followed ended everything. It brought about the defeat of the Indian, the end of the championship tournament—and the resumption of relations with Londos, for under no circumstances could the wrestling moguls conceive the thought that Lopez would make good copy as new champion.

The match took exactly six minutes and eleven seconds and stunned the gathering that had come to see the Chief crowned California king. He lay senseless for five minutes and for possibly fifteen after that in the dressing room. Lou Daro hastened East to confer with Jack Curley relative to saving the situation for the wrestling promoters. A hasty reunion of the Eastern members of the national wrestling trust was convened and it was then and there decided to apply for Londos' reinstatement and to have him meet the Chief. This was done and the bout will be staged by Jack Curley and Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Liam O'Shea, Belfast, Ireland

Q.—In what county of Ireland was Peter Maher born? Is he still alive? Where does he now live? Was he taller than Max Baer? At what age did he go to America?

A.—Peter was born at Tuam, County Galway, in 1868. He is still hale and hearty and is working in New Jersey as a dock watchman. He is several inches smaller than Baer for he never was more than 5 feet 11¾. He worked for a time in Guiness' Brewery in Dublin and quit that place in 1891, at the age of 23, to try his luck in our domain.

Mary Dugan, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Is Joe Walcott still alive? Does he spell his name with an "o" or an "a."

A.—Yes, he is living in New York, in the Harlem section. He spells his name with an "a."

Artie Simmons, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—I started to use your "Height Increase" course just four months ago and have gained an inch and three-quarters. Do you think I can gain two more inches by next June?

A.—No, I do not. It is asking too much to gain three and a half inches in seven months. If you are only between fourteen and eighteen, that will be possible, but above the age of eighteen, your limit of growth for a year should be normally only an inch to an inch and a half, hence you have done marvelously well. Apparently you are a rapid grower and may surprise all hands by adding that two inches, though I doubt it.

Malcom Streser, Norwalk, Conn.

Q.—Is there a modern history of boxing containing the story of each division of boxing?

A.—There is, but it is not what I would term complete, because to do that would require at least three volumes. The book is called "Ten and Out," by Alexander Johnson, published at $3.50, but for sale at The Ring Book Shop for $2.50. I hope to get a complete history of boxing out some day. I have already completed 32 books, each a separate volume on the life of a famous fighter, but unfortunately the depression and the lack of support of American fight enthusiasts given to THE RING Magazine, make it necessary for me to defer publication. I also have started on a history of American boxing and have written close to 3,000 pages on that. Perhaps, with proper backing, I'll be able to give it to the public soon. I'm at a loss to understand the poor support given to THE RING in America as compared to the excellent support in foreign countries, especially England.

Artemus Warren, Burlington, Vt.

Q.—I have several copies of Nelse Innis' "Ring Records" and also B. H. Benton's Rob Roy's "Little Fistiana." Would you be interested in an exchange of those books for some of yours?

A.—Yes. Sorry you did not send me your address so that I could write to you personally. I am always interested in an exchange of modern books on boxing and wrestling for any of the old books—especially those now out of print. If any other reader has books he wants to exchange, he should get in touch with me.

Martin Shariden, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Where can I reach Harlem Tommy Murphy? What is he now doing?

A.—At Crescent Club or Brooklyn or at Catholic Boys Club, 440 West 56th Street, New York City. He is a boxing instructor at each place. Tommy, Jack Britton, and Arthur Donovan are in charge of the Catholic Boys Club boxers in New York and are doing great work. Their boys will soon clash with Packey McFarland's Catholic Boys Club of Chicago in an inter-city tournament. The movement, sponsored by the Catholic Club, is doing a world of good for the boys. A splendid personnel is in charge both in Chicago and in New York and by the end of the year more than 4,000 boys in New York will be members of the boxing classes.

What this country needs is more such clubs and we soon will be curbing additional Dillingers to our list of youthful criminals. The Catholic Boys' Movement is one of the greatest organizations ever fostered in this country on behalf of the youth of America.

Let's have more of these.

William Dennison Banks, London, England

Q.—I would like you to give me some information about Phil Scott's fight with Jack Sharkey. A friend of mine has written to the British Board of Boxing Control asking if the fight was for the world's title, and they informed him that it was not recognized as a title fight by the Board. I would like to know the American facts about this fight, whether it was recognized by the American authorities as a world's championship title fight.

A.—The Board is correct. It was an elimination bout.

Gordon Lanford, Athens, Pa.

Q.—Would an iron bar, twenty-seven pounds in weight and six feet long, be good to use for a boxer of eighteen? Would I become muscle-bound if I used it for exercising?

A.—No, it won't hurt you, but I wouldn't use it too often. After you have got what you wanted out of it, I would prefer to see you use five-pound dumbbells.

Amos Carlin, Bangor, Maine

Q.—Is it better for a fighter to jab, or mix it? Would you advise that a boy studying boxing, perfect himself in close range, body punching style or in the clever style?

A.—Both. I would advise that a boy learn how to box and become scientific and also how to fight at close range. The best fighters are those who acquire that combination. If, however, you prefer one to the other, then it is my opinion that the boy who learns how to become a clever fighter is likely to meet with success faster than will the one who depends wholly on infighting, for a clever lad, like Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri and others, can keep a body puncher at long distance by employing their cleverness and a good jab.

Ike Mellensky, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can any boy join the Catholic Boys' Club even if not a Catholic?

A.—No. The Catholic Boys' Club is just what its name signifies. It is a splendid organization which was first started in Chicago and has now spread to the Eastern states, in which the Catholic youth comprises the membership. In Chicago, there are close to 200,000 boys enrolled in this wonderful youth movement, and in New York, where the club has gotten under way for the first time this year under the able supervision of Jack Mulcahy, former athletic director of Fordham University, Mr. Dennison, who is in charge of the Catholic Boys' camps and others, including Mr. Tinsley, former Leland Stanford University athlete, a fine organizer and director of athletics.

In New York, boxing is the main athletic event, although baseball, handball and other branches of athletics will eventually be on the program. The boxing is in charge of Jack Britton and Arthur Donovan, famed New York referee. Every Catholic boy is welcome. All that is necessary for you to become a member, if a Catholic youth, is to file your application with the priest of the church which you attend and, if you are a regular attendant, your application will be passed on favorably. It is my advice that every Catholic boy where such club has been organized, should join. The benefits derived cannot be bought.

It is my opinion that every church organization should follow the plans adopted by the Catholic Boys' Club. If we had more such movements, backed by the high dignities of the church, we would soon do away with the Dillingers, the Capones and other objectionable hoodlums. It is a great thing for the boy and sports in general and I congratulate His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, for his deep interest. I am glad to say that I am a member of the advisory boxing board, as is Benny Leonard, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Arthur Donovan, and Jack Dempsey.

Max Walker, Endicott, N. Y.

Q.—How many Jewish boys have held the world welterweight title?

A.—Three—Ted Kid Lewis, Jackie Field and Barney Ross.

Frank Arline, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Was Tommy Gibbons, or Mike, ever a champion?

A.—Tommy was not, but Mike was a claimant to the world welterweight crown and he had a pretty good claim. He was never, however, generally recognized as an international titleholder, although there can be no doubt that he did hold the American title. Tommy fought Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight title and lost a fifteen-rounds decision.

Mamie Swenson, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—How tall is Gus Sonnenberg and what college did he attend?

A.—Five feet ten inches, weighs about 205 pounds and attended Dartmouth, where he was a fine football player.

Archie Dennison, Marlboro, Mass.

Q.—My knuckles hurt me every time I hit an opponent. I box only for the pleasure of it and find the pain quite difficult to overcome. Can you offer a remedy?

A.—Yes. Since you are working out only for enjoyment, I would suggest that you place two layers of sponge over the knuckles which hurt, and then place your bandage over that. The sponge will lessen the pressure and you'll scarcely feel the pain. Max Baer did that very thing at his camp after he had suffered a knuckle injury in his Cleveland bout with Simms. Try it. Let me know how it goes.

Frank Cappuci, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Was Kid Kaplan ever bantam king?

A.—No, he was featherweight champion.

Marlene Summers, London, Eng.

Q.—Are there any women fighters and wrestlers in America? Could a British team go to your country and engage in competition with your girls in boxing and wrestling? I am anxious to take such a team to the States.

A.—Yes, there are plenty, especially in the Middle West, but I am certain that the United States immigration authorities will not grant you permission to bring such a team here as you would necessarily be forced to compete in what we term bootleg shows—shows that are not sanctioned by legalized boxing commissions and therefore would be banned by state authorities. Under the circumstances you would run into a snag, for such performances would be in direct opposition to the laws of the States and therefore you can readily see why you would be banned under national immigration laws. However, get in touch with Department of Immigration and Department of Labor, U. S., Washington, D. C., or the American Consul.

Harry Wilkinson, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—How would you fight a southpaw?

A.—You must get inside of his right. It is difficult, but with plenty of practice you can perfect your style to get around his awkward style.

Mannie Dunkelset, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—I have a slight rupture and it affects me when I fight. Would it be dangerous for me to continue if I wear a belt in addition to my cup?

A.—Yes. You should not fight if you have a rupture. You cannot under boxing rules wear anything other than the prescribed form of ring attire, hence I cannot understand why you think you can wear a belt unless you are just taking up boxing for pleasure in a gymnasium. No doctor will pass you if you have even the slightest rupture, and, if he does, he should have his head examined. My advice is give up boxing until you have been cured by the medical profession. Yours is a medical case and no other advice will help you.

Art Richardson, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book that gives Gotch's most famed holds, fully described. I have the book called "Wrestling" by Frank Gotch, but that only gives all wrestling holds. I want his, in particular.

A.—The Revised Modern Wrestling Book, now ready, and for sale at the Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden, contains a chapter on Gotch's best holds and also a chapter by George Bothner on special training. That book is just what you want. Those chapters were not included in the old "Modern Wrestling, its History and its Holds."

Bettie Finn, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—One of my shoulders is higher than the other. How can I overcome that?

A.—If at any time you carry anything, do so on the side of which you complain—the higher side. When walking, try to be self-conscious, and force the shoulders of the higher side down to what you think is the level of the other side. By degrees, you will unconsciously walk with both shoulders at same level.

Arthur Flegler, Ontario, Canada

Q.—What are the fighting weights as recognized in the United States?

A.—Flyweight, 112; bantamweight, 118; featherweight, 126; lightweight, 135; welterweight, 147; middleweight, 165; light-heavyweight, 175; heavyweight, above that scale.

Terry Johnson, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Was Tiger Flowers ever welterweight champion as well as middleweight?

A.—No, only middleweight.

Martin Burkan, San Diego, Cal.

Q.—When is the best time to start boxing?

A.—At the age of fourteen is an excellent time to learn.

Q.—What books would you recommend?

A.—"Training for Boxing and How to Box," or Nat Fleischer's "Universal Boxing Course."

Q.—After I have boxed as an amateur, how long should I wait before turning pro?

A.—At least six months, but preferably a year. Don't be in too much haste.

Arnold Rosen, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What will toughen the skin of the hands?

A.—In the old days the fighters used brine which was obtained from the slaughter houses. I would now suggest a good salt water solution. Add to a bag of salt, a pail of water, and soak the hands in that twice a day. But don't do it if your hands are chapped or you have any sore spots or torn skin. The irritation will be too much for you to endure.

Arthur Sweet, Honolulu

Q.—What fighter held the heavyweight title longest?

A.—John L. Sullivan—ten years, 1882 to 1892.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE summer boxing season is in full swing, and with it has come a revival of interest because of the high class bouts that are being staged throughout the country. It seems that champions are eager to keep their crown in hock until the outdoor session gets under way, think that by doing that they will be adding to their income by playing to big gates, but from all appearances, the big error those title-holders have been making is keeping idle for so long to await the big shot. This is reflected not only in the results of the bouts in which champions have taken part, but also in which the top-notchers have been seen in action.

During the month, changes took place in the bantam, lightweight and featherweight classes, with three titles changing hands. Of course, at this writing I cannot say what the verdict was in the Baer-Braddock bout, but that will be handled in the next issue, as this closes with the bouts up to and including the ninth of the month only.

Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri and Balcasar Sanchelli, of Spain, are the new champions. Ross regained his welter crown by getting the decisions of Referee Jack Dempsey and the judges at the Polo Grounds of New York in his bout with Jimmy McLarnin; Tony Canzoneri beat Lou Ambers in a bout in the Garden to regain the lightweight diadem, and Sanchelli dethroned Al Brown, who has been heading THE RING'S Annual Rating of Boxers for seven years.

Although the general impression in this country was that Brown and Sanchelli clashed in an over-the-weight match, reports from Spain and from the European Federation of Boxing indicate that the bantam crown was at stake, as Brown scaled 117¼ and Sanchelli 117¾ pounds. Thus the title was lost by Brown.

The other features of the month included the victory of Bep Van Klaveren over Kid Azteca on the Coast, the victory of George Salvatore, the veteran Bostonian, over Harry Dublinsky and Eddie Kid Wolfe, and the splendid K.O. victory of Sixto Escobar over Archibald, the hard-hitting Providence lad. Escobar and Salica now are the outstanding American bantams, each holding a sectional championship.

King Levinsky was the most prominent heavyweight to appear in action prior to the world titular bout. He whipped Hans Birkie and disposed of Jack Slade in the second round.

Hank Hankinson scored a five-round knockout over Red Barry. Buck Everett scored over Natie Brown. Tommy Loughran turned in a victory over Al Ettore.

Tiger Jack Fox won from Charley Massare. Abie Feldman stopped Johnny Miler in the fifth session because of an injured eye. Obie Walker won from George Cook. Dutch Weimer lost to Roy Lazer and Steve Dudas. Larry Gains kayoed George Slack in six rounds.

Eddie Hogan disposed of Larry Johnson in five rounds. Unknown Winston whipped Terry Mitchell. Leroy Haynes kayoed Tony Starr in the first session. Tony Cancela whipped Babe Hunt.

In the light-heavyweight division, John Henry Lewis heads the list with a victory over Frank Rowsey and a one-round kayo over Tom Patrick. Maxey Rosenbloom is still setting a fast pace. He scored over Oscar Rankins, Harold Murphy and Ford Smith.

Al McCoy kayoed Bud Mignault in seven rounds and John Anderson in nine. Ambrose Palmer whipped Ron Richards and Pietro Georgi. Adolf Heuser kayoed Merlo Preciso in one heat. Ray Actis, heavy-hitting San Franciscan, disposed of Jimmy Smith in one round and Swede Berglund in three.

Leo Kelly scored over Dan Hassett. Len Harvey won from Marcel Lauriot. Tait Littman defeated Johnny Phagan and Emilio Martinez. Joe Banovic whipped Mark Hough.

Babe Risko made another bid for fame in the middleweight class when he scored over Frank Battaglia. Battaglia disposed of Chuck Heffner in three rounds. Joe Smallwood defeated Tommy Romano. Vince Dundee defeated Anson Green. Freddy Steele won over Mike Payan. Jimmy Belmont kayoed Jimmy Perry in one round but was beaten by Jack Gibbons, who also disposed of Kid Leonard in two rounds.

Allen Matthews kayoed Rosy Kid Baker in three sessions. Al Diamond finished Solly Dukelsky in the first round. Fred Apostoli won over Mike Payan. Gene Mickers defeated Sammy Slaughter. Laurie Peppin kayoed Eddie O'Brien in two rounds. Harry Jacobs scored over Joey Bazzone.

Ross won the welterweight title from McLarnin. Bep Van Klaveren whipped Kid Azteca. George Salvatore scored over Harry Dublinsky and Eddie Kid Wolfe, and Dublinsky turned in a win over Wolfe. Jack Portney stopped Willard Brown in six rounds but was trimmed by Jack Carroll in Australia.

Ceferino Garcia defeated Al Manfredo and K.O.'ed Meyer Grace in one round. Mickey Serrian drew with Paulie Walker. Joe Rossi defeated Ray Napolitano. Jimmy Leto scored over Lou Lombardi. Cocoa Kid whipped Frankie Britt and kayoed Johnny Graycar in four rounds.

Steve Haliako kayoed Billy Hogan in nine rounds while Billy drew with Andy Muratella. Tony Falco whipped Nick Pastore. Frankie Hughes scored over Johnny Lucas but was beaten by Jackie Davis. Lucas won over Toots Bashara. Gordon Wallace whipped Tod Morgan and Jimmy Best.

Bobby Pacho kayoed Jimmy Brady in five rounds. Teddy Loder won from Joe Zodda. Baby Joe Gans scored two victories over Paul Karch. Sammy O'Dell disposed of Indian John Smith in three rounds. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Eddie Adams in eight rounds. Joe Vignali finished Jackie Holt in one round. Mike Barto stopped Chuck Woods in four. Jackie Davis whipped Frankie Hughes and Tootsie Bashara.

Canzoneri's return to the lightweight title is the best thing that could have happened to the division. There will be no trouble in having Tony defend the title against worthy opponents. Cleto Locatelli scored over Joe Ghnouly. Charley Burns, a promising newcomer, made further strides with a victory over Eddie Cool. Wesley Ramey scored over Steve Haliako. Haxie Strub whipped Johnny Jadick. Leonard Del Genio kayoed Babe Daniels in six rounds. Jimmy Christy whipped Mike Belloise. Benny Bass scored over Mose Butch. Davey Day kayoed Ernie Ratner in two rounds. Joey Costa scored over Joey Greb. Henry Woods won from Abie Israel. Herb Bishop kayoed Billy Ridley in one. Abe Wasserman stopped Allie Rowan in the first. Jose Santos kayoed Andre Sarilla in two rounds. Jerry Mazza drew with Irving Eldridge and whipped Julie Katz. Louis Camps defeated Jackie Sharkey.

Frankie Covelli won from Conrad Conde. Gene Espinoza won on a foul from Huerta Evans in two rounds. Al Hamilton whipped Paul Dazzo and Tiger Walker. Johnny Edwards defeated Pancho Martinez. Victor Vallee won over Johnny De Foe.

Al Brown was beaten over the bantamweight limit by Balcasar Sanchelli. Pablo Dano whipped Speedy Dado and kayoed Chalky Wright in two rounds. Sixto Escobar kayoed Joey Archibald in six rounds while Joey disposed of Joey Brown in the second.

Midget Wolgast, who has finally decided that he cannot make the flyweight limit and will confine his activities to the bantam class, won over Juan Zurita. Baby Quintana whipped Frankie Pace. Young Tommy won over Joey Dodge. Star Frisco won over Augie Ratner. Henry Hooks defeated Johnny Gaudes and Wesley Martin. Jimmy Thomas whipped Dick Welsh, while Johnny Mauro scored over Skippy Allen.

Benny Lynch tops the flyweights in action. He kayoed Charley Hazell in the first. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Rafaelito Valdes in five and whipped Dupuis. Small Montana defeated Antol Kocsis and Joe Tei Ken.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Nobby Clark, England.
Bantamweight—Bernie Friedkin, New York City.
Featherweight—Wally Hally, Los Angeles, Calif.
Lightweight—Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y.
Welterweight—Dave Castilloux, Waterville, Me.
Middleweight—Fred Apostoli, San Francisco, Calif.
Light-heavyweight—Nick Pasters, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Heavyweight—Sonny Paddy Walker, Phoenix, Ariz.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 9:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	John Henry Lewis	Young Corbett	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Jimmy Braddock	Maxey Rosenbloom	Paul Pirrone	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Joe Louis	Tony Shucco	Lou Brouillard	Kid Azteca
4—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Babe Risko	George Salvatore
5—Art Lasky	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
6—Steve Hamas	Ambrose Palmer	Joe Smallwood	Harry Dublinsky
7—Patsy Perroni	Adolf Heuser	Vince Dundee	Eddie Kid Wolfe
8—King Levinsky	Jock McAvoy	Fred Henneberry	Ceferino Garcia
9—Hank Hankinson	Ray Actis	Oscar Rankins	Kid Frattini
10—Buck Everett	Leroy Brown	Freddy Steele	Mickey Serrian

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Benny Lynch
2—Frankie Klick	Young Casanova	Sixto Escobar	Jackie Brown
3—Cleto Locatelli	Henry Armstrong	Louis Salica	Joe Mendiola
4—Tiger Humery	Baby Arizmendi	Midget Wolgast	Maurice Huguenin
5—Charley Burns	Mike Belloise	Speedy Dado	Valentin Angleman
6—Eddie Cool	Vernon Cormier	Young Tommy	Small Montana
7—Jack Kid Berg	Petey Hayes	Little Pancho	Tommy Pardoe
8—Lew Massey	Petey Sarron	Baby Quintana	Bobby Magee
9—Wesley Ramey	Merv Blandon	Star Frisco	Joe Hardy
10—Joe Ghnouly	Juan Zurita	Mickey Miller	Maurice Filhol

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

IN years gone by, Savannah, Ga., was a mecca for the mitt slinging profession and the paramounters of the day showed their wares and their socks in the Historic City by the Sea. Such lights as Abe Attell, Jack Britton, Owen Zeigler, Bert Keyes and Tom Corcoran showed forth in all their splendor. Likewise did the best of the "rasslers" grunt in agony. Nick Aprea was the promoter and when he passed on to his reward, the sport practically passed into oblivion.

Many promoters since have made striking efforts to revive the game, only to fall by the wayside. However, a fight enthusiast, John J. Fogarty, is now making a strong bid to revive the sport here and chances are that he will succeed.

Joe Knight, contrary to rumors that he has retired, is scheduled to meet Tom Terry as this is written . . . . Chino Alvarez is idle . . . . Lou Diamond has brought the sport back in New Orleans . . . . Battling Bozo, on a comeback, won by a T. K. O. over Mickey Dugan at Savannah.

A list of Southern promoters will be furnished to all who enclose return postage. The address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga. May it likewise be stated that yours truly has connections here and fighters not under contract will be kept busy. Please send any news clippings, photos, etc. So until next month . . . . Adios.

Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

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It teaches you all the tricks, how to overcome fear and timidity, how to make your punches effective. The proper time and place to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, etc. How to successfully defend yourself and handle bigger men. How to be aggressive without fighting blindly or wildly. In fact, everything from **"How to Make a Fist"** to **"Ring Generalship."**

Also special exercises to develop all muscles, strengthen weak parts, straighten shoulders and back, raise the chest and correct general defects in physique. What to eat, how to eat, how to reduce or increase weight, how to overcome common ailments through natural methods.

I already have hundreds of students in all parts of the world. Many of them have written me telling of the wonderful benefits derived from this course.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

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that's all!!!

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You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact.

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL

In order that you may develop your body properly, you also get free, two books, "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."

Then Here's ANOTHER Feature—

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Therefore, I am making this extra offer. With every enrollment, you and your pal will receive free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

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TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
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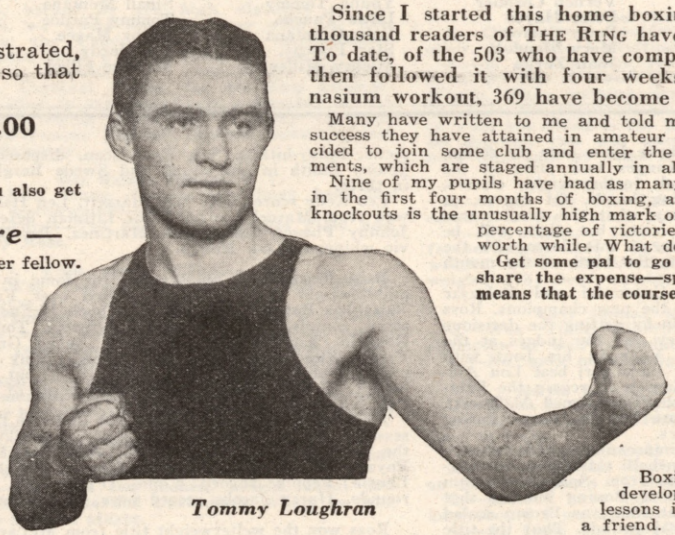
Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.



Tommy Loughran

Since I started this home boxing course, almost a thousand readers of THE RING have become my pupils. To date, of the 503 who have completed the course and then followed it with four weeks of intensive gymnasium workout, 369 have become amateur boxers.

Many have written to me and told me that after the great success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the **Golden Gloves** tournaments, which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Nine of my pupils have had as many as 29 amateur fights in the first four months of boxing, and their percentage of knockouts is the unusually high mark of 81 per cent, and their percentage of victories is 87. That's a record worth while. What do you think?

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train Together

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

AT the present time promoters on this side are marking time, awaiting the decision of American fighters as to whether they will, or won't, make the trip to Australia. One, perhaps, can't blame American boxing managers for being cautious, but some of them have been too much so, and going on the exorbitant guarantees suggested by them for their proteges, we out here are wondering whether every fighter in the States is a world's champion.

With Ambrose Palmer (172 pounds), Fred Henneberry (158 pounds), Ron Richards (158 pounds) and Jack Carroll (147 pounds) on the promoters' list, an overseas fighter can reckon on averaging $1,500 a fight. Carroll, in his last three contests, has averaged around $2,000 a scrap.

But this money is not around for the mediocre performer. Australians are keen judges and any ordinary fighter would be wasting his time coming out. Perhaps he would get one good "house," but he would do a freeze afterwards. The thing demanded out here is plenty of action, with a dash of showmanship.

One thing fight promoters in Australia know is that boxing in America is not so hot, outside the championship class of course, for managers to ask for unreasonable terms. There is plenty of business to be done, but not on the basis of all take and no give.

Jack Portney has had his second fight and chalked up a T.K.O. win over Willard Brown. The battle went into the sixth round before referee Wallis stopped the one-sided affair. The first punch of the night, a left swing, busted Brown's eye and put him on the floor for "three." Up again, he was straight away dispatched to the resin for a further five seconds. Before the round was over he had hit the floor a third time and was in a bad way when the bell brought the session to a close.

He recovered well during the rest, but only super-pluck saw him see his way along. Had Portney showed more "devil" he would likely have won by a clean knock-out.

Brown has not shown the form in his fights here that his American record gave out. For one ranked among the best seven welters in the States, his work in the ring possessed many flaws. He was popular, nevertheless, which perhaps was due to his charming personality.

It is likely that Portney will get a return smack at Jack Carroll. He was well outpointed three weeks back, but with his unorthodox style and more time in which to have conditioned himself, he is certain to do much better. While the Brown-Portney event did not pull the crowd anticipated (lack of local interest), it is well to remember that Portney drew a check for close on $2,000 against Carroll.

Vernon Cormier and Phil Zwick, together with manager Al Lippe, have left for England. Cormier was undefeated in Sydney. He again licked Herb Bishop in a return affair, Bishop being forced to retire in the eighth round with three broken ribs. The injury happened before the bout, but Bishop kept the mishap to himself, thinking that he had just jarred himself. But it did not take Cormier long to find out that there was something amiss with his opponent, and when the first right hand Vernon let go in the first round made Bishop grimace, he never stopped plumping them underneath until the home champion was forced to call it a night.

Giving away a stone in weight to Pietro Georgi, middleweight Ron Richards clearly outpointed the American in their set-to at Leichhardt. It was a dandy scrap with Richards always having his nose in front. Although Georgi has yet to break the ice, his willing methods have got him by. He will probably stay for two further contests before returning home.

While discussing the Leichhardt club, wrestling is still flourishing in a big way. Every Saturday night there is a "sell-out," with Tom Lurich still holding away as the bad man of the show. Believe it or not, Lurich has been wrestling at Leichhardt week in and week out for over four years . . . . How's that for holding one's public?

With Billy Meeske, Joe Dawson, Tommy Mylan, George Calvas (all Australians), George Pencheff (Bulgaria), Tex Bolt (America), Haban Singh (India), Alex Lundyn (Finland), to provide opposition, entertainment is usually of the 100 per cent variety.

There is strong talk of Fred Henneberry leaving for England to place himself under the wing of Pete Reilly. However, nothing really definite is to hand at the time of writing. Henneberry, unfortunately, does not fight often enough. He is potential world's champion and only requires the opportunity to place himself near the top.

The N.B.C. is negotiating with Eddie Borden for the services of Ceferino Garcia and "Babe" Merino. Maybe a couple of other fighters will go along with them if matters are finalised satisfactorily.

Tom Banner, who for years acted as official wrestling referee at Sydney Stadium, died on April 29, after a short illness. His death will come as a shock to the many American grapplers who have visited Australia.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

GEORGE BLAKE, well known fight manager and referee, is back in Honolulu to help revive professional boxing in the Islands. He brought with him Henry Moreno, a featherweight, and Armand Valdez, a bantamweight. Joey Rosenberg was unable to make the trip, due to his hand injury.

"Max Baer hits too hard and will be a easy winner over James Braddock when they meet in June," was Blake's opinion. He further went on to say that Joe Louis, present black threat to the heavyweight crown, lacks experience and won't be ready to fight Baer just yet. He said "Carnera will defeat Louis in their coming battle."

Report comes in that Tony Gora, a heavyweight from Honolulu, now fighting in Japan, is making a big hit in the land of cherry blossoms.

A crowd of 3,000 witnessed Promoter Mark K. Choo's initial professional boxing card in Honolulu.

Johnny Yasui, 122-pound Waipahu slugger, lost an eight-round decision to Clever Sison. Sison took four rounds to Yasui's two. It was Yasui's first bout since a year ago when he returned from the Mainland. George Blake was the third man.

Henry Moreno didn't live up to his advanced publicity against Joe Velasco when he lost the decision in the semi-final bout. Moreno was dropped for a nine count in the second and three times more in later rounds. Walter Strappel scored a quick knockout over "Smoky" Bowser in the third heat with a short right in the midsection . . . . "Sonny" Valdez took a walk-away decision from Hermo Villa. This boy can fight and how! . . . . K.O. Kuratsu scored a technical knockout over Little Richardo in the fifth . . . . and Richard Goings and Andy Cummings fought a draw.

Henry Moreno, George Blake's protege, suffered a fractured jaw in his recent match with Joe Velasco, when he was floored in the first round. It is said that bones on both sides are cracked.

Anson Rego, 133 pounds, made a gallant rally in the last three rounds of the scheduled six-rounder with Clever Sison, 127, a Pacific Coast fighter, and won the decision.

Little Hufana and Kid Masa fought a slow fight, the nod going to Hufana. A corking draw battle between Delphine Augustus and Kid Felipe, both from Honolulu, featured . . . . Husky Perreira won from Flashy Joe . . . . Kid Perreira decisioned Tiburcio de Jesus . . . . and Richard Hanaumi, a newcomer, T.K.O.'ed John Sextimo in the third round.

The Civic Auditorium changed ownership at the public auction from Manuel Calhau to E. J. Lord, Honolulu contractor, for $40,600. It is also believed that Eddie Ratsch, formerly with Mr. Calhau, will be the promoter.

Chief Little Wolf, leading contender for the wrestling crown, showed in Honolulu a year ago.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA
By DAVID CAVADAS

OUR Canadian champion, Gordon Wallace, continued his sensational rise by outboxing the veteran Tod Morgan, to win an easy ten-round decision.

Emil "Young" Lust lost a ten-round decision to Tommy Bland, the Dominion lightweight champion.

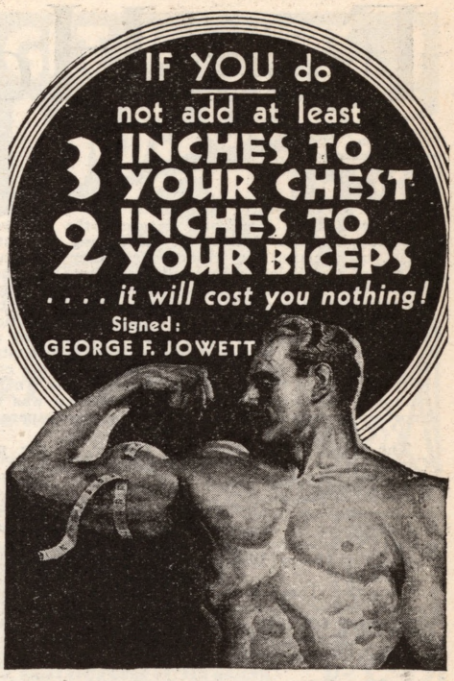
Sammy McLarnin, brother of the world's champion, has started a successful comeback campaign by taking a decisive ten-round battle over Red Gregory.

Allan Foston knocked out Johnnie Christmas.

Frank Wallulius lost his first pro fight when he was K.O.'ed by Ad (Pickles) Heinz in the third round, but he came back by holding him to a draw the following week.

Freddie Steele knocked out Sammy O'Dell in the first; Abie Isreal decisioned Baby Palmore; Sonny Jones lost to Leonard Bennett; "Tiger" Al Lewis lost his state welter title to Leonard Bennett.

Baby Joe Gans won an easy ten-round decision from Paul Karch. Al Spina decisioned Mickey Beal.



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From Hollywood *to* New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO former world champions were restored to the throne during the month. Tony Canzoneri regained the lightweight crown by decisively whipping Lou Ambers in the closing fray at the Garden, and Barney Ross was declared the winner over Jimmy McLarnin in their fifteen-round fracas at the Polo Grounds. The receipts for the welterweight scrap were below expectations of the promoters. Mike Jacobs and the Milk Fund combined in staging this show and despite the tremendous publicity outlet furnished by the Hearst newspaper organization, the net gate receipts amounted to $118,894, when over $200,000 was anticipated.

This was the lowest receipts of the three bouts engaged in by Ross and McLarnin and, judging by the reactions of the crowd, it would be all right if they renewed their feud in other locations. In forty-five rounds of boxing, nothing resembling a good-sized knockdown was evidenced and their deadly knockout wallop was displayed in the newspapers only.

The outstanding redeeming feature of the month was the return of Canzoneri as the lightweight leader. When he held the reign, he never dodged a challenge. He met all contenders cheerfully.

During Ross' sojourn as title-holder, he withheld the title from competition for nearly two years and caused the complications which finally brought the title back to Canzoneri. With the approach of a McLarnin match, Ross suddenly discovered that he could not make 135 pounds, although he scaled 136½ for Henry Woods in Seattle and weighed 135½ for Frankie Klick in Miami.

Now that Tony is the lightweight champion and Barney Ross the welterweight leader, it would seem plausible that Ross would willingly meet Canzoneri, but such is not the case. Ross has avoided that meeting for two years and we have contended right along that he never will meet Tony, although on the surface, it seems like an easy fight for Ross.

It was truly unfortunate for Lou Ambers that he caught Canzoneri in such a belligerent mood at the Garden. Ambers was the best of the younger contenders and Tony was making his last stand. If he were beaten, it would have probably meant his retirement. But Tony, with his back against the wall, staged the supreme battle of his life and surprised Ambers as well as the gamblers who made Ambers an outstanding favorite. Ambers was floored twice in the third and once in the fifteenth and the boxing lesson that he received should be of great benefit to him in the future. The Garden played to a capacity house, the receipts netting about forty-four thousand dollars.

Pablo Dano and Speedy Dado waged their return match at the Olympic and, with an advance in prices of the gallery seats, the house reached almost six thousand dollars. Dano had no trouble on this occasion and won as he pleased.

Dano is durable and strong as an ordinary lightweight. However, when he clashed with Lou Salica, former Golden Glover and New York champion, Dano found himself on the wrong end of the decision. Pablo, who held the California bantam crown, was beaten by Salica, who came from behind to carry off the decision.

Bep Van Klaveren, in whipping Kid Azteca at the American Legion Stadium at Hollywood, showed the best form he has exhibited in this country. He gave Azteca a thorough boxing lesson and there was never any question about his supremacy. By Van Klaveren's showing, he has clinched all right to be heralded as the foremost welterweight contender. John Henry Lewis turned in another victory, this time over Frank Rowsey at San Francisco, but had a narrow escape in the fourth round when Rowsey nailed him a terrific right hand smash which shook him badly.

Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis received a financial set-back when they staged four attractive ten-rounders at the Chicago Stadium but failed to entice enough customers to break even. Cleto Locatelli whipped Joe Ghnouly; Leonard Del Genio kayoed Babe Daniels in six rounds; Jimmy Christy, a lightweight, outscored Mike Belloise, and Frank Battaglia finished Chuck Heffner in three rounds—Abie Wasserman was credited with a technical knockout over Allie Rowan in the first round when the latter suffered a cut eye at the St. Nicholas Palace. Jimmy Fantini whipped Jimmy Murray and Wildcat O'Connor outslugged Eddie Makar in the remaining feature—Irving Eldridge and Jerry Mazza followed up with a corking eight-rounder the following week which was called a draw.

For those who digest their fistic lore studiously they can find plenty of fistic knowledge around San Francisco. This city is rich in pugilistic wealth of past and present boxers and they can gauge accurately just how far a promising youngster will travel. They have Young Corbett, who seems to be the perennial contender for the middleweight title, but that is as far as he will travel. He has a lucrative position as physical instructor for the Highway Police and engages in an occasional bout in Frisco, but his travelling days are over; Ray Actis, with twenty-nine knockouts in thirty-eight starts, is heralded as the modern Stanley Ketchell; Leo Kelly, Negro light-heavyweight; Fred Apostoli, a young middleweight; Al Citrino, featherweight; Small Montana, a great little 108-pound flyweight, who has been forced to clash with bantams; Babe Marino, a rugged 150-pounder, who is now in New York. A few of the past generation who came from this region are: Willie Ritchie, Jimmy Britt, Frankie Neil, Frankie Burns, Tommy Cello, Monte and Caesar Attell, Jimmy Duffy, Johnny McCarthy, Willie Hoppe, Joe Roche, Tom Gardner, Willie Meehan, Leo Lomski, Spider Roche, Toby Irwin, One-Round Hogan, Johnny Herget, Pat Cronin, Paddy Smith, Chick Devlin, Lew Powell, Hip Sing Lee, California Joe Lynch, Jack Stelzner and Joe Silvers—Tony Palazolo promotes shows at the Dreamland Auditorium while Moose Taussig stages shows at the Civic Auditorium. Each promoter averages two shows monthly but neither conflicts with the other.

Henry Armstrong erased the previous verdict that Davey Abad scored over him in Mexico City by giving him a good beating at the Olympic. This was a hurry-up match staged by Dick Donald and it did not catch Abad in good condition. Under the circumstances, he did very well in going the full distance, the way Armstrong has been fighting. Frankie Covelli and Conrad Conde took part in the second ten-round feature and Covelli's finish erased any doubt as to the merits of the verdict which went to him.

B. B. B., who performs as the master of ceremonies at the Club New Yorker, brought an amateur heavyweight from Florida to the Coast and turned him over to Jack Kearns, who is still in the market for promising heavyweight material—Sixto Escobar made his New York debut on the Ross-McLarnin card and came through with a six-round knockout over Joey Archibald—Escobar is wasting his time in the East, where the fancy leans towards heavyweights, but out on the Coast he will find plenty of competition among the bantams, which is the most popular division in activity—Ceferino Garcia turned the tables on Al Manfredo in their return go at the Legion, with Garcia winning the verdict handily—Manfredo won the first bout in Sacramento.

I suppose Midget Wolgast's friends will squawk when they see that Midget Wolgast has been removed from the flyweight division in THE RING'S ratings. The Midget has had a loyal sponsor in THE RING, but it has been proven beyond the shadow of any doubt here that Wolgast cannot make 112 pounds any longer—There is a standing offer of five thousand dollars from an English promoter for Wolgast to make 112 against Jackie Brown or Benny Lynch, and Wolgast's refusal can only mean one thing—it is impossible for him to make that poundage—Against Juan Zurita at the American Legion he scaled in the vicinity of 123 pounds, which is rather high for a would-be flyweight—Joe Jacobs is probably resigned to the fact that Schmeling's return to this country is problematical so he has gone ahead and started collecting a stable of mitt-wielders—He is handling Teddy Loder, a rough 140 pounder, and the latest addition is Tony Galento, the roly poly, hard hitting Jersey heavyweight—Murray Waxman is assisting Jacobs in the publicity campaign and the detail work has been turned over to capable hands.

One of the leading fight centers of the west is the enterprising town of Spokane—For a population that exceeds a little over 100,000 it has been outdrawing cities several times its size—Due to the energetic efforts of Matchmaker Lonnie Austin and Promoter Al Morse they have really put the town in the pugilistic map—Boxing was dormant for several years until Morse took the situation in hand—In the first four or five shows that he staged his losses reached $6,000—Realizing that something was wrong, Morse called upon the services of Lonnie who was promoting in Seattle and this time the combination clicked. Tiger Jack Fox and Young Firpo a good local match drew $4700 and Fox has been their outstanding attraction.

Fox is a better attraction than he is a fighter. In his last scrap with Charley Massare, Pittsburgh heavyweight, he was outpunched in seven of the ten rounds yet through a freaky style of clowning in which he poses around the ring doing nothing, he seems to attract the judges towards his showmanship. Fox hit low several times, was cautioned by the referee for hitting with his elbow, yet he was given the decision.

The crowd booed the verdict for ten minutes and cheered Massare as he left the ring but the fact remains that Fox was the official winner. Seemingly, the promotion is in good hands in Spokane and it is our opinion that the next step to elevate boxing in that vicinity is to have competent judges and referees who will not discriminate against an outsider, regardless of how powerful the local drawing card is. The aroma of bad verdicts floats around the country and the reflection is generally laid to the promoters who have nothing to do with the selection of the officials but is a duty of the Washington Athletic Commission.

Mike McNulty and Johnny Miler have shifted their headquarters to the North West and intend remaining around Spokane for the next few months. Miler made several good fights around Los Angeles and his style should appeal—George White, a red hot Spokane fight fan; and chief engineer for the State of Washington, and McNulty were schoolmates many years ago—McNulty used to handle Johnny Ertle, Jock Malone, Roger Bernard and a few years back when he made Detroit his headquarters, the natives used to call him "Silent Mike."

Nate Druxman is running shows twice monthly at Seattle and has several good cards to depend on but the mill strike has given him much inconvenience—Freddy Steele, Henry Woods, Abie Israel, Young Firpo, Fred Lenhart, Frank Wallulis, Tiger Jack Fox, Pickles Heintz, Mike Stankovich, Cecil Payne, Buzz Brown, Leonard Bennett, Andy Bundy are some of the outstanding gladiators in the North West—The Coulee Dam under construction at Coulee City is about 90 miles from Spokane and employs 5000 people—Most of them make Spokane their home and at the completion of the project which will cost the U.S. government in the hundreds of millions of dollars it will make Spokane one of the most important cities in the North West.

Boxers and moving picture stars have much in common. They live in a complex state and their moods and whims change on the slightest pretext. They are contacted frequently by inquisitive persons who delight in asking embarrassing questions and making a nuisance out of themselves. The actor works hard while on location and he seeks diversion and recreation every spare moment when off duty.

What is more comforting to ease of mind than to see two sterling gladiators banging away at each other. It soothes the actor and he seems to derive comfort from the sport. The boxer on the other hand trains every day for an impending bout and when his labors have ceased, what is his outlet. He goes to the movies to pass the time away and be entertained. There is nothing complicated about the movies and the pastime is light and amusing. There is a current of sympathetic feeling existing between this pair and that is why their sympathies bring them in contact with one another and they derive mutual satisfaction from the companionship.

The bigger the star, the more regular you will find him. Clark Gable has legions of friends among people that he might have met only casually. He has the faculty of making you feel at home and there is a spirit of comradeship which you cannot mistake. He is as regular as the day and he delights in meeting people and tries to be as friendly as possible without that air of affectation.

He reads the RING Magazine, pals around with Jackie Fields and takes boxing lessons from Terry Hunt, the physical culturist. With Gable's easy disposition, it would not be difficult for him to make a success of any undertaking.

Abie Feldman stopped Johnny Miler in the fifth round of their ten rounder at the American Legion—Feldman proved too rough and rugged for Johnny and after the third round started a vicious, two fisted attack which slowed Miler and in the fourth Miler's eye started bleeding and Referee Mushy Callahan stopped the fray in the fifth round when it was discovered that the bleeding could not be checked—Plenty of scandal emanated from the recent Arizmendi-Casanova affair at Mexico City—The Boxing Commission was not satisfied with the showing that Arizmendi made and the money was withheld from the two principals. This created a furor with the fans and plenty of dissension was evidenced between the Commission, newspapers and the fans. It's a shame to such a happening, particularly in view of how good boxing has been going in Mexico City—Pete De Grasse got off to a good start in Los Angeles when he whipped George Hansford at the Olympic, scoring two knockdowns—Joe Stanley, who started in the boxing game as a protege of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, is on the Coast training Hank Hankinson and other fighters in the Suey Welsh stable.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FORT SCOTT, Kansas—Winners of the Eastern Kansas A.A.U. Boxing Tournament: Heavyweight, Harry Nichols; light-heavyweight, Floyd Hill; middleweight, Ralph Violet, welterweight, Harry Doyle; lightweight, Homer Kirk; featherweight, Dalton Burt; bantamweight, Willie Saker; flyweight, Austin Campbell.

Les Showers, the leading amateur promoter of the Middle West, directed the Ft. Scott tourney, with excellent crowds attending each night. Flood waters in the vicinity of the scene of action cut down the gate. But the tourney showed a nice profit for the V.F.W. Showers has never staged a losing tournament financially, and he has been in the game many years, and a show each month the year round.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, witnessed the fights all three nights, and he and several other fight followers of boxing declared the Ft. Scott amateur boxing tournament one of the hardest fought and most bitterly contested tourneys they had ever witnessed in this state, and they have seen many. Some excellent fighters were entered and how they did fight. Fine trophies were awarded the winners—in fact the finest ever presented in this section.

Salina, Kansas—Johnny Apt, promoting at this spot, is staging some mighty fine shows and the fans are supporting his cards.

Florence, Kansas—Sid Flagler will open this city to boxing again in the near future as business conditions are looking better here and Sid thinks it about time to open and stage his shows in his open air arena.

Wichita, Kansas—Jack Slattery, veteran trainer and fight manager of professional and amateur boxers, has a strong fighting team of classy amateurs and is anxious to pit them against the best teams in the Middle West. Promoters desiring to use Slats' team, should get in touch with him at 425 So. Green St., Wichita, Kansas.

Manhattan, Kansas—Shorty Miller is promoting both amateur and professional fight shows in this city, as well as handling a large stable of boxers, both pro and amateur. Miller has two good lightweights in Mickey Nolan and Bobby Hull. Any promoter wanting fighters of all weights, write Miller.

Chanute, Kansas—Johnny and Billy Hemphill, the fighting brothers, are home again from attending college at Manhattan, and will fight with the Chanute amateur team this summer. L. R. Ford, writer of this column, will pilot the lads. The Hemphill brothers started their fighting career under me in 1929. How these lads can fight! They are real crowd pleasers. They are welter and light-heavy.

Augusta, Kansas—Clare Patterson, "The Fighting Sailor," is one of the best amateur middleweights in the Middle West. Patterson lost a decision to Dick Nevins in the Newton, Kansas, tournament. Nevins won the championship in the big South West Ten States A.A.U. held at Wichita two months ago. Two weeks ago Patterson gave Nevins a real trimming at Blackwell, Okla.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Pedlar Palmer and Bud Creed, colored light-heavies, fought twelve vicious rounds to a draw. This colored lad Creed is a real fighter and a popular one with the Okla. fight fans. Tot Wilson outpointed Clyde Greeson in six rounds.

Blackwell, Okla.—Results of one night amateur boxing show. Clare Patterson beat Dick Nevins. Al Coleman beat George Martin. Delbert Tripplett beat Tex Johnson. Randolph George knocked out Art Temmie in one. Jack Bohn beat Frank Webb. Jack Davenport beat Tom Marshall. Troy Gray beat Ernest Hardin. Billy Davis knocked out Pete Crotchett in one round.

Salina, Kansas—Jimmy Garrison beat Mickey Nolan in an eight-round main event. Oklahoma Johnny Hull knocked out Roy Donahue, K.C. middleweight, in seven. Bobby Wallace knocked out Jack Bays in five. Curley Martin defeated Johnny Wilson in six. Pete Blanchard won from Lyford Craine in six. Ralph Deering knocked out George Heidenrite in one round. Johnny Apt promoted this show and a good crowd saw the show.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results. Bob Trueblood knocked out Felix Richardson in one. Howard Bennett beat Johnny Bidwell. Baby Lou Alcanter beat Ernie Ratliff. Beebe Rich beat Carl Shelton. Bern Gregory beat Stanley Scherzer. Russell Crull beat John Isaacks. Virgil Fischer beat Loren Gordon. J. P. Terry knocked out Everett Reed in one. Victor Fisher beat Bill Golding.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WITH a shower of flying leather, Buddy Baer, giant and youthful heavyweight, brother of Champion Max Baer, rocked Big Boy Brackey to sleep in less than a round of fighting at the Broadway Auditorium. The bout was scheduled for only four rounds, far too little for the prices charged, but the public got its money's worth, for there was action aplenty crowded into the battle.

Brackey seemed terrified by the appearance of Champion Max in the ring with his 6 feet 5 inches brother. Young Buddy certainly looms as the most promising of the younger heavyweights. Whether he will ever make the top grade remains to be seen, but judging from his work in the Brackey melee, Buddy is destined to go far pugilistically.

About seventy-five hundred paid admissions and close to twelve hundred free ones greeted the belting Baers. The gate was reported as $8,800 net and Charles Murray made a good evening's pay. However, the boxing game has not enriched Murray during the past three or four years. He seldom made a dollar. He lost money on five out of every six shows that he promoted.

The big turnout for the Brackey-Baer embroglio proves that boxing is a pretty healthy game and only good matches are needed to bring out Mr. John Fan. Attractive bouts are difficult to arrange because of the boxing depression which has caused many boxers to quit fighting and few new ones to take up the glove sport. However, your correspondent believes the game is on the verge of an immediate boom.

Almost immediately after his defeat at the hands of Buddy Baer, Big Boy Brackey announced that he had severed all managerial connections with Tommy Timlin, the man who brought him to Buffalo and got him his first taste of big money.

All has not been cordial between the mammoth Canton heavyweight and his silver-haired pilot. Timlin had a contract with the big fellow but this ran out when Brackey reached his majority.

Brackey has been a difficult proposition for Timlin to handle, and in a statement to the local press Tommy said he was glad it was all over. One thing quite noticeable to constant ring enthusiasts was this: When Timlin assumed the Brackey management his curly locks were almost jet black, Today his hair is iron gray and he blames it on the worries of managing fighters.

Rumor has it that Jimmy Dunn, former manager for Johnny Kilbane, ex-world's featherweight champion, and Carl Tremaine, bantam star of a few years back, is the man who will eventually manage Brackey. Dunn had the big fellow once before but Brackey did not seem to get going around Cleveland and came on to Buffalo, where he met Timlin.

Billy Mitchell, Detroit fistic manager, has a likely looking young heavyweight in Al Delaney, who wants to box all comers.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights who have no managerial tieups or contracts will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Send photos, clippings and record in first letter.

SOME SHORT STUFF—Vince Plunkett and his clever 140-pounder, Steve Halaiko, are back from New Orleans, where Steve dropped a close decision to Wesley Ramey. Plunkett reports the game in pretty fair shape down south . . . . Playfair Brown, live-wire Toronto promoter, is back promoting shows at the Maple Leaf Gardens . . . . One of the best little fight towns in the country is St. Mary's, Pa., where Jack O'Brien puts on some wonderful fistic entertainment . . . . Joe Matty's herd of wrestlers are keeping busy throughout western New York, Pennsylvania and Canada . . . . A new municipal stadium will be built here this summer and if present plans do not go amiss it will seat about 25,000 . . . . Hans Furst's Buffalo Sporting Club finds the promotorial going pretty tough . . . . Hans goes for wrestling only and the mat game is skidding rapidly . . . . A new club here soon seems a certainty, if your correspondent's inside information is true . . . . I may have some additional dope for next month.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

GREAT FALLS—Hube Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat," fought ten rounds to a draw with Mike Stankovitch of Phoenix, Ariz. They are lightweights. Ray Cotes, Butte, kayoed Young Ricker of Popular in the second round. Sonny O'Day, Butte, knocked out Cliff Rossberg, Great Falls, in four rounds. Billy Sullivan, Butte, knocked out Champ Carrico, Great Falls, in three rounds.

Butte—Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, beat Mike Stankovich, Phoenix, Ariz., in ten. Al Penna, Spokane, won on a foul from Ray Cote, Butte, in the first round. Frankie Murray, Butte, knocked out Joey Bert, Spokane, in one. Sonny O'Day, Butte, knocked out Peter Greco, Spokane, in one. Billy Sutton, Butte, knocked out George Marcus, Spokane, in one. Looked like a bad night for Spokane.

Billings—The American Legion Post, No. 4, Billings, has renewed its boxing license for another year and expects to stage some very interesting boxing shows here this summer and winter. The writer has been appointed matchmaker in the place of H. M. "Spot" Roth, retired, and with the promised co-operation from the entire post, real shows are again assured. Billings has been on the shelf since the show house, where boxing has always been staged, burned, but is now ready to go.

Get your boxing dope in early. It must be in my office not later than the 27th of each month. Address 119 N. 28th St., Billings, Mont.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THE big news from this section since the last issue of THE RING centers itself in the fact that we have had two good "pro" fighting shows here, all of which is a whole lot in a city of more than two million which priorly had not witnessed anything of the kind in more than six weeks. To "Admiral" Ray Cass goes the credit of having smashed the monopoly of nothing doing, he having busted in on the mat game, horses and such the night of May 14 at the Boston Arena with his leadoff tourney.

In the main event Al McCoy, the French-Canadian light-heavy, known to his parents as Florian LaBrasseur, and just now the ace in New England fisticuffs, encountered John Anderson of Sweden, the latter a game, tough boy who can give as well as take, also has considerable knowledge of what it is all about. McCoy came in at 173½, and Anderson at 172, and the fight they put up was a beauty. Neither gave nor sought quarter. In the fifth a left hook to the face sagged McCoy into the ropes, but for no count. Al came back to his feet fighting, and throwing them both fast and hard enough to win the round. Anderson opened the ninth with a fine rally, but ran into a barrage which sent him down for nine. He staggered up, McCoy poured in a volley and, as the Swede dropped his hands and began to totter, the referee stopped the bout. Anderson was out on his feet. The decision went to McCoy via kayo.

The co-feature on the same card was between Bud Mignault of Brockton, one of those iron man chaps, and Fanis Tzanatopoulos, known as the Greek Tiger, both light-heavies. It was a smash-fest the entire route of ten rounds with the Greek looking the better man. The officials disagreed and the verdict was a draw. Despite plenty of publicity, the show did not draw more than enough to cover expenses.

Far from discouraged, Cass came with another fistic offering at the Arena the night of May 27, Frankie Britt of Fall River, holder of the New England welter and middleweight titles, meeting Leo Hardwick, better known as the Cocoa Kid, or Kid Cocoa, of New Haven, over the ten-round distance, both titles in there.

This was another rattling good bout, with Champion Britt doing the bulk of the forcing, and Cocoa spearing him repeatedly with fine straight lefts, occasional stinging rights, also blocking many of the leads. In the final summing up, Cocoa collected eight rounds and evened another. He received the unanimous award, and with it went the two championships. The contest, from both corners was one hundred per cent, while the Kid, a colored boy, appealed to us as a wonderfully good defensive performer.

In the co-feature, also of ten rounds, Mignault and Tzanatopoulos went to it again, mingling in another two-handed smashfest over the full distance. Mignault did considerable holding—that is, pinning Fanis' left glove under his armpit and then driving left and right into the Greek's ribs, also pawed at times with an open left-hand glove. The officials took no notice of either of these fouling tactics and gave Mignault the award.

On the same card appeared Babe Synnott of Fall River, lightweight, a member of the same stable as Britt. He won in two heats over Stanley Morris of Brockton and made a fine impression. Another new face was that of Joe Little of Galway, Ireland, a 169-pound fighting Irishman with a wallop. He settled Tony Medes of Taunton in one round.

In the foregoing show also appeared Clayton Settino of Dorchester, a big light-heavy, who is being guided by Billy Henderson, a veteran handler of ability and judgment. Settino is a barber by profession, all of which may sound like a joke, but in sixteen starts he has knocked out fifteen opponents, the majority in the first round. In the Arena bout, with Elmer Chase of New Bedford, a heavyweight, as his opponent, he won in the first heat—another kayo.

In response to our criticism that it was of small value to the boxing game for one ringster—Kid Cocoa—to hold two titles, only one of which he would be able to defend and therefore mean lack of competition for the other, a letter was received from his manager endorsing the same. "The Kid is a true welterweight," he stated, "and desires to fight as such. He is willing to drop the N. E. middleweight title that those in the class may fight for it."

An important measure to recently receive the signature of Governor Curley was the reduction of the state license fee from $600 to $100 per 1000 seating capacity for small clubs, with an additional charge of $10 per hundred for clubs seating more than 1000. In the same bill, now a law in this state, was a clause whereby a promoter's license shall run one year from the date of issue instead of until December 31, as has been the policy in the Bay State since boxing went under commissional regulation in 1920. This law makes possible the opening of small clubs in Boston next fall and the building up of badly needed talent.

In connection with the foregoing, in view of the long fight for this law we had put up, we received numerous complimentary letters. The prize of the lot, and one entirely as unexpected as it was unsolicited, came from the management of the Boston Garden, unaffected by the change because of its large seating capacity, as follows:

"Dear Doc—It was with great satisfaction that we heard the news of the reduction of the State license fee for small boxing clubs. We know how you have been working on this, and most of the credit, if not all, should go to you.

"We desire to extend our sincere thanks to you for the work you have done toward this end in the past, as of course this will go far toward bringing boxing back to its rightful place in sports.

"(Signed) GEORGE V. BROWN,
"Vice-president and general manager,
"Boston Garden."

We may say in connection, another fight is now on—the doing away with the judges. We hold that in the average situation a competent referee—and such exist—can fill the bill. Such certainly did in the past, when the fight game was fully as good as today, and the fighters, as a whole, much better. Too frequently the judges are merely glorified spectators. It would be a saving to promoters, also satisfactory to the spectators, to put the entire refereeing job up to the third man—that official to receive part of his pay from the state or club, also a small percentage from the main bout purse.

An effort is afoot to warm up a fight between Jack Doyle, the actor-fighter from Ireland, and Jack Sharkey, ex-world's heavy champion, the same to be staged in Boston. We doubt if the effort amounts to anything, though plenty of steam is now on. To date about all Doyle has accomplished since his arrival in this country several months ago is to have several film tests in Hollywood, pass up two chances to show in a Boston ring, sign up with two managers and wed the ex-wife of Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler. The nearest Doyle has come to putting up his hands inside of ropes thus far were offers from the Boston Garden to meet Stanley Poreda, an obvious set-up, and Tom Patrick, a tougher proposition. Doyle wanted too much money for his services and the Garden dropped the idea.

Since the last issue of THE RING, eight new amateur state champions have been crowned here, they winning their spurs at the Boston Arena inside fighting ropes. The new title-holders follow: 112-pound class, Sammy Dalton, East Boston; 118, John DeLuca, Cambridge; 126, Vincent Benjey, Lawrence; 135, Domenic Colantonio, Walpole; 147, Eddie Carroll, Lowell; 160, Roy Kelley, Brookline; 175, Alex Belushko, Cambridge; heavyweight, Peter Staples, Framingham. Belushko, a high school boy with a mighty wallop, who won all his bouts via kayo, was the outstanding performer.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

EDDIE "Unknown" Winston of Florida and Hartford is now making his home in Holyoke, along with Tom Williams, another Negro heavyweight scrapper, who has fought throughout the States.

Tony Leto, of Hartford, still remains unbeaten. He won over Lou Lombardi and Frankie Hughes during the month at Holyoke. Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke favorite, lost his first fight since his comeback to Tommy Howells of Buffalo, N. Y., in an eight-rounder.

Steve Haliako, of Buffalo, N. Y., won on a technical K.O. over Billy Hogan. Gus Wilson's protege, Hogan proved a good fighter, and was on the way to win the decision until his eye was damaged.

The writer received a letter from the offices of Walter Rothenberg, Germany, informing him that he would like to use Roy "Ace" Clark.

There is no gymnasium in Springfield, Mass., in which boxers can train since Doc Graves closed the doors of Graves' Gym.

Roy "Ace" Clark, whom I direct, was acting as sparring partner to Joe Louis of Detroit, Primo Carnera's opponent. Roy gave Carnera a good fight in 1931 at Philadelphia, Pa. Clark can be reached through me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Young DeBryant, the amateur middleweight champion of New England, is training regularly with Young "Ace" Clark, light-heavyweight. DeBryant expects to win the national championship at St. Louis, next year. Harry Conley, Bennington, Vt., welterweight, was one of Jimmy McLarnin's sparring partners for the Barney Ross fight, and from reports he gave McLarnin plenty of work.

Jimmy Quinton, formerly the New England flyweight champion, is breaking into Holyoke with his string of fighters. Young Murchie won his first start here lately.

Jimmy Delevo, Springfield lightweight who fought in the South last winter, opened his campaign in Holyoke with a great fight.

THE RING boxing magazine is just getting a foothold in Holyoke. The Arena's butcher boys are selling it during bouts monthly.

West Springfield American Legion expects to put on boxing again this summer at the Heywood Arena, as soon as weather permits.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

TOMMY LOUGHRAN surprised by the form he displayed here at the Arena when he defeated Al Ettore, his long local rival. This was Tommy's first bout since his return to this country from South America. After a few more matches here, he will leave with his pilot, Joe Smith, for a tour of Europe, where several offers have been made for him to display his skill. We join his legion of friends in wishes for a successful trip.

Outdoor shows in this vicinity seem plentiful this summer—Taylor & Gunnis at the Phillies Ball Park, Johnny Burns at the Yellowjackets field, the American Legion in Leiperville, and Jimmy Carres in Marcus Hook. With several others applying for promoter's license, we look forward to an active outdoor season.

Max Hof, local manager, is piloting three stars, Tony Morgano, lightweight, Frankie Caris, middleweight, and Johnny Santo, welterweight. Watch these local Italian boys—they are on top with the best.

Benny Victor, local featherweight, lost the featherweight tournament held at the Cambria to Bobby Dean . . . . Victor previously surprised by his knockout over Jackie Corcoran . . . . Benny Bass traveled to Pittsburgh to defeat Mose Butch . . . . Jimmy Mendo, former star boxer, is now training boxers in a local gymnasium . . . . Jack Brady is piloting Charley Loughran, middleweight brother of Tommy . . . . also Billy Jones, colored light-heavy, who returned from a tour of South America . . . . Joe Flocco, busiest welterweight hereabouts, stopped Sol Burdo in Lancaster.

Johnny Santo, local welterweight, has taken Baltimore by storm and incidentally is the best card there. He defeated Charley Thompson and Lew Raymond there in wind-ups . . . . Tony Morgano, lightweight, returned from Hollywood where he fought five wind-ups . . . Johnny Lucas and Frankie Blair are making Miami their home. They are piloted by Anthony Georgetti . . . . Tommy Rios surprised by his win here over Anson Green . . . . Joe Wenke is promoting in Millville . . . . Matchmaker Scotty Hemphill will run open-air shows in Lancaster during the summer months . . . . Tony Falco is kept busy by Jack Puggy . . . . Georgie Gibbs, local colored lightweight, is booked in Australia for three matches . . . . Lew Massey, Italian lightweight star who has been on top for years, is about to split with his pilot Jack Puggy . . . . Johnny McShea, local bantam, and Frankie Spina, featherweight, are managed by Frankie Thomas . . . . Out-of-town boxers can get in touch with the writer at 509 Colonial Building.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ISIDORO GASTANAGA, the Spanish heavyweight, scored a three-round knockout over Young Herrera, the local champion. A hard right to the jaw did the trick. Gastanaga will probably meet Tommy Loughran here shortly.

Kid Rebollar outpointed Kid Buides in a good six-round contest.

Kid Juancito is the new bantamweight champion, by virtue of an eleven-round knockout over Divino Rueda. The bout was full of pep, and Juancito showed that he has the goods.

Goro Rico, ex-heavyweight champion of the Island, knocked out Signore Greco of Italy in the first minute of the first round.

Kid Sila scored over Mario Hernandez in ten rounds of hard fighting.

No other bouts of importance were held in Havana last month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

TOOTS BASHARA, Gene Dundee and Bad Boy Harper invaded San Antonio during the month and returned much sadder but a whole lot wiser. We understand Promoter Cunningham, in his haste to leave for a trip to Mexico City, forgot to leave enough money in the box office to pay the fighters off. So they returned to Houston with only part of their purses.

Looks like George Salvadore is followed by a jinx when it comes to getting the good boys in the same ring with him. First he was matched with Tony Herrera. Tony tore a tendon in his leg. Then they had him down for a bout with Harry Dublinsky. Harry got a cut or something. Promoters down in New Orleans got the idea that Eddie (Kid) Wolfe was the right man to take George's measure. So accordingly the match was made for May 20. For some reason that fight was also called off. Oh, well, maybe Salvadore will yet get a chance to show his stuff against high class competition. And we'll wager that when he does, he'll give a good account of himself.

Eddie Murdock continued to confound the critics who said he was all through. He handed Ralph Chong, Chinese sensation, one of the most artistic beatings we have ever seen. On top of that he boxed a draw and dropped a very unpopular decision to George Salvadore. Most of the fans seemed to think Murdock had beaten George, but the referee ruled otherwise. Eddie is about the cleverest defensive fighter it has been our pleasure to watch in a long time.

Dandy Dick Griffin staged a real big show at Dallas, featuring Tony Cancela and Babe Hunt. Cancela won the duke.

Last summer we sang the praises of Bob Sangster's Negro middleweight sensation, K.O. Kelly, and we're still doing the same. Tutored by Tommy Freeman, former world's welterweight champion, Kelly seems to have everything Tommy had and is a much better puncher than was Tommy. Bob showed his protege in New Orleans during the month, winning rather handily over P. G. Carson. Watch this colored boy, he's a comer!

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE: "Branding Iron" Linn, a Houston lad who has been away for several years, returned home to show his wares to the local fight fans. His initial appearance was very convincing, as he scored a technical knockout over Louis Beard in three rounds. This Linn packs an awful wallop. Tom Baurre K.O.'ed Joe Daly; Charley Montgomery got a technical over James Bradley; Dick O'Connor beat Frank Mackery; Mackery was also beaten by Ralph Chong; Pick Gray drew with Johnny Page.

Roy Stice and Cullen Williams met in the long awaited "natural" at Dallas. Stice was returned the winner after a great fight. Phil Latona beat Neal Milam; "Sawdust" Mills K.O.'ed Vernon Burdick; Ted McCloud beat Ray Wallace; Frenchy LeFevre stopped Jodie Cason; Wishy Jones won over Louis Arriola; Gene Clark beat Bobby Murray; Lou Hasso defeated Bobby Reed but lost to Johnny Hernandez; Paddy McDuff stopped E. B. Wheeler and Jim Perry; Scrap Carter beat Johnny Wallace; Harry Benson K.O.'ed Woody Tidwell.

Lester (Yankee) Ryder is the big sensation in Beaumont. He knocked out Gene Stitsel and Gene Clark and decisioned Babe Kennedy. Fred Hodginson beat Ellis Gallier; Jack Charles stopped Henry Brown; E. B. Wheeler kayoed A. J. Leslie and won from Toribio Mendoza; Mendoza was knocked out by Jim Perry; Tiger Carter beat Tiger Charles; A. J. Leslie was stopped by Louis Wells; Johnny Lacaille K.O.'ed Jimmy Murphy and won from Bad Boy Harper in a great fight; Johnny Hernandez, classy Mexican bantam, beat Octave Desemeaux; Jack Charles K.O.'ed Jack Thomas; Babe Kennedy K.O.'ed Gene Clark and drew with Lou Beard; Angelo Musso beat Joe Mazzagate; Joe Mitchell won over Weaving Tennessee; Battling Sam, winner of nine straight, had his winning streak halted by George Coffee.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

TWO important victories in successive weeks have skyrocketed George Salvadore into the select ten of the world's foremost welterweight boxers. Heretofore, Salvadore was an unknown fellow from Massachusetts who has been campaigning in small clubs in Texas and eking out an existence with his manager, Jack Thurmond, from very meager purses. In the first bout, with Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn., veteran, Salvadore won in a landslide, beating the "Kid" at his own forte, infighting. The following week he received a decision over Harry Dublinsky in ten rounds, although this writer believed, as many others did, that the Chicago Polish lad had the better of a very close tussle.

Paul Ladd, Arkansas middleweight, proved stout opposition for Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, and although he lost a ten-round decision, Ladd dealt out plenty of misery to the Irishman.

Dave Schlesinger, formerly big wrestling impresario of New Orleans, started off on the rocky road of fistic promotion, staging his first show in spacious Heinemann Ball Park and, though the show grossed $1,278, a big figure for this city, Schlesinger is reported to have taken it on the chin for the sum of five C's.

In Schlesinger's main event, Wesley Ramey, lightweight of Grand Rapids, Mich., easily whipped Steve Halaiko, Auburn, N. Y., puncher. The semi-final was the highlight, however, with George Murla, young local bantamweight hope, receiving the verdict over Dewey Cannon of Mobile, Ala., after eight hectic rounds. It was their second meeting.

That Eddie Kid Wolfe has slipped badly of late was proven when Harry Dublinsky took it easy for ten rounds but won decisively over him prior to Wolfe's defeat at the hands of Salvadore.

Illustrative of the declining box office figures in New Orleans was clearly brought out during the month. The Wolfe-Salvadore match drew only approximately $500, and the Ladd-Flynn card pulled around $600. Dublinsky, who has drawn fair gates here in the past, failed to click the turnstiles as was expected in the Wolfe encounter, but ran up the receipts to a little over $1,000 in his bout with Salvadore.

Results of other activities among the fighting gentry in this vicinity were as follows: Battling Burroughs drew with Gene Dundee of New York; Bill Raggio stopped Eddie Manual and decisioned Harlan Gillian; Paul Ladd scored over Elmer Freas again, all middleweights. Jesse Green drew twice with Al Kearney but defeated Charley Jerome of Memphis; all welterweights. Benny Nastasi downed Lenny Jaeger and Buck Landry, but the latter stopped Charlie Pool; Irving Schaeffer lost to Mike Cusimano; Mike Muscarello and Vincent Lombardi drew, all lightweights. Bill Hogroder won over Al Pellegrini and lost to Jimmy Perrin; Pellegrini defeated Merlin Springer and Alex Huffpaur, all featherweights. Johnny Guidry beat Joe Engi and lost to Santos Hugo, while Hugo also defeated Joe Saille, all bantamweights.

Just to prove his superiority over any New Orleans colored lightweight and, incidentally, to collect some sizable purses, Holman Williams of Milwaukee, Wis., this time scored a technical kayo over Wesley Farrell in their second meeting. Afterwards Williams easily outpointed K. O. White over the twelve-round route.

U. S. Chocolate, Michigan featherweight Negro who came to New Orleans with Holman Williams, showed some first rate action in scoring over Young Danno twice and trouncing Benny Irving.

Results of other bouts between Negro scrappers were as follows: Roy Finn beat Levi Young and Mexican Pete; Pete defeated Chester Jones, while Jones stopped Levi Young and won from Jimmy Brown of Ohio; Levi Young won and then stopped "Tiger" Claw, but followed by losing to Harvey Massey, Ohio; Carlos Phillips stopped Bob Manual and Arkansas Kid; Stonewall Jackson, Ohio, defeated Josh Willis, all middleweights. Herman "Kid" Collins, California puncher, took the front among the welterweights hereabouts with a one-round kayo over Baby Wills and a decision over Battling Siki; K. O. White, as a welterweight, trounced Gene Thomas of Atlanta, Ga.; Jack Davis stopped Arkansas Kid but lost to Clem Johnson, all welterweights. Jimmy Thomas of Pittsburgh, Pa., again defeated Eddie Kid Brown; Brown won over Leo "Tiger" Flowers of Ohio; Israel Robinson stopped Kid Nathan; Clem Johnson stopped K. O. Banks, all lightweights. Lucien Fleet kayoed Kid Papawax and Speedy Gator, all bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—George Salvadore has lost only two fights in two years, both to members of the Chinese family Chong; to Ralph by decision and to Johnny on a foul . . . . Pete Kelly's gym is deteriorating since his split with Burke and Diamond . . . . Johnny Galway is back in harness as a referee . . . . Wrestling is absolutely dead in New Orleans with no matches for some time . . . . Saw Powe says he is ready to promote again in Mobile, Ala. . . . There is not one good prospect among the home talent in New Orleans . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, should information be sought, but please enclose return postage.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

LOUIS "KID" COCOA, the New Haven welterweight leather swinger, became the new New England welterweight and middleweight champion, when he scored a ten-round victory over Frankie Britt, at the Boston Garden Arena.

Eddie Hogan, hard-punching Waterbury heavyweight, who is in the limelight, and is rapidly advancing in the division, made his Philly debut against Larry Johnson, whom he stiffened in the fifth session.

Joe Vignali, aggressive two-fisted club fighter, who is making great strides, looked good when he turned the tables on Jackie Holt, by a knockout in the first round in his Pittsburg debut. Joe throws plenty of leather and always thrills the fans with his style of milling. He is a comer.

RATINGS OF CONNECTICUT BOXERS: Heavyweight—Eddie Unknown Winston, Eddie Hogan, Al Boros; light-heavyweight—Al Nelson Gainer, Nathan Mann, Steve Carr; middleweight—Charley Eagle, Frankie "Butch" Nichols, Tiger Jack Renault; welterweight—Louis "Kid" Cocoa, Jimmy Leto, Irish Eddie Dolan; lightweight—Joe Vignali, Phil Baker, Johnny Bellus; featherweight—Pinky Morris, Freddie Foran, Jimmy Riche.

There is no activity in the bantamweight and flyweight classes.

FISTIC TOPICS—Tin Can Romanelli, of Stamford, is going great guns in New York . . . . recently disposed of Mickey Barron. Ken Ferguson, Stokes Bay, Ontario, Canada—your letter received by me, has been forwarded as requested . . . . Louis Kid Cocoa, flashy Negro welterweight, scored a four-round knockout over Johnny Graycar . . . . Freddy Foran lost a six-round decision to Eddie Hass . . . . Harry Gentile—a coming featherweight, is displaying his fistic wares around New York City . . . . Jimmy Leto whipped Lou Lombardi in a ten-round bout at the Valley Arena . . . . Steve Carr is back home from his campaign through the Southland . . . . While this is being printed, George Mulligan, Waterbury's boxing promoter, will start staging outdoor bouts at the Lakewood Arena . . . . Mickey Genro, lightweight mitt slinger, is out on the Pacific Coast . . . . Fighters who can fight and who are not signed up with anyone will do well by writing this scribe . . . . Address 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn. Tony Laviero will make a comeback. He has been training hard for two months . . . . looks very good, ready to meet any junior welterweight in the business . . . . Laviero is a hard hitter . . . . Eddie Unknown Winston was awarded the decision over Terry Mitchell in ten rounds . . . . Billy Bridge lost to Sol Canato . . . . Al Celantana was put away in the fifth chapter, by Jimmy Downs.

Dave Karess, one-time fighter who resides in New York City handling a stable of fighters, and your scribe, who has a stable of fighters in this state have united, to cooperate in managing and booking bouts for the fighters.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by Mrs. Bess Jones, owner of the Riverview Amusement Park, that she has leased the entire park, including the boxing arena, to Nate Dax, veteran Sioux City promoter, and Abe Friedman. In taking over the boxing arena, Mr. Dax made the following statement: "I have not been active in the sport for some time, but I have been watching with interest the doings of the leather pushers. I have always loved the sport, and promise fans in this section that I shall do all that I can to bring to Sioux City some outstanding talent. Furthermore, I want it understood that I am going to pay the fighters on my cards well for their services, just as much, if not more, than my late friend Harry Jones did." Good luck to you, Nate.

Boxers and managers wishing to show in this section are urged to get in touch with Bill Hawkins at once. Address all mail to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa. Get busy, you managers; there will be plenty of work here for you, if you can produce the goods.

Results of the month were as follows: Willie Davies, 138, Kansas City, outpointed Joe Duran of Scottsbluff, Neb., in eight rounds; Tony Laredo, Kansas City featherweight, won over Kid Chism of Scottsbluff in six rounds; Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, won over Frankie Lee of Kansas City in a fast sixer. Mickey "Babyface" Slater, Sioux City feather, scored over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia., in four; Jack Harding and Jimmy Johnson went to a draw; Lloyd Weaver lost to Bert Woods in a fast four-rounder. Another good card saw Andy "Kid" Miller win a shade decision over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., in six rounds; Battling Nelson, Belgrade, Neb., welter, shaded Goldie O'Hara in six; Socko Cadwell, Sioux City middleweight, punched out a win over Ray Mann, also of Sioux City, in six; Billy Clancy and Young Mann went to a draw; Al Pahl won over Jack Harding; Lloyd Weaver won over Artie Stokes.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg middleweight, knocked out Eddie O'Brien of Chicago in two rounds; Elroy Bushaw, Grand Forks lightweight, stopped Red Windsor of Winnipeg in three rounds; Mel Sullivan won over Bill Fleming; Joe Stech knocked out Con St. George in one round.

Des Moines, Ia.—Davey Day, Chicago, knocked out Ernie Ratner of Newark, N. J., in two rounds; Goldie O'Hara, Fort Dodge, Ia., middleweight, won over Kerl Lautenschlage of Dallas, Tex., in six rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, and Jimmie Wooten of Omaha, Neb., went to a draw in six rounds; Speedy Ricco won over Hymire Spiegel in the semi-windup; Jerome Ashby knocked out Casey Ingham in three rounds; Chuck Alvis won from Kid Mann; Adair Wyland won from Tuffy Ingham; Jack Whistler won from Tarzan Stauffer.

Greattinger, Ia.—Verne Trickle, Emmetsburg heavyweight, knocked off Kid Miller of St. Cloud, Minn., in the second round. Goldie O'Hara kayoed Benny Hall in the fifth round of a billed sixer; Barney Hassel won over Don McDermott; Swede Allen outpunched Don Harris; Bobby Jackson put Kid Spragg to sleep in three rounds.

Guttenberg, Ia.—Harold Walski won over Harold Rockstead; Barney Stoeffler and Kid Madlin went to a fast draw; Peter Debes won over Joe Madlun.

Des Moines, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, won over Curley Martin of Kansas City in six rounds; Al Van Fleet, Greenfield, Ia., middleweight, stopped Jack Hill in five rounds. Benny Salvatore, Fort Dodge lightweight, won over Nick Fazio.

Deadwood, So. Dak.—Joe Jaramillio, Denver, welter, put the kayo on Kid Rippatore of Bismarck, No. Dak., in six; Mickey Martinez, Denver lightweight, stopped Chief Wakeman of Dubuque, Ia., in the eighth round.

Onawa, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, is one of the best drawing cards in this section. Mann has a host of followers here, who claim the Sioux City middleweight can hold his own with the best.

Greattinger, Ia.—Mel Rice, hard-punching Sioux City welterweight, scored a sensational kayo over Kid Hargraves of Spencer, Ia., in four rounds. Verne Trickle, Emmetsburg, Ia., heavyweight, handed Bob Putney of Waterloo, Ia., a neat licking in eight rounds. Swede Allen won from Johnny Cosgrove; Goldie O'Hara and Socko Cadwell went to a very good draw; Kid Anderson knocked out Johnny McCormick in one round; Battling "Kid" Nelson knocked out Georgie Johnson in three rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Benny Brown won from Irish Farley; Cappy Wooten defeated Babe Barnes; Mickey the Dip won from Dan McDonald; Skinny Bryon beat Vic Shook; Gordon Rich lost to Clipper Dale.

The big upset of the month in this section took place when Ronny Malcolm, Waterloo, Ia., welterweight, was knocked out in one round at the Riverview Park Arena. Dick Demeray, Tappen, No. Dak., southpaw, did the trick. Demeray nailed Malcolm on the chin as the fight started, and three times, right after another, Malcolm hit the deck, and was reeling helplessly around the ring when the referee halted the slaughter; Rusty Gramling of Bismarck, No. Dak., won over Dixie Taylor in six rounds; Andy Kid Miller, local light-heavy, stopped Ernie Potter in three rounds.

Creston, Ia.—Jimmy Wooten, Omaha, Neb., middleweight, scored over Walt Von Stine in a fast six-rounder. Al Van Vleet knocked out Mickey Powers of Omaha, Neb., in three rounds. Al Soup and Jack Presti went to a six-round draw; Young Beemer outpointed Young Kid Bindict.

Fairfield, Ia.—Heck Colbert knocked out Jerry McGune in two rounds; Ray Beetner and Bill Henderson fought to a draw. Red Holt won on a T. K. O. in three rounds over Max Ringler; Tuffy Huffman and Ray Millman fought to a draw.

Creston, Ia.—Al Van Vleet, Orient, Ia., middleweight, won his twenty-second consecutive fight by knocking out Jack Phillips in two rounds; Jimmie Wooten shaded Walt Vonstein in six; Al Sukow drew with Jack Presti.

Ida Grove, Ia.—Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, scored a oné-round kayo over Burt Woods in a scheduled six-round bout. It was one of the shortest fights on record here.

Des Moines, Ia.—A new boxing club was formed here, it was announced by Bob Dudley, business manager of the new organization. Tony Stecher is president of the club, which will be known as the Midwest Boxing Club. Pinkie George, veteran promoter and manager, will be the matchmaker. The Midwest Boxing Club will sponsor weekly fight cards at the local Riverview Arena, it was announced by Abe Frankle, president of the park.

Boxers and managers, along with you promoters, please try and have your notes in my hands by the first of every month. Last month there were a number of letters that did not get in under the deadline. Fellows, I appreciate your interest, and the number of letters I have received in regard to these notes makes one feel pretty good. Mail your notes to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., and if you wish a reply to your letter, please enclose a stamp. Thanks a lot.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—The three best looking prospects for the month are Dick Demeray, Tappen, No. Dak., welterweight, Al Van Vleet, Orient, Ia., middleweight, and Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight . . . . These three boys have the makings of good, all-around fighters . . . . Jock Malone, veteran St. Paul fighter, paid Sioux City a visit . . . . Ray Lindley, Onawa, Ia., boxer, had the sight in his right eye restored and with a resolution to give up boxing . . . . Young Rightmire, Sioux City's ace featherweight, handed Henry Hook a licking at Chicago . . . . Creston, Ia., is staging boxing cards again . . . . Wellman, Ia., is a newcomer on the map . . . . Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., heavyweight, was halted by Abe Feldman in five rounds on the Coast . . . . Roy Gillman, popular Fort Dodge promoter, has a new arena, located on the main business street in Fort Dodge . . . . It will seat three thousand, and was completed at a cost of nearly eight thousand dollars . . . . Boxers and managers should get in touch with Mr. Gillman . . . . He has named the new arena "The Ring" . . . . At last Sioux City has a good gym . . . . Sailor Burke, local trainer and manager, has opened up a gym in the K. of C. club here and everything is right up to the minute . . . . Large crowds watch the boys work out every day . . . . Carl Rassmussen, manager of Albert Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia., featherweight, has laid claim to the featherweight title of Iowa . . . . "Pop" Slater, Sailor Burke, "Pop" Rightmire and Andy Dans are the leading trainers here . . . . We had a nice letter from Tommy McHugh . . . . Scotty McLean was outpointed in Chicago; Milt Aron did the trick . . . . Well, fellows, don't forget, I will be around again next month . . . . My promoters' list is ready, No. 5 . . . . They are going fast.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BUCK EVERETT of Gary, Indiana, took a surprise victory over the highly touted Natie Brown at the Washington Auditorium in ten rounds. Brown got off to a good start but Everett came on as the bout progressed and had the Washington heavyweight plenty tired and beaten when the final bell sounded. Leroy Zinkham had the better of Jimmy Wade in the six-round semi-final. Andy Martin was entirely too good for Johnny Canzoneri, and Baby Miller won with plenty grace in flattening Jack Woods in the sixth and final round. Joe Tems beat Johnny Consolo in the first six-rounder.

Freddie Wallmyer just did get in over Red Journee in ten rounds at Richmond, Va., to save his middleweight title of the State. Phil Furr of Washington belted out Johnny Mays in seven heats in the other half of the wind-up.

Joe Santo won handily over Charlie Thompson in ten rounds at Baltimore. This was Thompson's first bout in four months and Charlie was plenty rusty. Thompson took a good pasting but was still strong at the finish. Tom Vetra scored a one-round knockout over Young Walsh in the semi-final.

Natie Brown should now be convinced that Buck Everett is his master, after the ten-round trimming Buck handed Natie in a return affair in the first open-air show in Washington. Buck licked Natie early in the month and Natie begged for a return shot on the grounds that he was not in top form for the first encounter. Well, Everett not only whipped Brown in the return encounter but put Natie on the shell for a couple of months with a bad eye.

The boys continued to battle after the final bell and as an aftermath were called before the commission for their rough tactics during the encounter. Jimmy Jones of Baltimore gave Elmer Benezah a terrific body beating in the eight-round semi-final. Although Elmer took a punching around the midriff he was still able to give Jimmy trouble up until the final bell. In losing it was Benezah's best showing thus far in these parts. Roy Manley licked Pete Bevans in six heats in the feature prelim.

Joe Santos of Philadelphia scored a surprise victory over Lew Raymond in ten rounds at Baltimore. Raymond was a red-hot favorite to lick Santos, although Joe had previously won handily in Baltimore over Charlie Thompson. Santos won every round from the Baltimorean, who appeared to have an off night.

Charlie Gomer and Phil Baker were tossed out of the ring by referee Charlie Short in Baltimore when Charlie stopped the one-sided contest and called it no contest. Baker was taking a terrific pasting but Charlie contended that Gomer was carrying the Philadelphian along at that. Manny Wible of Baltimore knocked out Benny Britt in four rounds.

Chester Fowble won over Joe DeCarlo in eight heats. Steve Kadish knocked out Harry Messick in four rounds. Chester Ruby beat Joe Obregon in six and Lou DiMario knocked out Lou Young in six rounds of the best fight of the evening. Both DiMario and Young were on the way out several times and the boys sure had the fans on their feet until the sudden collapse of Young from a terrific body punch.

Bob Turner of Norfolk reversed the tables on Freddie Wallmyer in four heats at Richmond, Va., when Referee Paddy Mills stopped the fight and declared Turner the winner. Bob had Wallmyer on the floor on three occasions before the bout was terminated. Wallmyer contends a punch in the Adam's apple caused his downfall and he is hot after a return match. Lou Terry lost a close and exciting one to Charlie Jacobs in the eight-round semi-final. Joe Tems won as he pleased over Joe Garmon in the other eight-rounder.

PICKUPS—Eddie Ross is back in the boxing game in Baltimore with a weekly show at the Ball Park there. He is bucking Les Sponsoler, his former boss, who operates at Carlin's park on Monday while Eddie goes on Friday. In the meantime, the Baltimore fans get plenty action and if things continue, the both clubs may survive. Lou Terry, the St. Louis lightweight, is back in these parts with his manager Sam Soble. Lou boxes Joey Goodman in a ten-rounder at Richmond, Va., shortly.

Baby Miller, the Cuban southpaw from Florida who was licking everything in these parts that would face him, has returned to Florida because of homesickness. Frankie Hughes, the best welterweight around Washington, has left the Nation's Capital because none of the boys want any of his game. Frankie could not get a break from the press in the Capital and the promoters were afraid to use him. Hughes is going like a house afire in Florida and hopes to finally get a crack at Phil Furr in Washington. Well, here's luck, Frankie.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

PAUL "TENNESSEE" LEE, now boxing out of Indianapolis, has become one of Detroit's favorites in beating Ken Offet twice. Lee and his stablemate, Henry Hook, have been appearing on Scotty Monteith's cards, and both have pleased the Arena Gardens spectators. Hook's latest victim was Wesley Martin of Akron, Ohio.

Morrie Sherman returned to Detroit after an absence of over a year and kayoed Eddie Speaks in one round. We wonder if this is the same Speaks who used to box around Michigan five years ago.

Frank Erne is promoting a heavyweight tournament to decide the successor to Johnny Miler as champion of Michigan. Johnny Whiters is the favorite.

Bobby Red Wood and Gene Barrett are going East with Roger Bernard. Both of these boys have been going good at the small clubs. Barrett's last victim was Frankie Pallo. Wood has had six pro fights now and has yet to meet defeat. He whipped Billy Jacobs in his last start. Wood is one of the best bantam prospects in the state.

Frank Kapanowski, Detroit's Polish middleweight, beat Bobby Buckles in Muskegon. Kapanowski is a very good fighter.

Ansell Bell is still head man at the West Side A.C., Michigan at Vinewood.

Gene Barrett defeated Lefty Logan of Lansing at Owosso. Curly Dick McClintick beat Billy Miller of Lansing on the same card. McClintick is undefeated as a pro.

Following are the leading amateur results. Amateur boxing has taken the play from the professionals in this state.

Al Strong beat Jim Porter, Joe Sworek beat Tommy Morris, Al Kilpatrick beat Art Rubin, and shaded Billy Noeske. Noeske beat Ralph Conway. Bob O'Connell beat Eddie Bonnura and Cliff Pulaski. Eugene Nevers lost to Jim Buckins, but won a fight at Ecorse. Sam Amico shaded Jimmy Maloney and Ed Smigel. Maloney beat Tommy Morris. Eddie Kozale shaded Stanley Cieslik. Cieslik lost to Spider Armstrong at Toronto. Al Nettlow, Clinton Bridges, Lorenzo Pack, and Dave Clark were winners in the international show at Chicago. Patsy Urso lost a close one on the same card.

Corky McCorquodale defeated Bob McIntire, who outboxed Harry Maletz. Walter Cieslik scored his first victory. Emmett Smith edged Joe Mullane. Jerry Sullivan beat Harry Thomas for the fourth time. Sid Jacobs beat Gus Di Maria.

Maxie Strub, who has been fighting since 1926, is still giving a good account of himself, winning from Johnny Jadick lately. A few months ago I was trying to match him in the Arena, but I was told he was too old. Jadick won a few fights here since and is considered quite a good fighter, but it took old Maxie Strub to beat him. Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley, is still active and trying to land a bout in Canada, through Playfair Brown of Toronto. Ruby was a card there a few years back.

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BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

KID SILVER, welterweight ace of Jamaica, turned back Serafin Centeno, welterweight champion of Colombia and Panama, in ten rounds here.

Young Williams made short work of Bob Winkler, stopping in the second round. Pancho Valdez and Pal Silver mixed things up pretty lively, sharing honors in six rounds. Black Bill earned the decision over Young Sharkey by his steady attack.

Kid Hartley, a coming boy, beat Quintana Shadow. Breezey Boy dropped the decision to Baby Al Brown.

The veteran Joe Walcott, ex-welterweight champion of Panama, scored over Relampaago Saguero, welterweight champion of Cuba, in a ten-round bout.

In a close fight, Jack Hawthorne snatched the decision from Angel Sanchez in eight rounds. Lifty Madden scored the only knock-out for this show by stopping Bob Winkler in six rounds. Black Bond and Baby Walcott did a lot of hard hitting in their four-rounder, the former earning the decision. Baby Sharkey beat Kid Jack in a brisk four-rounder.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JOHNNY McGRORY, Scottish featherweight champion, easily outpointed Dick Corbett, ex-bantamweight champion, over twelve rounds in a British featherweight title elimination bout at Glasgow.

The Scot took charge of the bout from the first gong, and continued to dictate the order of fighting to the end.

At no time did Corbett look like having a chance, and the Scot had a runaway victory.

Larry Gains, ex-British Empire heavyweight champion, knocked out George Slack, Doncaster, and Northern Area heavyweight champion, in the sixth round at Liverpool.

Slack's nose was broken by a left hook and he tottered against the ropes with his left eye closed.

"Ginger" Sadd, Norwich, who has pretensions towards the British welterweight title, gained a notch by defeating the local Yarmouth lad, Seaman Lawlor, in twelve rounds.

A new plan to revive National Sporting Club glories was launched at a luncheon in London, with Mr. C. H. Douglas, well-known referee, in the chair. The club is situated in the heart of London and is to have a boxing arena seating 1,270 and everything that made the old N.S.C. so popular with world-wide sportsmen.

Benny Caplain, St. Georges, had little difficulty in outpointing Arly Hollingsworth, Sheffield, at the Ring of London in ten rounds.

Frank Hough, Battersea, had an easy task dealing out punches to George Kendricks, Manchester, who was the catcher from the start and was finally counted out from a left to the body in the fifth round.

Punching Paul Schaeffer, the Canadian welterweight, made short work of Jackie Moody, Pontyprydd, a brother to the better known Frank and Glyn, the K.O. came in the second round at the Devonshire Club, London.

Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, scored a two-round K.O. over George Creasey, Nottingham. Creasey was put down for two counts in the first round by snappy left hooks, and a right to the body in the second finished the bout.

Dave Finn, Stepney, and Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, met at the Mile End Arena in a ten-round bout, but it went only nine when the referee, Jack Hart, stopped the bout in Sharkey's favor, owing to an eye injury to Finn.

Johnny King, Manchester, former bantamweight champion of Great Britain, gained a narrow points victory over George Williams, Treherbert and Welsh titleholder, in twelve rounds at Manchester.

The decision in favor of King met with a very mixed reception. Many thought that the Welshman did the most scoring at infighting and puzzled the Manchester lad with his crouching style.

Len Harvey, former Empire heavyweight champion, met Marcel Lauriot, cruiserweight champion of France, in a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

The occasion was the jubilee opening of "The Ring," which was opened by the late Dick Burge and is now carried on by Mrs. Bella Burge, a woman who is loved by everyone who has been fortunate enough to meet her.

The proceeds of the show was given to a fund to help the poor children of Blackfriars. Moss Deyong, as usual, went into the ring and received donations from the distinguished audience.

The bout between Harvey and Lauriot ended in a win on points for Harvey, but did not prove half as thrilling as the two eight-round bouts between youngsters who are striving to reach the top, Harry Curley of Lambeth and Jim Andrews of Hoxton. Curley won on the sixth.

The fans showed their appreciation by throwing silver and coppers in the ring for the boys to divide amongst themselves.

Another good youngster is Chuck Conway, Walton-on-Thames, who defeated Joe Harvey, Croydon, on points in a thrilling bout.

Frank Moody, Pontypridd, won again on his comeback stunt when the forced Jack Marshall, Aecrinfron, to retire after nine rounds of battling at Pontypridd.

George Odwell, Camden Town, forced Norman Dale, Newcastle, to retire with a damaged hand in the fifth round of a twelve-round bout at Newcastle.

Danny Evans, Ammanford, won the Welsh middleweight title, by outpointing the holder, Billy Thomas, Deri, in fifteen hard rounds at Newport, Monday.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, knocked out Len "Tiger" Smith, in the third at Liverpool. The blow that finished the bout was a terrific right to the jaw.

Harry Mizler, St. Georges lightweight, scored a good points victory over Robert Disch, Holland's lightweight champion, in ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Harry "Kid" Farlo, Stepney, seemed to have quite bit in hand in ten rounds of clever boxing in his bout with Harry Brooks, St. Georges, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when Referee Johnny Brown threw a bombshell into the audience by declaring the bout a draw.

"Punching" Paul Schaeffer, Canada, had to go the full distance with Billy Graham, Gateshead, at the Mile End Arena, to win in ten hard rounds.

The supporting bouts deserving of mention are Billy Nash, Clerkenwell, who defeated the unbeaten Billy Walker, Stratford, in the seventh round, when referee Jack Hart stopped the bout after Walker had taken three counts.

Gilbert Johnstone, Dundee, scored an easy victory over Phil Bevan, Poplar, after a fast and clever twelve-round bout. The taller and faster Johnstone scored as he pleased to win on points. Another promising lad is "Chuck" Conway, Walton, who K.O.'ed Bobby Lyons, Walworth, in the seventh round of a hard-punching bout.

Tommy Hyams, Kings X, provided a surprise at Swansea when he K.O.'ed Dan Thomas, Morriston, in the eighth, with a left to the solar plexus, after an even bout.

Leo Phillips, Birmingham, gained a decisive victory of Joe (Kid) Kelso, Hanley.

Roy Mills, Sunderland, a lad I am sure will be heard of more next season, scored an impressive K.O. win over Tommy Marren, Burnley, in the seventh round at Sunderland.

Watch out for this boys Mills.

Benny Lynch, Scottish flyweight champion, made short work of Charlie Hazel, Welsh titleholder, in the first round of a ten-round bout at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

Johnny McGrory, featherweight champion of Scotland, outpointed Douglas Kestrell, Cardiff, in ten good rounds, with McGrory taking the lead after half way to win on points.

Eddie Phillips, cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, failed to cover himself with glory when he drew with Charlie Bundy, Treherbert, in fifteen rounds at Cardiff.

Jeff Dickson staged his first open-air show at the White City, London, when he gave Obie Walker, the much-barred Negro from Corcovan, Georgia, his first bout in Great Britain against that battle-scarred evergreen, George Cook, Australia, and the Negro won.

The bout was interesting throughout, although the colored boy won nine out of the ten rounds.

Don McCorkindale, popular South African heavyweight, must have thought he was in a marathon race when the bell went for his ten-round bout with Innocente Baiguerra, heavyweight champion of Italy. At the end of the tenth round, Baiguerra must have covered miles of ground and the South African at times stood in the middle of the ring trying to land a haymaker on the fast retreating Italian. When the bout finished, McCorkindale received the decision and Baiguerra, "the razz."

Johnny Rice, the Hounslow Italian heavyweight, boxed very well indeed to outpoint Frank Borrington, Derby.

Tommy Farr, Welsh cruiserweight champion, caused Manuel "Kid" Abrew, colored lad from Scotland, to retire at the end of the sixth in an eight-round bout.

"Ginger" Sadd, fast-improving welterweight from Norwich, had no difficulty in comfirming his previous victory over Pat Butler, Leicester and British welterweight champion, at Norwich in twelve rounds.

Jack Lewis, Bournemouth, beat Tom Bruffin, Bournemouth, in twelve rounds in the semi-final of the Clayton-Lloyd Challenge Belt, at Bournemouth. The bout was a corker for action.

The Stadium Club, London, was packed to the doors when Syd Hulls staged a show in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The star bout was between Eddie Wenstob, the Alberta cowboy, and Tommy Farr, cruiserweight champion of Wales, and Farr won.

George Daly, Blackfriars, received a severe set-back when he was beaten by the ex-amateur champion of Wales, George Reynolds, in ten rounds.

Mog Mason, Gilfach Loch, K.O.'ed Tucker Winch, Dagenham, in the third at Swansea. Winch was no match for the fast improving Welshman and a perfect right to the chin spelled "Finis" to the bout.

George Rose, Bristol, gave a clever display when beating the improving welterweight from Norwich, "Ginger" Sadd, at Rochester, with Sadd stopped in the sixth.

Sonny Lee, Leeds, made a successful first appearance, in London when he met Joe Connolly, Scotland, in a ten-round bout at the Ring, London, with Lee winning.

Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, and Stan Jehu, Wales, served up a rattling good bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, with Sharkey the winner.

Harry "Kid" Farlo, Stepney, gave one of his best performances at the Mile End Arena when he outpointed the tough Liverpool battler, Peter Clarke.

Billy Kid Brooks, Stratford, scored a clever points win over Con Flynn, Islington, in ten fast rounds, and Harry Brooks, St. Georges, outpointed Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, in another ten-rounder that marked the end of an all-star card.

Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool, made a successful debut as a welterweight, when he met Frank McCall, Aberdeen, in what was to have been a twelve-round contest at Liverpool Stadium, but McCall was stopped in the sixth.

Ben Foord, South African heavyweight champion, outpointed Harry Staal, Holland, in twelve rounds at Leicester. Foord kept up the attack with solid left-hand leads and towards the end of the bout, both met in the center of the ring and began slugging, which kept the crowd on its toes.

Jack "Kid" Berg, British lightweight champion, gained an easy victory over Harry Brown, Northampton, at the Ring, London.

The bout ended in the third round after Brown had taken three counts of nine. Brown was no match for Berg.

Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, won over Arthur Davis, Bedford, in a hard bout at Becontree.

Tommy Watson, Newcastle, went through another step of the British lightweight elimination series when he easily outpointed the Scottish champion, Tommy Spiers, Alloa, in fifteen rounds at Newcastle.

George Odwell, Camden Town, scored a convincing victory over Johnny Mack, Carlisle, in ten rounds at Newcastle.

George Rose, Bristol, gave a great display of boxing against the local George Willis, of Newcastle, who was forced to retire at the end of the eighth.

Tommy Hyams, Kings X, fought in rare form to score a convincing win over Fred Carpenter, Merthyr, at Swansea.

Dave Finn, Stepney, won a good bout on points after ten interesting rounds against Danny Thomas, Wales, at the Devonshire Sporting Club.

Joe Mendiola, the smart Filipino, gained a points win over Ike Pratt, Thornaby, at Middlesborough.

Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, was given the hardest fight of his European tour when he outpointed Jimmy Walsh, Chester, in ten very interesting rounds. There was a storm of disapproval over referee Jack Smith's decision, but the booing was unjustified.

All concerned agreed that it was the best fight seen in the Liverpool Stadium since the opening, there being ten rounds of hectic non-stop boxing with no man asking or giving quarter. Seven thousand fans saw the mill.

"Ginger" Sadd, Norwich, scored a convincing win on points over the former welterweight champion of Great Britain, Harry Mason, at Norwich.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

JOE SWIDERSKI, local tavern keeper and sportsman, has purchased controlling interest in the Disabled Veterans A.C. operating pro boxing shows at the Arena, from Tommy Lewis, who had only recently bought the club from Leon LaValle. Lewis planned and advertised a show, but did not go through with it, selling out to Swiderski instead.

Swiderski got off to a good start, and plans to run weekly cards on Friday nights. For the past six years, Monday night has always been fight night in Syracuse, but Swiderski believes there is more money around on Fridays.

His initial show produced some real scientific milling with Mickey Devine, unbeaten Batavia featherweight, winning from Johnny Alba, good Filipino, in the eight-round wind-up. Joey (Dempsey) Gerace of Buffalo scored a technical kayo over Joey Izzo of Hartford, Conn., in the seventh round of a scheduled eight, when Izzo received a broken rib during a furious mixup. Joe Sweeney, Scranton welterweight, was awarded the decision over Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, who incidentally brought all of his badness to light in this bout, while Johnny Van Durick, Scranton, shaded Freddie Mitchell, Utica negro, to win an unpopular decision. Both were six-rounders. The curtain tilter showed Earl Weaver of Syracuse and Bud Fisher of Newark, N. J. Fisher won, a four-round decision.

Primo Carnera, the Ambling Alp, and Joe Louis' opponent in New York last month, trained for the battle at Island Park, Auburn, 26 miles from Syracuse. Carnera drew many fans from all over central, southern and western New York to his daily boxing drills, which were chuck full of action.

Back in the limelight again and ranked up this way, Contender No. 1 for Teddy Yarosz, world's middleweight crown, Eddie (Babe) Risko is now enjoying a siege of roughing it in the north woods, following his sensational victory over Frankie Battaglia at Pittsburgh. As this is written, Gabe Genovese, Risko's manager, is working on a championship match for his charge with Yarosz, to be held at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, either this month or next.

Boy, what a stable of leather-pushers George Sheppard, the Brooklyn manager, has in tow! George is now doing business for the following: Terry Mitchell, heavyweight; Dutch Weimer, light-heavy; Tony Celli, light-heavy; Vince De Angelo, welter; Eddie Marks, welter; Joey Greb, light-weight; Joey Zodda, lightweight; and Roger Bernard and Tin Can Romanelli, featherweights.

Boxing at Binghamton is still going strong, and all because matchmaker Johnny McIntyre is staging some great ring battles! On his latest card, Mark Hough, good New York Negro middleweight, lost a close decision to Joe Danovic, Bingo's veteran warrior in a thrill-packed, eight-round wind-up. A previous offering showed Mickey Devine, crack Batavia featherweight, winning from Jeff Furrone, sterling Newark colored star, over the eight-round route.

BINGHAMTON RESULTS—Hough-Banovic card: Al Traino, Rochester, drew with Johnny Hoffman, Grand Rapids, Mich, (six); Billy Muniop, Auburn, outpointed Johnny Stanley, Ogdensburg (six); Kid Terrell, Binghamton knocked out Freddie Sallus, Syracuse (two); Young Gussie, Endicott, scored a technical kayo over Sam Matrone, Syracuse (four).

Devine-Furrone card—Eddie Swider, Syracuse, defeated Jackie Flowers, Clinton (six); Johnny Hoffman, Grand Rapids, Mich., stopped Joe Leonard, Scranton (two); Bud Fisher, Newark, N. J., outboxed Sherman Rosen, Utica (six); Kid Terrell, Binghamton, knocked out Mike Khouri, Binghamton (two).

Col. D. Walker Wear of Binghamton, senior member of the State Athletic Commission, has issued the following statement which is of interest to all in the profession, and boxing lovers in particular:

"The year 1935, with its rapidly changing conditions, has made the manly art of boxing the world's most popular sport. Not only does this apply to the professional field, but is far reaching with amateurs, churches and educational institutions. It is popular wherever the army and navy are quartered. Professional boxing throughout the United States is coming back by leaps and bounds. In New York State, which leads in boxing, new clubs are being formed, more contests are being held and attendance has shown a marked increase."

DOTS AND DASHES—A number of big outdoor fights are in the making for Syracuse this summer . . . . The local club will operate at the Municipal Ball Park, home of the Syracuse Chiefs of the International League . . . . Binghamton is also planning open air boxing and may operate either in the city of Binghamton just off Washington St., or at Johnson Fields in Johnson City . . . . Eddie Borden writes from Hollywood he is doing fine with Charlie Massare and Lew Feldman . . . . Eddie claims California is great country, but we bet he misses the lights of Broadway just the same . . . . Bob Ritche, Boston bantam, is in town, also Lou Severo of Cleveland . . . . Joe Netro has been named matchmaker for the new Arena club . . . . Perhaps the greatest club fighter in this section is Johnny Stanley, known as the "Ogdensburg Ox" . . . . Johnny weighs around 155 pounds, and has never been known to put up anything but a sensational fight . . . . Win, lose or draw, Stanley is always welcomed back . . . . He has been boxing steadily for ten years and is still going strong.

King Levinsky didn't think his fight with Hans Birkie at Toronto was going to draw, so he took a proposition from a Toronto gambler who offered to buy him "outright" for the fight for the sum of $600 . . . . The Kingfish bit and the battle drew nine grand! . . . . Big Boy Brackey thought Buddy Baer, the champ's brother, was a pushover—that is before he met him—now he knows different . . . . Buddy blasted Brackey's hopes in one round before a sell-out crowd at Charlie Murray's Buffalo boxing club!

John T. Higgins, Binghamton boxing inspector, is bartender at Pitch's popular grill in Bingo, and reputed to be one of the two best barkeeps in the Southern Tier . . . . Fred Mulford is the other . . . . Irving (Itchky) Robbins has the world's car-stopping championship . . . . Every other Friday Itchky takes a carload of fighters over to Binghamton, 76 miles south, out of Syracuse . . . . Generally there are more fighters than Itchky's veteran car will hold, but he always gets his boys to Bingo . . . . How—well he jams them in like sardines until he gets to the city line . . . . There is a stop light there, and Itchky hails passing cars until he gets some of his boys rides into Cortland . . . . At Cortland he repeats the trick, and finally the gladiators, all tired from the excitement, arrive in Binghamton in time for the weighing in.

Eddie Dempsey has pulled the old worn leather mitts off the attic shelf and is training again . . . . Mickey Serrian is going good in New York . . . . We will be glad to answer anything pertaining to boxing in this section for a stamp—address 1009 Cadillac St., Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Joe Swiderski, new Syracuse promoter, is a brother of Paul Swiderski, former heavyweight who was handled by "silent" Harry Lenny . . . . They called Swiderski the "Sad-Eyed Pole" in those days . . . . Now he is over in Europe living the life of Riley . . . . Joe is also brother-in-law to Joe Maloewicz, the Utica Panther of wrestling fame . . . . Received flashes on Tony Galento and Teddy Loder from Joe Jacobs . . . . Jack McCann has Eddie Saxon in splendid shape and rarin' to go . . . . Eddie should go good in Pittsburgh . . . . Kelse McClure shoots us the info Paul Lee, his featherweight ace, is coming along at a fast clip, and is now ready for the best . . . . Good action fighters who want to break into this section can do so through the writer . . . . To those who wrote us last month and received no answer—please send a stamp . . . . We answered more than forty letters and the mail bag keeps growing, so please send stamp with your requests.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JAKE CAREY, well-known boxing and sport promoter, is working on his first big outdoor boxing show. Jake is trying to get Wesley Ramey, a great card here, and Lou Ambers. If Jake can land this match, Rochester will draw the biggest crowd in the history of boxing. The park can seat 20,000 people, and the fans will turn out to see this fight.

The Rochester Turnverein ran its final indoor boxing show and drew a packed house with Irish Jim Flood of Rochester fighting Don Stevens of Buffalo in the main bout, Flood winning the decision after five rounds of hard fighting. Two thousand people attended the show.

Al Traino, Rochester's lightweight hope, is a busy fighter these days. On May 23rd at Buffalo, Traino fought Blais Pantanno, and the following night Traino fought a six-round draw with John Hoffman at Binghamton, N. Y.

Maxie Strub of Erie, Pa., is sure bringing the fight game back in Erie. Maxie is a great fighter in Erie, and he packs them in. The last two fights Maxie had in Erie were with Wesley Ramey, ten rounds, and Johnny Jadick, ten rounds. Maxie winning both fights easily. The Erie papers gave Maxie eight out of ten rounds in both fights.

The Rochester Amateurs are packing them in at Auburn. The Rochester boys are in great favor in Auburn at their weekly shows.

The following amateur boxers are packing them in at Auburn weekly shows: Jake Hagerman, Stanley Ketchell, Nello Nucelli, Tony Palizzo, Joe DiCarlo, Jim Flood, Sam Leta, Bob Smith, Eddie Thomas, Don Piano, Don Stevens, and Hughie Smith.

At the Turnverein show, Jim Flood defeated Don Stevens, five rounds; Jake Hagerman defeated Benny Baxter, five rounds; Joe DiCarlo defeated Tony Palizzo, five rounds; Sam Leta won over Eddie Clark, three rounds; Joe Reno defeated John Millier, three rounds; Eddie Thomas defeated Bob Smith, three rounds; Abe Raff refereed the bouts.

Jack McCann of Syracuse has a great stable of boxers in every class. McCann is a nice fellow to do business with, and a square shooter. Jack can be reached at 374 W. Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Joe Netro, well-known fight manager and boxing promoter, is the new matchmaker in Syracuse. Joe knows the fight game, and he sure knows what the Syracuse fight fans want. Netro is well known and well liked around the country.

The following pro boys are training daily: Joey Reno, Mickey Regan, Al Traino, Izzy Newman, Joe Lillich, John Baker, Bill Fogarty, Chuck Simpson, Vincent Giambron, Rosie Tenaro, and others.

The above boys can be and are booked by the writer, address 121 N. Union Street.

Jack McIntyre, the Binghamton matchmaker, is packing them in at his semi-monthly shows. Jack is looking for more new faces for his shows.

THE RING and all of Nat Fleischer's magazines are on sale at Rickles and Levein Newsstand at Clinton and Main St., open day and night.

Playfair Brown, the lone Toronto boxing promoter, is packing them in at his shows. On May 27th, Playfair showed Kingfish Levinsky and Hans Birkie at the Maple Leaf Gardens, and 8,200 people watched the Kingfish win a very close decision in ten rounds, and the fans were well pleased with the bouts. It looks like Toronto is going to see big-time boxing again.

The following cities are running pro boxing near Rochester: Syracuse, Buffalo, Binghamton, and Albany. The following cities are running amateur: Rochester, Auburn, Johnson City, Endicott, Utica, Albany, and Buffalo.

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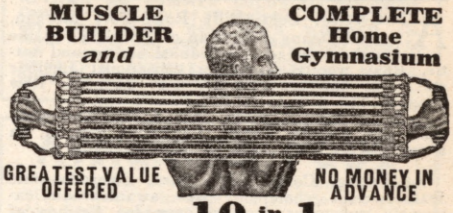

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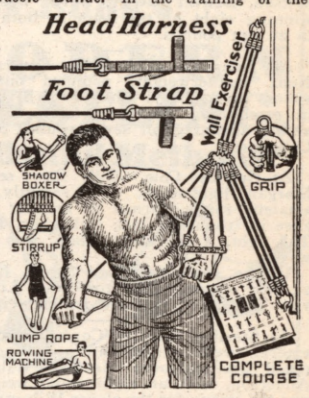

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Greeley, Colo—Billy Row, Fort Morgan, kayoed Denny Bridgman of Loveland, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round battle. Row, who is a former sensational amateur star, was far too fast for his opponent. Row weighed 135 pounds to Bridgman's 137.

Jimmy Cahill, Greeley, won a six-round decision over Georgie Lopez, Longmont veteran, in a fast battle. The pair are featherweights.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Ernie Lara, Colorado state featherweight champion, was awarded an extremely unpopular decision over Joe Estrada of Kansas City, Mo. Estrada won at least seven of the ten rounds by a comfortable margin. Estrada weighed 119 pounds, while Lara tipped the beam at 126.

Lee Medina, Walsenburg welterweight, took a six-round decision over June Hack of LaJunta in the semi-windup. Both weighed 147 pounds.

At Ogden, Utah.—Jackie Burke of Ogden scored an easy ten-round decision over Hershey Wilson, Denver battler. Burke was credited with winning eight of the rounds. Both men weighed in at 142 pounds.

At Julesburg, Colo.—Flo Contratto, Oshkosh, Neb., featherweight, pounded out a one-sided victory over Beryl Collyer of Bridgeport, Neb., in a slashing ten-round fight. Contratto had a weight advantage of seven pounds over the plucky Collyer.

At Greeley, Colo.—Billy Row, sensational Fort Morgan lightweight who recently deserted the amateur ranks, turned in another good performance in trouncing Jack Gallagher, Denver battler. The fight, a six-round affair, was Row's all the way.

In the semi-final, Ray Stroh, Longmont, won an easy six-round go from Nate Livingston, Denver. The latter pair are featherweights.

At Sterling, Colo.—"Cowboy Eddie" Anderson, veteran welterweight battler, pounded out a disputed decision over Hershey Wilson of Eagle. Anderson, with an eight-pound weight advantage, was too strong for the clever Wilson.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.—Henry Jackson, Fort Garland featherweight, scored a five-round kayo over Eddie Shea, Pueblo Italian. Shea was out-classed all the way.

Jackson is fighting better now than ever before and no doubt he will get another chance at Ernie Lara for the state title. Jackson beat Lara by a wide margin several months ago, only to run into a "hometown" decision of the rankest variety.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., middleweight, and Speedy Ryan, Melrose, N. Mex., fought a bloody and savage ten-round draw. It was by far the best bout staged in New Mexico in years. No doubt the pair will be rematched shortly.

At Antonito, Colo.—Henry Jackson, fast rising Fort Garland featherweight, scored an easy two-round kayo over Babe Mandell of New Mexico. They'll have to dig up better opposition than Mandell to even give the Fort Garland lad a workout.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Johnny Johnson, sparkling Las Vegas lightweight, made a chopping block out of Sully Roybal, durable and battle-scarred Antonito battler. This Johnson kid is one of the best looking lightweights this writer has seen since the palmy days of Eddie Mack.

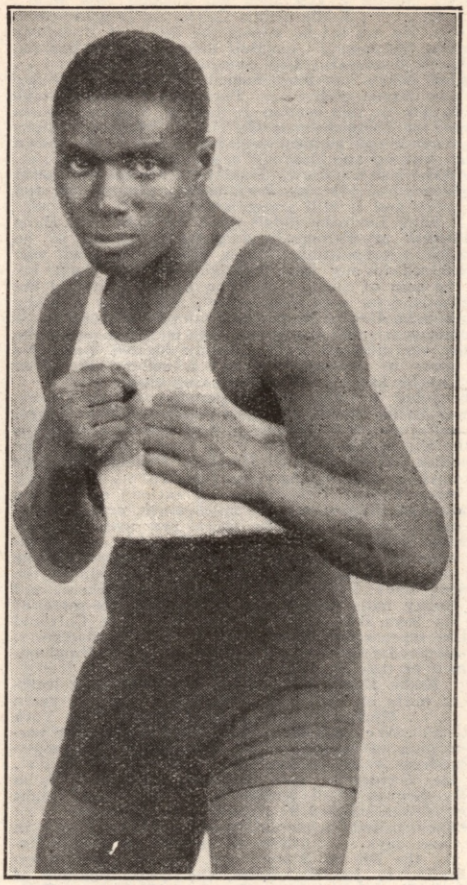
The youngest promoter in the Rocky Mountain region is Joe M. Roybal, the lad who is putting New Mexico back in the fistic limelight. Roybal, in his early twenties, is drawing crowds, using Johnny Johnson and Mike Montoya as his chief drawing cards. Under Roybal's promotion, Las Vegas is rapidly developing into New Mexico's chief boxing center. Las Vegas staged the Jack Johnson-Jim Flynn heavyweight title fight back in 1912.

At Casper, Wyo.—Kenny Austin, Nebraska middleweight, won an easy fifteen-round decision over Sammy Smith of Sterling, Colo. The veteran Austin had an advantage of eleven of the rounds, the other four being even.

This was the first fight to be staged in Casper in several years.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.—Hank Bath, sensational Fort Morgan light-heavyweight, scored another kayo which runs his string to twenty straight. This time the victim was Lew Wright of California. Bath stopped the West Coast knuckle-duster in the third heat of a scheduled ten-round affair. This Bath is one of the most terrific hitters we have seen since the days of Jack Dempsey. The kid is still crude and has a lot to learn, but he is a definite prospect.

The Grim Reaper reached out and grabbed old "Mexican Pete" Everett. The sturdy old heavyweight of thirty years ago had never fully recovered from an automobile accident he received several years ago. Pete fought Jeffries, Johnson, Sharkey and Ruhlin, among others during his regime. His last ring effort was a six-round exhibition with Jim Flynn in 1921 for the benefit of the Pueblo flood victims. He was 60 years old at the time of his death, the last twenty of which he had spent with the C. F. & I Steel Works at Pueblo as a special policeman.



Jack Otey, Chicago Black Panther, A Lightweight who is managed by Jules Montes and is a good card.

At Denver, Colo.—Tait Littman, Milwaukee middleweight, won a ten-round decision over Emilio Martinez, Denver Mexican. Littman, an artist at fighting southpaws, won by a fairly large margin. The Milwaukee lad weighed 161 pounds, while Martinez was weakened by making 165. Martinez will do well to confine his future battling to the light-heavy ranks.

Johnny Johnson, sensational Las Vegas lightweight, won the Rocky Mountain region lightweight title by soundly trouncing Hershey Wilson, Denver, in the ten-round semi-windup. This boy Johnson, a tall rangy lad who hits from the portside, looks like a cinch to fill the shoes left vacant by Eddie Mack. He's got what it takes.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any and all questions regarding the mitt game in this locality, but don't forget to inclose postage if you expect a reply.

Also, I have a complete list of promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime.

Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

MINNESOTA FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

THE come-back of boxing in this section now rests upon the shoulders of Young Jack Gibbons, who is the big drawing card here, and one of the best looking prospects this writer has lamped for some time. Keep your eyes on this youngster, as you are going to hear a lot about him from now on.

RESULTS FOR THE MONTH—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, scored a ten-round decision over Solly Dukelsky. Everett Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight comer, scored over Bobby O'Dowd. Lee Savoldi won over Andy "Kid" Miller by a T. K. O. in two rounds; Gene Connolly and Harvey Woods fought to a draw in six; Wayne Short defeated Johnny Adams in four. This card was staged in St. Paul by Harry Lennon, and drew a fine crowd.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Billy Hayes of Mankato shaded the Ace of Spades in six rounds; Battling Ginsberg shaded Popeye Holan; Harold Segal won a decision over the Deuce of Spades; Al Kosloske was an easy winner over Ollie Andrews; Jack Campbell won by a T. K. O. over Bud Zimmerman in three rounds; Al Irwin won over Meryl Brill in the opener.

Ten boxing franchises were awarded by the Minnesota State Boxing Commission. The following named are Mora, Marshall, St. Cloud, Rochester, Caledonia, The Queensbury Club of St. Paul; Frank McCormick of Minneapolis, Bemidji, Red Wing, and Breckenridge. The commission decided that in the future the referee will give all decisions. Duluth, Minn., did not apply for a franchise but it is understood new promoters will take over the Duluth permit.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Young Jack Gibbons scored a two-round kayo over Kid Leonard of Moline, Ill. Hank Hankinson knocked out Red Barry in five rounds. Lee Savoldi stopped Billy Kemp in two rounds; Mike Chipka kayoed Billy Hayes in two, and Jimmy Collins stopped Frank Doty in the first. It was a complete card of knockouts, and the fights were fast and sensational.

Boxers and managers, please mail me your notes by the first of each month, and mail same to Clyde Smith, 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. If you wish an answer to your letter, please enclose a stamp for reply.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES—Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, halted the winning streak of Lee Savoldi, St. Paul battler, by gaining a six-round decision over the latter at Sioux City . . . . In their first bout Savoldi won by a T. K. O. . . . . It looks like another rematch might do something . . . . Teddy Yarosz, middleweight champion of the United States, underwent an operation at Rochester, Minn. . . . . Lee Savoldi is the proud father of an eight-pound baby boy . . . . Johnny Datto is a song and dance man in a night club and winning a number of prizes at amateur shows.

Just twenty years ago, Mike Gibbons was training Walter D. McKenna, St. Paul bantam, for a bout with Johnny Ertle; now Mike is training his own son . . . . King Tut is both a wrestler and a boxer, whenever duty calls . . . . Recently when he was unable to come to a decision with his foe, they decided to put on the gloves, and Mr. Tut scored a kayo in eighteen seconds.

Jack Hurley, who is leaving nothing undone in order to dig up another Billy Petrolle, has taken over the management of Frank Sagilio, twenty-one-year-old Chicago junior welterweight . . . . Both Hurley and Petrolle will train Sagilio . . . . My Sullivan has made an application for a referee's license . . . . The wise ones say that Jack Hurley turned down the Duluth club license . . . . because a promoter in this state can't promote shows and manage fighters . . . . Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, is asking for a chance to show his stuff in this section . . . . Rice has a very good record . . . . Has a total of sixty fights, won twenty-one by kayo, drew in nine and lost one.

On September 22, 1922, Eddie Anderson knocked out Stewart McLean in eight rounds at Minneapolis . . . . The late Billy Miske won on a foul from Tom Gibbons in the tenth round at New York City, October 13, 1922 . . . . Verne Trickle, Albert Lee, Minn., heavyweight, is now making his headquarters around Greattinger, Ia. . . . . The town of Greattinger has a population of 770 but draws around 1,500 at their boxing cards . . . . Trickle is a big card there and packs the fans in . . . . Bill Hawkins, well-known Sioux City boxing gent, paid St. Paul a visit . . . . mainly to look over talent for the cards in Sioux City . . . . Just hang on, and I will see you all next month.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARMAND VINCENT, Montreal's matchmaking maestro, versus the Montreal Athletic Commission, and rival promotorial interests—that's the set-up, at the time of going to press, that will determine the immediate future of Montreal's boxing activities. It is war—and sometimes that is a good stimulant for sport, business or what-have-you. Vincent came back from Europe several weeks ago via New York with a headful of plans and ideas and a pocketful of contracts, but the Commissioners firmly refused to grant his application for a matchmaker's license. So what? It looked like curtains for Vincent's plans and ideas but, at this writing, he has engaged a lawyer and announced his intentions of suing the Commission for twenty-five thousand dollars. Should he fail to get his license, he will hook up with another promoter and have most of his plans carried out anyhow, but it would be better for the game if he is permitted to stage his attractions on his own.

Pete Sanstol versus Sixto Escobar in a fifteen-rounder for the world's bantam title, as it would be recognized here, with Maxie Baer refereeing, is Vincent's idea of an opening attraction that would get the turnstiles whirling, which we agree with heartily.

Jules Racicot's initial venture was the last card staged in Montreal at this writing. The attendance was so disappointing that many are convinced that boxing is due to take the count for a long time here, as the talent on the card was not to be sneezed at, especially with Al McCoy topping the bill. However, bad breaks were as much, if not more, to blame than bad judgment. A couple of the original matches had to be changed—and not for the better—and the local ball team's first night game, slated for the previous night, was changed to the same night as the fights on account of rain. Where Racicot did make a mistake was billing four ten-rounders. Montrealers have never gone strong for them and it would have been better to replace two of the tens with an eight and two sixes, giving local preliminary boys a chance to have some action and cash.

Al McCoy, the battering "Boston Beauty," loafed around as he pleased, displaying a much superior brand of ring wares than his opponent, Bud Migneault, shock-absorbing light-heavy from Worcester, Mass., whom he flattened in the seventh round. McCoy gave a polished, classy display and should prove a popular performer here. A match between him and Tiger Warrington would be a humdinger.

The best battle of the night was an all-local "grudge" affair between Joe Marsh, Sam Gibbs' lightweight protege, and Henri Pilotte, the Slitkin-Slotkin hopeful, and it was probably the match that drew the majority of the sparse attendance. Marsh won a unanimous decision after ten rounds of rugged battling and proved the smarter ring general of the two, out-maneuvering Pilotte most of the time though the heavy-hitting French Canadian lad had him in trouble in the fifth. The match was dubbed the "Battle of Montreal's leading prospects" though neither are yet ripe for main bout competition. Marsh dropped a disputed decision to Rene Loubier at Sherbrooke a few nights previous.

The other pair of scheduled ten-rounders were decided quickly. Frankie Martin, Canadian bantam champ, stopped K. O. Blouin of Lewiston, Maine, in two stanzas, and Paul Junior, square-shouldered Portland lightweight, dynamited Al Napolitano, swarthy Brooklyn Italian, in the first heat with a lightninglike left hook to the chin.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—Al McCoy resembles Georges Chabot in facial appearance and Gene Brosseau, one-time Canadian middleweight king, in ring style . . . . Strangely enough, Chabot was Brosseau's protege a few years ago and was a good lightweight until he ran up against Al Foreman's dynamic fists . . . . a McCoy-Warrington match should draw well . . . . it is also sought in Boston . . . . Al Foreman, Bobby Leitham, Georges Chabot ogling bouts . . . . Myer Alper, fresh from campaign in Southern states, also on hand and ready for local lightweights . . . . Sanstol on way to Montreal and possibility of match with Escobar already exciting interest . . . . Lindsay McIntyre, Ottawa commissioner, on hand as usual . . . . says Harry Goldberg will resume promotion of fight cards in the Capital shortly . . . . Paul Junior may box Bobby Allan, Maritime champ, late this month . . . . 'twould be a tuff fite!

Canadian Hockey Club card a couple of weeks previous featured two bantamweight bouts. Baby Quintana outsmarted Georgie Pace, Cleveland Negro, in ten-rounder and Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh's "smokey socker," outclouted Dick Welsh, Greenwich Village, in another "tenner." Henri Pilotte flattened Jack Di Santis, New York, in second round of the third scheduled ten-rounder. Maxie Berger, amateur bantam champ, made a short debut in the monied ranks when his opponent, Kid Cantin of Quebec, went down for the count under a short right chop to the chin in the first heat. The victory gained little for Berger as Cantin suffered precisely the same fate in Quebec a few nights later when Kid Leblanc nailed him in the initial canto. So now the motto should be, "Bigger and better opponents for Berger."

Montreal's amateur ring team didn't do so well in the Dominion Championships. Not a single Montrealer copped a title in the meet held at Edmonton, Alberta, in May. Tommy Osborne, Montreal's heavyweight hope, who knocked out two men in one night at Boston's international tourney, was knocked out in two rounds when he met Murray Patrick, scrappy all-around athletic son of Lester Patrick, coach of New York Rangers, in the final. Osborne floored Patrick twice in the first heat but the hockey coach's son, who has a wallop in either hand, surged back to floor the Montrealer three times and out in the next stanza. Patrick's urge to become a fighter is in opposition to his father's hopes of seeing him make the grade as a hockeyist, but if he can already handle his dukes like that (he has had less than a year's experience) he might be doing the right thing and may be headed for a big money career in the roped square.

The 1935 Dominion amateur ring kings were crowned as follows: Flyweight, Jack "Spider" Armstrong, Toronto; bantam, Jackie Callura, Hamilton (repeater); featherweight, Billy Marquart, Winnipeg (repeater); lightweight, Robin "Dick" Carrington, Calgary; welterweight, Maurice Camyre, Winnipeg; middleweight, Irving Pease, Toronto; light-heavyweight, Gaston Eichel, Regina; heavyweight, Murray Patrick, Victoria, B. C. How many of these champs will repeat and make the Olympic team next year?

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

BOXING came back with a bang when the newly formed Queen City club, the Jubilee A. C., staged the finest professional card seen here in seven years and a crowd of nine thousand rabid fight fans saw the King Levinsky-Hans Birkie ten-rounder. The King won fairly easily. Ray Cook, Canadian feather champ, was extended to win over Earl Weaver, Syracuse, New York; Frank Genovese won by T. K. O. over Mickey Regan and Tom Patrick lost to Williams. The matchmaker, Playfair Brown, is to be congratulated upon this new venture.

Combined efforts on the part of amateur officials brought together a well-balanced card of eight boxing and two wrestling bouts. "Spider" Armstrong, Billy Humphries, Gordon Smaltz and Irving Pease scored over their Detroit opponents, Ceislick, J. Hacker and W. Bommer, in the order named.

Irving Pease and Spider Armstrong won the Dominion middleweight and flyweight amateur boxing titles, respectively, staged this year in Canada.

Lou Keiswetter, the Moose Jaw heavy who is under the able mentor, Chas. MacDonald of Brooklyn, N. Y., will meet Lew Parks and Vince Gladd in the very near future.

If your letter goes unanswered, you have forgotten the stamped addressed envelope when writing your scribe at 58 Charles St. W., Toronto.

IN THE POST BAG—*Al Gaudet, St. Joseph's University, N. B.:* Cannot use your brother. I am sorry. Am now living in Toronto, not in the Maritimes. *W. W. Laskey, Fredericton, N. B.:* Glad to be of assistance to you at any time, also to Bert Lint. *Charlie Little, Duparquet, Que.:* Write to me later. The amateurs are not going well here now. Only good pro boys with a record. *A. Hovey, N. B.:* Nothing to say with regard to the Maritime sport. You are nearer there than the writer and can judge.

Bobby Orr, former lightweight amateur champion and welter (pro) Maritime titlist, will be under the writer's care by the first of July and we are very optimistic in regard to this boy's future. The writer was present when he gave a shellacking to that good colored welter, Eddie Mitchell, in Fredericton. Orr is a clean, quiet type with speed and hitting ability to burn and can reach the top as he has what it takes to get there. He has beaten Bobby Allen twice and Tommy Bland was only able to get a draw with Allen some time ago.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne did not do so well in his trek east, and the road to fame is a tough one, but the "living right" plays an important part, Jimmie boy. He, until three months ago, was under the writer's care.

George Fifield and "Frenchy" Belanger, two former Canadian champions at the welter and fly limits, are bouncers at two beer saloons in the Queen City of Toronto.

Send all news to the writer not later than the first of the month, and until next issue *adios.*

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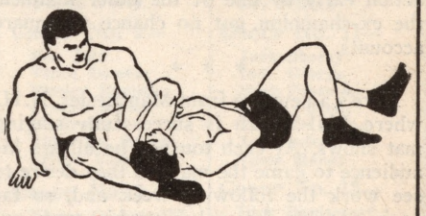

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News of the Mat World

(*Continued from page* 39)

in another punch on Germaine and another scrap ensued in the aisle. This started a general melee, some attacking Sharkey and others Germaine. Wrestler friends of Germaine, rushing up from the dressing room, pitched into the fray and for several minutes friend punched friend, and foe slammed foe. Finally Germaine was got into his quarters, Sharkey into his and the spectators back into their seats. So much for a hectic mat bout.

* * *

Following the upset of Sharkey by Germaine, the wrestler, noted in an earlier paragraph, the Squire decided that he would have nothing more to do with wrestling. However, he was back in there again the night of June 4, handling a "royal" in which Germaine was one of the contestants. Probably Jack figured on getting across a wallop, but as Germaine got put out of the action early by one of the other matmen, the ex-champion got no chance to square accounts.

* * *

Here's a new one from Manchester, N.H., where Phil Kosch is successfully staging mat shows. At each tourney he allows his audience to name the matmen they desire to see work the following week and, so far as is possible, he makes up his cards accordingly. Thus the fans pour into his arena every week to watch their own selections in action.

* * *

A new mat star in Boston, labelled as "Count Casimin Pilawski of Poland," did a sweet job on Rudy Dusek at the Arena early last month, throwing him for two straight falls in 5:38 and 4:37, all of which was some surprise to the head of the Omaha, Neb., clan. It was a costly win for the Count, however, for he contracted blood poisoning from a small wound in the leg and he has been a hospital patient ever since. For several days his condition was very critical. He now is on the mend but it is unlikely that he will be wrestling again before July.

* * *

A star mat performer here is Henry Piers of Holland who, when an amateur, encountered Ed George on the Olympic mat in Amsterdam and threw him to win the heavyweight final. An attempt has been made to bring them together here, now both are "pros," but without result.

* * *

"MIMICING the Masters," by Bernice Sandboe of Texas—

Jack (Olympic Arena) Doyle and Lou (Carnation) Daro have kissed and made up.

Judith (Moom pictures) Allen has decided to add another athlete to her list of husbands. He's handsome Jack Doyle and he's an Irish boxer-nightingale. Judy's former hubby was Gus (Flyin'-Tackle) Sonnenberg.

Doc (Heartbreaker) Sarpolis and Paul (Ditto) Jones spent a couple of months in Mexico giving the Mexican senoritas a thrill.

Thingamabobs—Jack Humberto can't seem to make up his mind just what nationality he is . . . . he's frequently billed as Spanish, Mexican, Argentinian or French . . . . when it's the last named, he changes his name to Jacques, and the former, Juan . . . . darn versatile, these wrestlers . . . . Man Mountain Dean (Soldier Levitt to you fellers) fractured two of Nick Lutze's ribs . . . . Dean is my pet hate . . . . Ernie Dusek has put eight opponents in the hospital . . . . Tor Johnson will be in W. C. Fields' next picture . . . . and Hans Steinke is in a picture with Mary Boland.

Here are Jeemy Londos' requirements for a wife . . . . she must be a blonde, beautiful but not dumb . . . . must like sports . . . . must be content to live on the chicken ranch Jeemy proposes to buy and must look at home in the snootiest of night clubs . . . . will you qualify?

Orville Brown, the lad with the toothpaste smile, lives in St. Louis in a smart apartment. He's happily married and has a cute little boy named Richard.

Everette Kibbons, that good-looking young wrestler, used to be a professional dancer and certainly knows how to do the steps . . . . and he's not married, girls!

Did you see Sammy Stein lift Mae West on the bar in one of the early scenes in "Goin' to Town"? . . . .

* * *

IOWA Wrestling Notes, by Bill Hawkins—John Eliades, Sioux City's great little wrestling promoter, will move his indoor shows out to the Riverview Park Arena . . . John is a fine little fellow, and we hope he will have the same kind of success he had outdoors, as he had on the inside . . . . On one of his best cards of the month Darno Ostopovitch won on a foul from Lou Plummer . . . . This fellow Plummer resorted to all the mean tactics in the book . . . . Hal Rumberg drew with Joe Dusek in a wild match . . . . George Harben won over Ellis Bashara.

At Waterloo, Ia., Hal Rumber defeated Sol Slagel . . . . Earl Wampler won from Ellis Bashara . . . . Sid Westrich and George Harben wrestled to a draw . . . . Guttenberg, Ia., Sailor Ward threw Junior Fischer in five minutes . . . . Buz Lessard threw Sailor Nappy . . . . Down at Marshalltown, Ia., Bronko Nagurski won over George Harben with a flying tackle and body slam . . . . Joe Dusek and Earl Wampler . . . . went to a draw . . . . Ellis Bashara lost to Sid Westerick and Abe Rothberg tumbled Stanley Mayslyjk.

Armstrong, Ia., Bronko Nagurski won from Earl Wampler . . . . Des Moines, Ia., Sol Slagel defeated Cliff Olson and Joe Dusek threw Rube Harber . . . . Hal Rumberg threw Jack Zarnos . . . . Darna Osterpavich drew with John Freberg . . . . Sioux Falls, So. Dak., Omaha, Nebr., and Lincoln, Nebr., are holding some dandy cards . . . . Wrestling and boxing cards are getting to be the big thing out here . . . . Will wrestle around next month, so long.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

THE outdoor boxing season reached the half way mark in July and with the exception of the twelve round lightweight elimination bout between Leo Rodak, Chicago, former Golden Gloves champion, and Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich., no major show was held in Chicago. Nevertheless promoters were confident several additional big fights would be held here before the open air season is ended in November.

James Norris, millionaire Chicago grain broker, whose associates include James C. Mullen and Nate Lewis, wants to present a heavyweight title bout at Soldiers' field in September. Norris, who recently took Chicago Stadium out of receivership, is confident such a promotion would be a huge success. He is willing to bid high for the attraction.

Another match being considered by the Mullen-Lewis-Norris combine would bring together Joe Louis, last year's Golden Gloves light heavyweight winner, and King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, at one of the major league ball parks.

Joe Foley, one of the Stadium group's promotional rivals, also was bidding for the encounter. In addition Foley, who has promoted several successful wrestling and boxing shows, was planning a bout involving Barney Ross, welterweight monarch. Still another attraction he was confident he could arrange was a lightweight title match between Champion Tony Canzoneri and Davey Day, Ross' stablemate. The Stadium put in a strong bid for the same contest.

While awaiting developments a review of what Chicago promoters have accomplished thus far appears timely. Two of the busiest and best conducted clubs in the city are the newly formed White City Athletic club and the Mills Boxing club, both of which are operated by the Chicago Stadium as a means of developing talent for major bouts.

Kid Howard Carr, veteran boxing man, is, to all intents and purposes, matchmaker of the White City club. Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis arrange the matches at Mills. The first two cards at White City brought out several potential attractions. They included Clinton Bridges, Lorenzo Pack and Bill Treest, all former Golden Gloves titleholders, and Gene Stanley.

Irving Schoenwald is the new promoter at Marigold Gardens, replacing Maurice Rivkin there . . . . Rivkin subleased the arena to the popular Schoenwald in order to be able to pay more attention to his law business, which he says, is thriving . . . . Sam Abruscato and Eddie Long are joint promoters at Western stadium, where they conduct weekly programs . . . . They ran into bad weather pretty regularly at the start of the season, and this factor held down attendance . . . . Referee Jimmy Lavelle's pet phrase to contestants is, "break it up; nice work" . . . . "Come on; take a chance," is Sammy Ford's advice to principals in bouts he referees . . . . Tony Canzoneri's popular victory over Lou Ambers for the vacated lightweight crown caused fans to recall some of his Chicago bouts . . . . Canzoneri was paid $7,500 for his debut here against Bud Taylor, which was called a draw . . . . Taylor received $11,000, which was 25 per cent of the net gate receipts . . . . Canzoneri lost the decision in a return match with Taylor at Wrigley field a few weeks later but he drew down double the purse he got for the first match.

The greatest battle ever staged in Chicago was the I-knocked-you-down-now-you-knock-me-down affair between Charley Phil Rosenberg and Pete Sarmiento at Sox park, according to some veterans . . . . The spectators broke $2,000 worth of chairs during the excitement . . . . Others hold, however, that the fight between Irish Johnny Curtain and Herbie Schaeffer at Aurora, Ill., was greater . . . . Lou Thomas, 19 year old Indianapolis light heavyweight, displayed considerable ability and ruggedness in his losing six round encounter with Clinton Bridges on the south side . . . . Les Schuelte, East Moline, Ill., heavyweight, 6 feet 5½ inches tall, handed a boxing lesson to Roscoe Toles, Toledo, O., in the early rounds of their match on the same card . . . . He couldn't absorb Toles' hard blows to the chin and stomach, however, and was counted out.

Bob Tinsley, protege of Jimmy Bidwill, is a promising boxer . . . . He is 19 years old, weighs 131½ pounds and stands 5 feet 7 inches . . . . Frank Sagilio, the Cicero junior welterweight, changed his mind at the last minute and signed a contract with Jack Hurley instead of placing himself under the joint management of Joe Burman and Frank Harmon . . . . Hurley, who developed Billy Petrolle, the old Fargo Express, has guaranteed Sagilio purses totaling at least $1,500 a year during the tenure of their five year agreement.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Gov. Small appointed O. W. Huncke, John C. Righeiner, Paul Prehn and C. A. O'Brien members of the first boxing commission in this state . . . . Jim Mullen, was making arrangements to offer a lightweight title bout between Sammy Mandell of Rockford and Champion Rocky Kansas of Buffalo at Sox park and a bantamweight championship encounter between Charley Phil Rosenberg, titleholder and Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute Terror at Cubs park . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight king, was teaching boxing at his gymnasium at 1154 East 63rd Street . . . . The late Tiger Flowers, middleweight boss, and Jock Malone, St. Paul, met for the fourth time at Boston.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOB BONNER'S fast-stepping boy, Al Hamilton, the toy bulldog of Price Hill, stepped into big league rating on the night of May 15 at the Parkway Outdoor Arena in Cincinnati when he defeated Tiger Kid Walker of Cincinnati in ten rounds for the Ohio lightweight title.

However, but a week later, Lou Bloom and Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus fought in the Capital City in a bout which also was billed as for the Buckeye 135-pound crown, and now Bloom and Hamilton will have it out. Since going under the wing of Bob Bonner, Hamilton's 1935 record shows eight victories and two draws.

Bonner will probably meet Champion Freddie Miller when the feather-king title-holder returns to his home town this summer. Even though it might be a non-title, over-the-weight affair, the fans in this section will like to see this battle, which is sure to be a "natural."

Joey Palmo, the little southern Ohio Italian, who has been sporting the sectional bantamweight title for some time, was stripped of his mythical title recently when George Scheyer, a former amateur product, out-maneuvered him in a six-rounder. Previous to this loss, which was Palmo's first setback in months, Palmo had beaten Sammy Sweet and Pat McClase.

The writer has been flooded with demands by subscribers of Wrestling Ratings to release this interesting percentage basis listing of the leading heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight wrestlers by the week instead of by the month. Demands for such a release have come from as far off as Australia and Japan.

The first release of the Weekly Wrestling Ratings will be June 1, 1935, and thereafter each Saturday, following the close of weekly activities of the wrestlers.

The regular price of twenty-five cents in coin, with a stamped self-addressed envelope, will entitle each writer to a full list of ratings to date. The ratings can be secured by addressing Wrestling Rater, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rough House Glover, the Jacksonville Negro light-heavyweight, marked his return to warfare in this territory with a well-earned win over Tommy Romano of Buffalo, N. Y., in the third outdoor show of the season at the Parkway Arena in Cincinnati.

Competition between Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind., and Alabama Kid, Columbus, O., reached a new peak at Dayton, O., recently when Slaughter upset Alabama's plans for a debut in Madison Square Garden, with a timely win over the Capital City southerner.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lee Cox, Jess Calhoun and three other popular Cincinnati scrappers will soon be slated for Texas rings . . . . Bill Powers, ace press deliverer in this section, started Danny Millilo in another set-to since the Italian's arrival from Florida and Danny put the damper on the veteran Jess McMurtry in three heats, semi-final to the Hamilton-Walker second shindy . . . . Bill has a diamond in the rough in young Millilo . . . . Charlie Jones succeeded Red Ferguson as king-pin of Louisville, Ky., promoters, according to information sent this writer . . . . George C. Williams, former fight pilot and promoter in this section, is living up to advance predictions made by this writer a few months ago while he was on the "hot seat" . . . . G. C. has accomplished wonders in the Department of Welfare at Columbus for the state, where he is Supervisor of Food . . . . Benny Suddarth, Alabama light-heavyweight wrestler, who has been campaigning about this territory the past six months, has seriously been setting his cap for a start in the boxing game . . . . and so with the usual notation to all those interested in learning of the newest of the new low-down in southern Ohio sections, I advise each and everyone to enclose a stamped envelope when dropping the scribe a line at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Johnny Stote, welterweight, turned benedict recently, and after a short hop for a few engagements in Tulsa, Okla., and territory, which included a short honeymoon also, Johnny and the Mrs. returned to Toledo, where Stote polished off Lansdowne Finnegan in such excellent style that it will be necessary for Reynolds to meet the former speed boy from Schenectady, N. Y., at once if he wishes to keep his claim on the wrestling crown.

And back from the supernatural to the sublime, a few of the results of local boys are as follows: Buddy Miller won two in a row from Frankie Willis; Curley Denton, up and coming lightie from Cincinnati, lost a close eight-sessioner to Jess Calhoun in Louisville, but came back strong his next three times out with wins over Dick Porter, Johnny Netterwon and Johnny Devlin; Lee Waltz lost to Georgie Hahn but went up to Washington, C. H., to draw with Georgie; Waltz turned the trick over Jess Calhoun in a later Louisville go; Emory Helms, the rangy Georgian, split a couple of hearty decisions with Columbus Al George and then checked in with a victory at Jess Calhoun's expense in Springfield, O.

Cecil Payne, like good wine, goes on forever. The Louisville pride returned to the Falls City after an extended campaign on the West Coast and turned in some neat-looking wins over Dominick Manicini, Pittsburgh, Jackie Hoster, Columbus, O., Harry Weekly, Alliance, O., and Frankie Wallace of Cleveland, O.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

WIN or lose in his battle with Primo Carnera, Joe Louis of Detroit is booked to appear in at least a dozen cities along the Pacific slope during August and September. As we mailed in our column for the August issue, the dark bomber from Detroit was in training at Dr. Bier's camp in Pompton Lakes, N. J., preparing for his fifteen-round bout with the Italian man mountain. The writer was in Louis' camp handling his publicity.

The new heavyweight sensation made a lot of friends on his last trip to the Coast, where Louis scored knockouts over Lee Ramage in Los Angeles and Donald "Reds" Barry in San Francisco.

San Francisco and Los Angeles promoters are bidding for an outdoor bout between Art Lasky and "Hank" Hankinson. The latter is on a sensational knockout spree and it looks like Suey Welch will get some good shots for his big Swede. Al Manfredo, Welch's Italian welter from Fresno, Cal., is also on a winning streak.

Jerry Pelton will soon be back on Broadway if his little battler, Wally Hally, continues to score victories. The former amateur favorite has registered win after win at both the Olympic and Hollywood and will be ready for a main event at any of the big clubs by early September. Pelton also has three other crack fighters along his wing, namely: Toby Vigil, Mexican featherweight; K. O. Magana, Mexican featherweight, and Paul Watkins, Negro middleweight. His stable is known as the "Four Star Final."

Pablo Dano's sensational victory over Speedy Dado at the Olympic set the stage for a Dano-Lou Salica bout at the big Grand Avenue punch palace. Promoter Dick Donald and his able assistant and press agent, Bill Miller, have put the big arena back on the fistic map and the fans of southern California can look forward to some corking battles there during the fall and winter months.

RANDOM SHOTS—Milton "Babe" Dale of San Jose reports there was plenty of Joe Louis money in sight in northern California and added the Detroit Negro was a 10 to 6 favorite over Carnera . . . . Dolph Thomas' Negro middleweight, Frank Goosby, is a prime favorite at Ora Forman's Oakland Auditorium. He boosted his stock sky high when he scored a kayo over Don LaRue, Los Angeles middleweight . . . . Morris "Doc" Miller won a nice chunk of money when Barney Ross regained the welter crown from Jimmy McLarnin . . . . the popular San Francisco sportsman gobbled up all the McLarnin money in sight in the Bay City.

Louie Parante has reopened his resort and training camp at El Verana in northern California and many of the fighters trained there for their important bouts during April, May and June . . . . Art Lasky, Young Corbett, "Hank" Hankinson, Fred Apostoli, "Speedy" Dado and Maxie Rosenbloom are regular patrons of Signor Parente, who for many years promoted boxing shows in San Francisco and Oakland . . . . William "Doc" Morris, New York scribe, acted as publicity man for Parente some years ago in the city by the Golden Gate.

Bep Van Klaveren gave Kid Azteca a sound drubbing at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . Ceferino Garcia defeated Al Manfredo at Hollywood the week before in a sizzling encounter . . . . Since reopening the Main Street gymnasium in Los Angeles, Willie Orner has remodeled the downtown arena and conditioning palace and is now one of the finest gyms in the country, with a seating capacity of more than eighteen hundred . . . . the former Brooklyn, N. Y., fighter also operates a bar and sandwich shop and features beer and wine for a nickel a toss and is getting a terrific play from the boxing managers as the price suits their pocketbooks.

Jerry Pelton, Al Lang, Johnny Conde and Jimmy Murray are Orner's best customers . . . . Tom Gallery, former Hollywood and Olympic promoter, is in San Diego at the fair, running the "Believe It or Not" show with C. C. "Charley" Pyle, the bunion derby promoter . . . . Babe Marino left for New York to join the Ray Arcel stable . . . . the latter is one of the best trainers in the country and has also many friends in the promotional end.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles who are not under contract to anyone can get action in this section with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Willie Orner's Main Street Gymnasium, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles.

2 More *New* Groups

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Groups Nos. 17 and 18 have now been added to the collection and are now ready. More will follow.

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GROUP No. 15—
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GROUP No. 16—
Young Jack Thompson
Sammy Mandell
Steve Hamas
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Joe Knight
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George Godfrey

GROUP No. 17—
G. Hackenschmidt
Frank Gotch
Roland Kirschmeyer
Joe Dusek
Sam Cordavano
Everett Marshall
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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

APPROXIMATELY twelve hundred persons gathered at the Union City Elks' Club to honor James J. Braddock, Hudson County challenger for the world's heavyweight championship. On behalf of the Braddock boosters, Judge Robert V. Kinkhead presented the heavyweight with a wrist watch. Among those present were Judge Kinkhead, Benny Leonard, Ed Sullivan, Jim Johnston of the Garden, Jack Dempsey and many others too numerous to mention.

Joey Costa decisioned Joey Greb in the feature eight-rounder at Laurel Garden in Newark. In the other bouts on the same card, Charlie Gordon knocked out Johnny Ferriol; Maxie Fisher outpointed Joey Ferrara, Frankie Salvatore beat Lew Greenberg, Angelo Fracaso kayoed Willie Mack, Ralph Monaco beat Sammy Miller.

Lou Lombardi, heralded as the leading lightweight of New Jersey, ran into a tartar in the person of Jimmy Leto of Hartford, Conn., at Holyoke, dropping the decision in the feature ten-round bout. Jeff Furrone, also of Jersey City, knocked out Al Gauthier in the second round. Tommy Dell of Union City lost to Roland Lecuyer, while Johnny Scibella of Union City won over Buster Nade of Holyoke.

Newark—Charlie Loughran drew Frank Zamaris (8), Vince D'Angelo beat Willie Lewis (6), Vince Decolo drew Joe Cazar (6), Killer Crawford stopped Nick Lacara (2), Jesse Townsend beat Frank Martin (4), Phil Sentner drew Eddie Williams (4).

Paterson—Joe Cavalier outpointed Charlie Rubin (8), Ray Miller beat Milio Bettina (6), Freddy Bustard beat Eddie Reed (6), Bill Comiskey beat Popeye Belmont (5), John Filizolla kayoed Mickey Reedy (1), Freddy Strauss stopped Barney Red Gaffert (2).

Newark—Gene Mickens outpointed Sammy Slaughter (8), Johnny Toomey knocked out Nick Laiko (2), Al Nove drew George Gano (5), Eddie Capana beat Lenny Mazza (5), Roy Cerra kayoed Gus Weinert (2), Andy Younger won from Artie Lorenz (4).

It was left up to Abe Wasserman of New York to take the swellness out of Allie Rowan when the former knocked the latter out in the first round of the feature bout at the St. Nicholas Arena. Rowan was going around with a chip on his shoulder thinking he was inferior to none.

Paterson—Babe Lancaster knocked out Dave Bungy (2), Ray Miller finished Sonny Staudt (4), Ed Reed kayoed Lew Greenberg (4), Johnny Filizolla beat Mickey Moran (4), Ray Cerra knocked out Tony Pastore (1), Angelo Fracaso kayoed Leapy Smith (1), Jackie Searless finished John Kravjack (1).

There's a youngster who answers to the name of Teddy Wiles, a lightweight, Mt. Dale, Sullivan County, now residing in Union City, who looks like the makings of a good fighter under careful training. This boy has one more year to finish high school and then will turn professional under the careful management of Allie Ridgway and co-partner Doc Stanford.

PICK-UPS—Jack Jennings is moving to West New York to run bouts at the Stadium . . . . Jack Farrel, backed by the Johnston brothers of New York, will soon run shows at Oakland A. A. in Jersey City, taking the place of Jennings, who was at the helm for several years . . . . Chink Baker is now a bartender . . . . Lud, sports editor of the *Hudson Dispatch*, is up Loch Sheldrake, N. Y., covering the training stunts of J. J. Braddock . . . . Allie Ridgway, besides developing and managing fighters, referees amateur boxing shows and umpires baseball in his spare time . . . . Samuel Cohn came back from a trip to Atlantic City all tanned up . . . . Young Zazzarino is peddling tripe in Jersey City . . . . Lou Lombardi is resting up with a sore mitten . . . . Joey Ferrando is back from a vacation in Ohio and raring to go.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

JACK GIBBONS of St. Paul, son of the famous Mike Gibbons, scored his fifty-second victory by getting the decision over Jimmy Belmont in ten rounds at Greenlee Field. It was a close fight with many of the fans booing the decision. Gibbons was the better boxer but Belmont was the aggressor throughout. At 162 pounds, Gibbons outweighed Belmont by nine pounds.

Billy Nichy, 176, of Charleroi, punched his way to a unanimous decision over Joe Kirkwood, 170, of Washington, D. C., in the eight-round semi-final. In another eight-rounder Buddy McArthur, 193, of Fairmont, W. Va., pounded out a win over Sunny Jim McVey, 175½, local colored lad. McVey was on the floor twice in the seventh from body blows. In the opener, Irish Mickey O'Brien and Teddy Movan fought to a six-round draw. The show was the first of the outdoor season for Greenlee Field and the house grossed around the fifteen hundred dollar mark.

Tom Patrick, of Los Angeles, 185½, was stopped by John Henry Lewis, formerly of Phoenix, Ariz., now fighting out of Pittsburgh, in 1.39 of the first round at Hickey Park. Patrick was down twice, the first time for a three-count, and the second knockdown found him on the floor until after the referee had tolled ten. Allen Matthews, 157, of St. Louis was the victor by T.K.O. over Tommy Romano, 158½, of Cleveland, in the seventh round of the scheduled ten-round semi-final. In the second six, Johnny Durso, 136½, won the unanimous decision over Young Gizzy, 140½, and in the opener Billy Conn, 146½, won a split decision over Ray Eberle, 145½. Threatening weather kept down the crowd.

Benny Bass of Philadelphia, former featherweight and junior-lightweight champion, was given the referee's decision over Mose Butch, local featherweight, in an uninteresting ten-round bout at Hickey Park. In another ten-rounder on the same card Allen Matthews, rangy St. Louis colored boy, stunned the fans by scoring a knockout over Marty Simmons, of McKeesport, in the fourth round. Matthews, a comparatively unknown, accomplished a feat that Paul Pirrone, Lou Brouillard and a host of others have found too tough—knocking out the squat, tough Simmons.

Coming out of a toe-to-toe slugfest, Simmons was caught with a left hook to the chin and dropped in his tracks for a nine-count. He arose and was dropped for another nine-count and, when he got up, he was groggy and unable to defend himself. The referee, Joe Orsini, wisely stopped the fight at this point and led Simmons to his corner.

In an eight-rounder, Harry Serody, Bass' stablemate, a good looking prospect, won from Dominick Mancini and in the opener of six rounds, Jackie Wilson outboxed Al Farrone to win the decision. The weights were: Bass 132½, Butch 128, Matthews 159, Simmons 161, Serody 136¾, Mancini 138¼, Wilson 130, and Farrone 129½. The show grossed around $1500.

At the opening show at Hickey Bowl, promoted by Jake Mintz, Vince Dundee, former world's middleweight champion, won the decision over Anson Green. A near-capacity crowd saw the fight. Green stunned the fans by knocking Dundee down for a nine-count in the second round. He also had him on Uneasy Street in the third round but Dundee's experience stood him in good stead and he bluffed Green out of it by backing into the ropes and inviting Green to come to him. Dundee boxed beautifully but the fight was close, even though Dundee received the unanimous decision. Dundee weighed 163 and Green weighed 161. The gross receipts were $2,916 and the show paid off on $2,777.20, of which Dundee received $1,000 guarantee, and Green 17½%.

In the first ten-rounder, Mike Barto, 141¼, of New Kensington, won by T. K. O. over Chuck Woods of Detroit, 140, when the latter received a cut eye from a left hook in the fifth round. It was a return bout and as sensational as their first meeting, at Motor Square Garden, in which Woods had received the decision, after both had been floored.

Billy Nichy of Charleroi, 174¾, continued his winning streak by hammering out a unanimous win over Billy Collins of Leiperville, Pa., 167½, in an eight-rounder, and in the opening six-rounder Ossie Stewart, 163½, newest protege of Bunny Buntach, won from Jack Dalcherone, 168½, who until lately was in Buntach's stable.

In the last show of the indoor season at Motor Square Garden, Eddie "Babe" Risko, conqueror of Teddy Yarosz, middleweight champion, defeated Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg walloper, in a twelve-rounder. It was a close, hard-fought battle. Twice during the fight, Battaglia stung Risko and had him tottering in danger of a knockout.

In the eight-round semi-final, Al Quaill added another tough opponent to his list of victims when he outpunched and outboxed Joe Lyons of New York, to win the unanimous award. Lyons has a win over Risko and the victory was another feather in the popular local lad's cap, who shows promise of going very far in the middleweight division. Harry Jacobs won a decisive victory over Joey Bazzone in the second six and in the scheduled six-round opener Jackie Holt was the victim of a one-round T. K. O. by Joe Vignali when he received a bad cut over his left eye near the end of the round, necessitating the stopping of the fight by the referee. The weights were: Risko 161, Battaglia 157, Quaill 158, Lyons 155, Jacobs 159, Bazzone 159½, Vignali 138, and Holt 142.

BOXING STEW—Teddy Yarosz was at the ringside of the Risko-Battaglia fight . . . . Al Quaill chipped the bone of his left thumb in the second round of his fight with Joe Lyons but courageously fought the other six rounds gritting his teeth and boxing superbly—guts!! That's why it is going to be hard to keep this youngster from reaching the top rung in the middleweight division.

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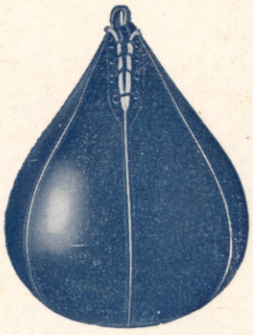

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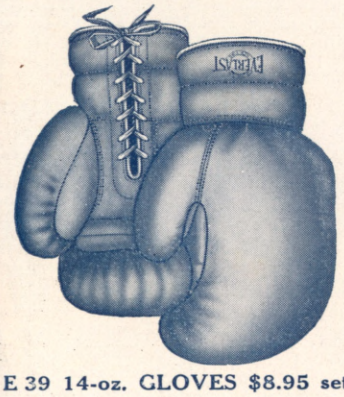

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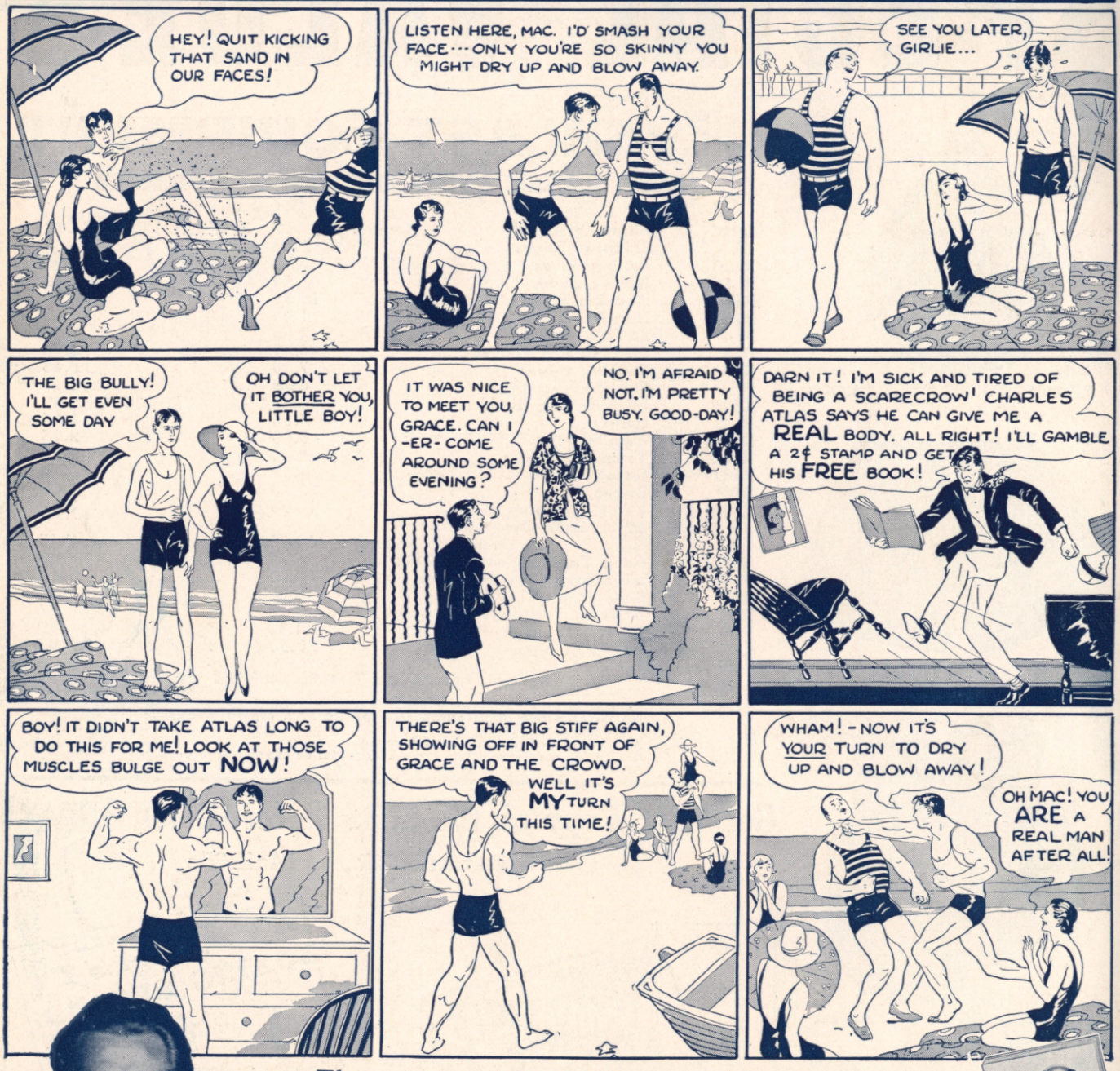

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